

TEEN

AUGUST

1961

15¢

The Canadian Home Journal

Men – the next best sex
The Queen's private art collection
"I live with my neurosis"
How you would change maternity care

14 PAGES
FOR TEEN-AGERS!

- *Interview with Connie Francis
- *HOW TO BE POPULAR
- *Fashion *Beauty Tips
- *RECORDS



Does she...or doesn't she?*



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

You can hear it in her happy laugh... see it in her radiant good looks, the sparkling tone of her hair! She knows staying young with one's children is not only thinking young, it's *looking* young, too! And when you consider how much a woman's looks depend on her hair, you know why she relies on Miss Clairol—but always! It keeps the color fresh, lively, and the hair itself in beautiful condition!

And that's why hairdressers all over the world recommend and always use Miss Clairol. Its *automatic color timing* is most dependable. And Miss Clairol *really* covers gray. But best of all they love the soft, natural look of it. This is what distinguishes Miss Clairol from all other haircolorings. So try Miss Clairol yourself. Today. Takes only minutes. Creme Formula or Regular.



MISS CLAIROL † **HAIR COLOR BATH***

THE NATURAL-LOOKING HAIR COLORING • MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ALL OTHER HAIRCOLORING COMBINED

*DOES SHE... OR DOESN'T SHE? and HAIR COLOR BATH are Trade Marks of Clairol Inc., of Canada, Kitchener, Que. All rights reserved.

†Reg'd Trade Mark

EDITORIAL

Rest clubs for weary mothers?

ABOUT THIS TIME of summer when the novelty of school holidays has long since worn off and the children's "what-can-I-do-next" refrain is as monotonously familiar as the top tune on the hit parade, I am reminded of a discussion I heard at the Canadian Conference on Children last fall.

The topic was nursery schools, and one young doctor stunned our group by saying he thought nursery schools were simply a convenient twentieth-century gimmick for lazy mothers to get rid of their children for a few hours a day. Another doctor, who happened to be a mother replied, "Well, what's the matter with that? Why shouldn't mothers, as well as other people, have a break from their jobs?"

Logically, if any worker in our society needs the occasional break from routine, mothers do. No other occupation, not even medicine or the ministry, demands that a person be "on call" twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. And the job demands such an uneven combination of skills, too. Much of a mother's time is spent on the mindless routine of picking up clutter, shutting doors after people, doing dishes, etc. The rest of her time she finds herself engaged in such activities as arbitrating quarrels with the impartiality of a Supreme Court judge, answering questions that would stump a school librarian and trying to produce a gourmet dish that will enchant her husband's boss.

One of the most demanding aspects of being a mother is the emotional strain of bolstering up everyone else. In any other job a certain amount of mild grouching is considered healthy. But if mothers let their low moments show, the morale of the whole family sags like an underbaked cake.

Where to get away from it all

If mothers were in any other line of work with similar demands, they would have been unionized long ago. But they're much too individualistic and filled with zeal for their jobs ever to dream of demanding formalized rights.

But what they probably could use, if only it could be arranged, is a kind of Mother's Rest Club in the neighborhood. This would be a place where they could take the children, knowing that they would be looked after and entertained in a separate children's section, while mama did what she pleased in her section, and this could include anything from studying Yoga to doing her nails. (But *not* anything to do with children or housework.)

Do I hear muttered protests that handy neighborhood setups like this would undermine Our Way of Life, and encourage mothers to desert their duties? Not at all. Instead of generating slothfulness in the suburbs, this kind of arrangement would probably result in even more marriages and babies, and fewer divorces and mental breakdowns. If coffee breaks and statutory holidays are good for the rest of the working population, why not for mothers, too?

Doris McCubbin Anderson
EDITOR



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, AUGUST 1961 Vol. 34, No. 8

DORIS McCUBBIN ANDERSON, Editor
KEITH KNOWLTON, Managing Editor, JOAN CHALMERS, Art Director
KENNETH JOBE, Associate Art Director, DON WILLSON, Assistant Art Director
JESSIE LONDON, JEAN YACK, Associate Editors
CHRISTINA McCALL NEWMAN, CATHERINE SINCLAIR, Assistant Editors
ELAINE COLLETT, Director Chatelaine Institute
VIVIAN WILCOX, Fashion Editor, EVELEEN DOLLERY, Beauty Editor
ALAN CAMPAIGNE, Home Planning Editor
UNA ABRAHAMSON, Chatelaine Institute, CAROL TAYLOR, Seal of Approval
WANDA NELLES, Crafts Editor
MARLENE De COSIMO, JOHANNE FERGUSON,
HELEN FAIRBAIRN, BETTY MCCARTHY, GAYLE QUINN,
JEAN SNAIR, WENDY WILLIAMS, Editorial Assistants
ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, Child Health

LLOYD M. HODGKINSON, Publisher
A. B. GARDNER, Advertising Sales Manager
GORDON RUMGAY, Circulation Manager
ROY F. MacKENZIE, Advertising Production Manager
C. J. LAURIN, Vice-President, Magazines

News/Views

EDITORIAL	1
WHAT'S NEW	3
YOUR WORLD NOTEBOOK <i>Christina Newman</i>	15
HERE'S HEALTH <i>Lawrence Galton</i>	25
THE LAST WORD IS YOURS	96

Features

HOW TO HELP THE CHILDREN CREATE SUMMER FUN <i>Gayle Quinn</i>	13
HOW YOU WOULD IMPROVE MATERNITY CARE <i>Jean Yack</i>	16
MAN—THE NEXT-BEST SEX <i>Robert Thomas Allen</i>	29
CHATELAINE CALLS ON SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER <i>Roloff Beny as told to Christina Newman</i>	30
PATRON OF MODERN ART—THE QUEEN <i>Helen Cathcart</i> ...	34
I LIVE WITH MY NEUROSIS <i>Alexandra Scott</i>	40

Special Teen Tempo Section

TOPS ON THE KNIT PARADE <i>Vivian Wilcox</i>	42
SWINGIN' PARTNERS SCORE A HIT <i>Vivian Wilcox</i>	44
FASHIONS TO FLIP OVER <i>Vivian Wilcox</i>	46
TEEN ALBUM OF BEAUTY <i>Eveleen Dollery</i>	48
YOUR FAVORITE—CONNIE FRANCIS <i>John Wilcock</i>	50
WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR? <i>Catherine Sinclair</i>	52
FASHION ON A SHOESTRING <i>Gerdine Crawford</i>	87

Fiction

A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS <i>Ethel Edison Gordon</i>	32
HONEY FOR TEA CHATELAINE BONUS NOVEL CONCLUSION <i>Elizabeth Cadell</i>	37

Food/Homes

SHOPPING WITH CHATELAINE <i>Carol Taylor</i>	21
HERE'S TO SANDWICHES <i>Elaine Collett</i>	38
MEALS OF THE MONTH	78
FAMILY FAVORITE RECIPE CONTEST	83
HOMEMAKER'S DIARY <i>Chatelaine Institute</i>	89

Chatelaine Crafts

CHATELAINE CRAFTS NEW FALL CATALOGUE	68
A BONANZA OF ORIGINAL BAZAAR ITEMS TO MAKE <i>Wanda Nelles</i>	77

Your Child

IS YOUR CHILD READY TO START SCHOOL? <i>Belle Cramton</i>	90
-----------------------------------------------------------------	----

*your physician is many things
to many peopleconfidant*



"I
can't tell
this to
anyone else"

The practice of medicine is a very personal thing. It is based on one of the most intimate relationships a human ever experiences . . . that between physician and patient. We tell our physician things about ourselves that we would tell no other person, save possibly a pastor or a most intimate relative. We seek from him—and accept—advice concerning the most basic parts of our lives: health practices, living habits, personal relationships.

Is it any wonder then, that medical care is considered by all of us as such a special service? It is a close, *personal* relationship between physician and patient which is based on skill, respect and trust. And it is a tribute to our system of free enterprise that patients can freely choose their own doctor — the man who will make some of the most important decisions of their lives.

*One of a series of messages about your physician,
presented as a public service by Mead Johnson of Canada Ltd.,
manufacturers of pharmaceutical and nutritional products*



Mead Johnson
of Canada Ltd.

Symbol of service in medicine

WHAT'S NEW WITH US

Actor-model Garrick Hagon, Penny Halet: join them in Teen Tempo.



Big bonus for teen-agers

There is no experience on earth (as any mother can verify) quite so refreshing—and jarring—as a brief encounter with The Younger Generation. We know, because we have just finished our **special Teen Tempo section** (page 41) and we're as hip as any group well past the bobby-sox stage is ever likely to be.



Catherine Sinclair (right) interviews popular teen-ager Carolyn Younger.

For example, assistant editor **Catherine Sinclair** reports that going steady is on its way out. Catherine, who wrote **What Makes A Girl Popular** (page 52) is shown above (right) talking to the subject of her story, teen-ager **Carolyn Younger**.

And did you realize all the **good works** that teen-agers across Canada are doing? For one thing, several high schools are acting as foster parents and raising money for **Dr. Lotta Hitschmanova's Unitarian Service Committee**.

Teentime is a period of fads and the **latest footwear fad** is corduroy sneakers, preferably in green and gold and worn with nylons, not socks. Bangs that sweep across the forehead and down to one eyebrow are also back in vogue.

What are they talking about?

To test your powers of communication with the younger generation try this: "You'd be sole choice if you weren't a dip and out of it, but besides that, you're a wire and a bubble gummer. Mosey, because I'm going into chick action with a screen to a chomper for a small

swing out where there may be purple death."

See how you score on the translation: "**sole choice**"—very nice; "**dip**"—a square; "**out of it**"—out of your mind; "**wire**"—an idiot; "**bubble gummer**"—a girl not old enough to date; "**chick action**"—a date; "**screen**"—a telephone call; "**chomper**"—a girl old enough to date; "**swing out**"—a quiet party; "**purple death**"—wine.

One last thing we learned about teen-agers is the fact that they are busy, busy, busy. Besides school they carry on a full and varied extracurricular load. For example, **Garrick Hagon**, shown here with model **Penny Halet**, has a part in the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont., this summer.

Our swingin' fashions

In keeping with our musical theme for Teen Tempo this month, we got singer **Tommy Common** and the **Beau-Marks** to pose in some of our fashion pictures. **Ken Jobe**, Chate-



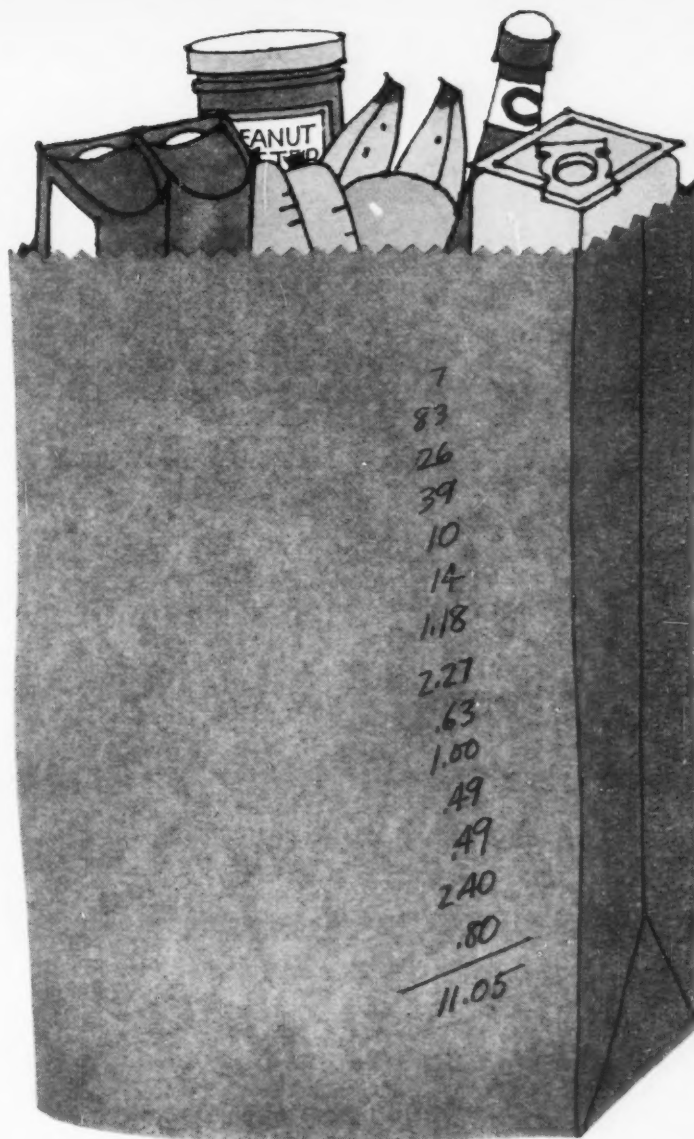
Vivian Wilcox and Ken Jobe (right) discuss disc hits with The Beau-Marks.

laine's associate art director, seen here (extreme right) with fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox** and the Beau-Marks (left to right): **Joey Frechette**, **Ray Hutchinson**, **Gilles Tailleur**, and **Mike Robitaille**, reports that he never had a livelier session of photography. The only trouble was, the photographer could hardly find the models among the admiring crowds.

For the full story on Teen Tempo, turn to page 41.

What's New Continued on page 4

Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa For change of address write Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.



How much health did you buy today?

Family likes and dislikes often dictate food purchases. If good nutrition were the deciding factor, our meals would surely pay off in better physical and mental health—less fatigue, more energy and increased resistance to certain illnesses.

To provide good meals for good health, serve a wide variety of foods—meat, milk, vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals. However, three things need watching.

1. At every meal serve a food rich in protein. Children need it for growth; adults for the body's upkeep. Best sources are meat, fish, poultry, eggs, milk, cheese and ice cream.

Some pointers on protein: Less costly cuts of meat are as nourishing as higher priced cuts. Beans, peas, lentils and certain cereals are also rich in protein.

Everyone needs milk for both protein and calcium. Three to four glasses daily for children and teenagers. Two glasses or

its equivalent in other foods for adults. Dry skim milk is excellent for soups, custards and milk drinks.

2. Serve a green or yellow vegetable every day. They supply some of the most essential vitamins and minerals.

3. Serve a vitamin C food every day. Your supply must be replenished daily. Citrus fruits—fresh, frozen or canned—and tomato juice, or fresh or canned tomatoes are good sources.

Most of us could improve our eating habits—especially teenagers. Many teenage health problems—poor teeth, blemished complexions, fatigue and overweight—might be avoided with more basic foods and less sweet and fatty foods.

Advice on planning varied, well-balanced meals is given in the Metropolitan Life booklet, *Food for the Family*.

Use the coupon below for your free copy.

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office (Dept. H.W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me the free booklet
"Food for the Family" 80L

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

**Metropolitan
Life**
INSURANCE COMPANY
A MUTUAL COMPANY





Her secret can be yours

...her secret is
NEW TIFFANY for your hair
by Rexall

Hair so much more manageable, so soft and shiny; this is her secret—this is the magic of **Prolanovite**, a revolutionary new compound that actually helps restore precious nutrients to the hair. And now the secret is yours—**Prolanovite**—in new Tiffany for your hair by Rexall.

**BE SURE
YOU BUY EXCITING NEW
TIFFANY COSMETICS TOO:**



So exquisitely fresh, New Tiffany cosmetics will help keep you cool and well-groomed on even the busiest days. Truly the most fragrant—most gentle—beauty preparations available. New Tiffany cosmetics are: Cream deodorant, Ro-Ball deodorant, Hand Cream, Cream Shampoo and Cologne.

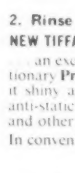
No beauty salon can offer them—No ordinary store can carry them—Only your Rexall Drug Store has New Tiffany for your hair

Rexall

TIFFANY'S 4 STEPS TO LOVELIER HAIR ARE



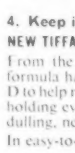
**1. Wash it with
NEW TIFFANY CONTROLLED-ACTION SHAMPOO**
to help retain the natural moisture balance, the natural body and strength of your hair. The amazing "controlled-action" of Tiffany shampoo, helps cleanse your hair without robbing it of natural oils. Leaves it silkier, more manageable. In an unbreakable plastic bottle—easy to use, safe to carry—8 ounces—\$1.75.



**2. Rinse it with
NEW TIFFANY SHEEN 'N' SHIELD RINSE**
an exclusive new formula fortified with revolutionary **Prolanovite** to help condition the hair, keep it shiny and easy-to-comb. It leaves an invisible anti-static shield which actually helps repel dust and other particles in the air.
In convenient 8 ounce plastic bottle—\$1.75.



**3. Keep it healthy with
NEW TIFFANY MOISTURE GUARD CONDITIONER**
Used daily, Tiffany moisture guard conditioner, will help reinforce the natural strength and body of your hair while restoring moisture balance. It helps guard against dandruff and split-ends—assures you of a lustrous sheen between shampoos. The secret is **Prolanovite**.
In 8-ounce plastic bottle for \$1.75.



**4. Keep it neat with
NEW TIFFANY CRYSTAL CLEAR HAIRSPRAY**
From the Rexall laboratories comes this unique formula hair-spray containing lanolin and vitamin D to help retain the delicate texture of the hair while holding even the lightest styles in place. It's never dulling, never sticky—and contains no lacquer.
In easy-to-use aerosol container—\$1.75.

**WHAT'S NEW WITH
YOU** BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR

Canada's **Girl Guides** attending international camps this summer are wearing a new "national dress." It's a dirndl skirt appliquéd with three maple leaves and worn with a plain blouse in any color combination. The costume was designed for wear at social functions where Guides from other countries often appear in official national dress. This year,



some twenty Guides from across Canada are wearing the new outfits at camps in **Mexico**, the **U. S.**, **Ireland** and **Finland**.

The four hundred enterprising members of **Toronto's Garden Club** have a new project: establishment of a **Civic Garden Centre**, an educational institution located in one of the city's public gardens. The centre is run in co-operation with the city, will become civic headquarters for lectures, meetings and other gardening activities. Past club endeavors, all accomplished through annual flower shows that net an average ten thousand dollars each, include the building of a "fragrant" garden at the headquarters of the **Canadian National Institute for the Blind**, and planning of an "enchanted" garden for the medical centre run by the **Ontario Society for Crippled Children**.

Thousands of toy balloons will be soaring over **Calgary** this month with the one that floats farthest winning a five-hundred-dollar prize for the ticket holder. This is Canada's only annual balloon race, the major fund-raising effort of **Calgary's Re-**

habilitation Society for the Physically Handicapped. Lawyer **Ruth Gorman** helped organize the first race in 1955, prevailed upon a gas company to fill the balloons from a main when it was found helium is barred in Canada except for health purposes. Firemen supervise the day-long filling operation and federal transport authorities forewarn pilots that balloons will be going up.



for inspiring her town

Already immortalized as the town of **Mariposa** by author **Stephen Leacock**, **Orillia, Ont.**, adds another feather in its cap this year: a folk-music festival August 18 and 19. Guiding light behind this new venture is pert blond **Mrs. Ruth Jones**, who talked the city into enthusiastic co-operation. Mother of four, Mrs. Jones dreamed up the idea earlier this year, enlisted some Toronto singers, and presented city council with the blueprint for a **Mariposa Folk Festival**. She and her husband put up capital, established a non-profit organization and plunged into the details of festival-staging.



Aiming for a cross between a country fair and a carnival, the festival will feature top Canadian folk singers as well as dancers and traditional musicians. The open-air stage will be decorated with a striped awning and yards of bunting, a street dance is set for the final night and the whole town will be in festive regalia for the two-day event.

Hundreds of **Regina** women will be starting their second **Nest Egg Funds** next month for the annual **United Appeal**. The program was conceived last year by residential

What's New Continued on page 6



new bag of tricks!

Windsor has two new packs for your convenience. The little 4-ounce "Salter" goes right on the family table—or in a lunch box, on a picnic or out on the patio! The taller 12-ounce "Dial Shaker" has an ingenious top — dial and it shakes, dial and it pours! Very handy when you're cooking or for the barbeque. They're both at your grocer's — look right beside your old favorite!



There's
no
catch . . .
it's a
perfect
match!



What's more, it's *Kroy! Two of the best reasons in the world for insisting on Newlands or Harding "No Dye Lot" shades when you shop for wool. *Kroy on the label means the yarn is completely shrinkproof. "No Dye Lot" means your colour-matching problems are over forever!

Buy one ball or a dozen . . . buy downtown or from your neighbourhood variety store . . . if it's "No Dye Lot" by Newlands or Harding, it's a perfect match!

Newlands

Harding

***kroy
NO DYE LOT**

SOCK & SWEATER YARNS

**Knitting Pattern Service Bureau,
P.O. Box 1100, Galt, Ontario.**

Free! Get your doggie sweater pattern free with the purchase of Book 105 (sweater shown here is on page 15). Enclose 45¢. No cheques or stamps.

Name: _____
(Please Print)
Address: _____
City: _____ Prov: _____

WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU

Continued

campaign chairman Mrs. C. M. Suggitt, who asked housewives to give coffee parties at which they would explain the work of one member agency and then pass out piggy banks, suggesting that guests save their loose change for personal contributions. The idea snowballed and one thousand women followed the party formula, an effort that helped increase over-all giving by twelve percent. Target for this fall: two thousand Nest Egg parties.

They're doing something about: a talent for crafts

In Newfoundland it's peak production time for the women who sell their handicrafts through the Jubilee Guilds. Started in 1935 and organized along Women's Institute lines, the guilds encourage members to sew, knit, weave, hook rugs, paint china and do metal work. They can sell their work through the Guilds shop in St. John's, which last year realized thirty thousand dollars from the sale of handmade crafts and novelty items. There are nine mainland outlets, and organizing secretary Anna Templeton will soon be scouting for more.



Lindsay's Mrs. Grace Walker clothes her dolls in true-to-life fashions.

Two Ontario women have turned their talents to the making of doll houses and doll's clothes.

Mrs. Grace Walker, of Lindsay, makes authentic historical and national costumes for her dolls, often donates them to charity. One doll was dressed as Queen Elizabeth in coronation robes. Mrs. Walker has two hundred dolls in her own collection, designed and made all their costumes and jewelry by hand.

Peterborough housewife Miep Gadd starts out with a sheet of plywood and ends up with a modern split-level doll house. She covers the

floors with carpeting, papers the walls and builds tiny wooden fireplaces into each house. Most of them go to friends but one has been donated to charity.



Tatamagouche, N.S., museum curators Mrs. Warren Bell, Miss H. Langille.

The six hundred citizens of Tatamagouche, N.S., are justly proud of their Sunrise Trail Museum, a local project that grew out of the Nova Scotia Festival of the Arts held there in 1955. Open in July and August, the museum is full of curios dating back hundreds of years, most of them originally owned by district residents. Cocurators are retired teachers Mrs. Warren Bell and Miss Hilda Langille, both of whom have become authorities on local history.

Ottawa housewives have been receiving "at home" instruction in water safety this summer, thanks to YWCA program director Mary Hackett. She launched a scheme for groups of neighbors who can meet in one house one morning a week for three weeks and receive on-the-spot training from a Y instructor. Nine groups signed up at three dollars per person and each three-week course wound up with a special evening at the Y, to which husbands were also invited, to see a film and a water-safety demonstration.

Quote of the month

Dr. Anna Sharpe, medical officer for the Ottawa Public School Board, on working with men: "I never believe in working against men. When the contribution of women is complementary to that of the men, a better understanding results."

What's New Continued on page 8



This twosome is extra toothsome because it's extra fresh!

The new Kraft Peanut Butter on this sandwich has all the fresh flavor of peanuts in the shell. The Kraft Grape Jelly has all the sweet freshness of ripe grapes on the vine. The freshness of flavor of both combine to make this ever-so-easy sandwich an ever-so-toothsome treat for lunchtime, schooltime, or snacktime. Or even right now!

KRAFT

JAMS, JELLIES AND MARMALADE—FRESH-FRUIT GOOD!
PEANUT BUTTER KEEPS FRESHER IN THE JAR THAN PEANUTS IN THE SHELL!



Look for Kraft
Grape Jelly and Peanut Butter
in the family economy size, too!



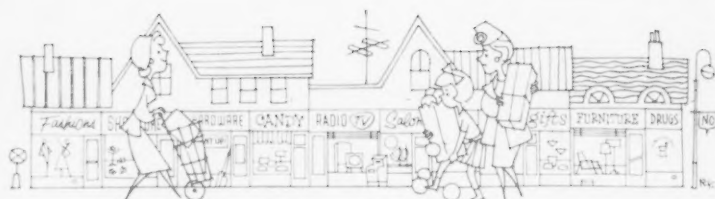
QUICK-SWITCH SANDWICH

BASIC RECIPE: Mix UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM with chopped sweet pickle relish. **FOR A FLAVOR SWITCH**, add one of these: chili sauce (shown here with pimienta strips), chopped celery, onion, green pepper, olives, apple or nuts. Or combine basic recipe with your favorite cheese, sliced egg, tomato, lettuce or coleslaw. Try *all* these luscious variations. Underwood Deviled Ham is filled with go-together goodness.



It's the handy ham made from fine whole hams

Enjoy another fine Underwood product—UNDERWOOD LIVER PÂTÉ
FOR OTHER SNACK RECIPES WRITE: ANNE UNDERWOOD, BOX 255, STATION O, MONTREAL, CANADA



WHAT'S NEW IN THE SHOPS

Push-button groceries

Soon (now in a few localities) you won't need to worry about running out of food supplies after business hours. Vendomatic Limited, 59 Torbarrie Road, Toronto, offers



coin-in-the-slot vending machines to dispense almost anything that can be packaged — refrigerated, nonrefrigerated or frozen goods. Current models vend bread, milk, eggs, sugar and such necessities.

For the meticulous car driver

Here's your solution to a dusty car interior—a tiny vacuum cleaner designed just for the automobile. It's no bigger than twice the size of an electric shaver and it is easily and permanently installed in your car at any garage. Choose **ivory, blue, green, red or black plastic**. The Mini-Vac car vacuum cleaner is made in Denmark. Available from Blunco (Canada) Ltd., 19 Musgrave Street, Toronto. Cost is about \$12—plus a few dollars installation charge.



Baby in the bath

Does your back ache from bathing the baby these hot summer days? It needn't. Mrs. Michael Zhok, of Downsview, Ont., invented the Protect-a-Babe Bath Support—gay and useful for babies from eight months to two years. The **air-filled plastic buoyant support** (anchored by suction cups to the sides of the

tub) secures baby and leaves mother's arms free to wash him without fear of his falling or slipping. (Of course, mothers know it's never safe to leave any infant unattended in the tub.) Afterward, hang the support on the wall by a suction cup to dry. By the Kelton Corporation Ltd., 314 Davenport Road, Toronto. Retail at \$3.98.

Safety by clockwork

A self-sufficient fire alarm that operates on a spring, or clockwork principle, has reached the Canadian market. **Designed for home use**, the six-inch-diameter, two-inch-thick, bowl-shaped Vanguard should be placed on, or near, the ceiling in any or every room where fire might occur. Vanguard units have been tested and listed by the Underwriters' Laboratories



of Canada. An abnormally high temperature releases a **heat-sensitive fuse to trigger the rousing alarm bell**. The dull-finish, silver-colored metal unit sells at \$39.95. Available from Vanguard Systems of Canada, Ltd., 2784 Yonge Street, Toronto 12, and Martin Industrial Corporation, Ltd., 410 Duchess Street, Saskatoon.

Hand-knit your way to fashion

Newlands-Harding of Galt, Ont., has introduced two **hand-knitting worsteds**—a first for Canada.

Worsted yarns are made from long wool fibres spun for smoothness and strength, rather than for fluffy lightness as are yarns spun from shorter types of fibres. One is a pure wool at 75 cents for a two-ounce skein; the other, Chalet, is nylon-wool blend, 95 cents for a two-ounce ball. Both come in fall's high-fashion shades.

What's New Continued on page 10

NOW YOU CAN WHIP MILK

(any kind)

—thanks to...

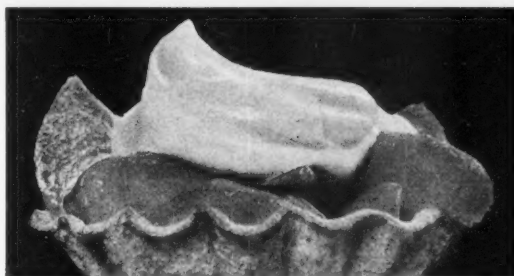


For delicious
dessert ideas.

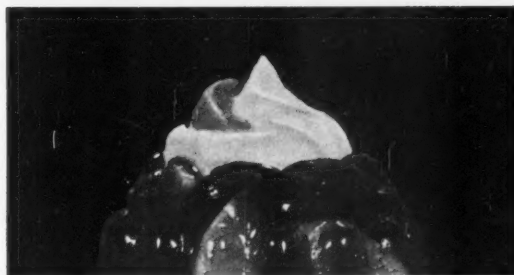
Whips up into
deliciously thick
fresh topping—
keeps its peaks—
won't separate—
only 17 calories
per tablespoon!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
JELL-O

Jell-O is a Registered Trade Mark owned in Canada by General Foods, Limited



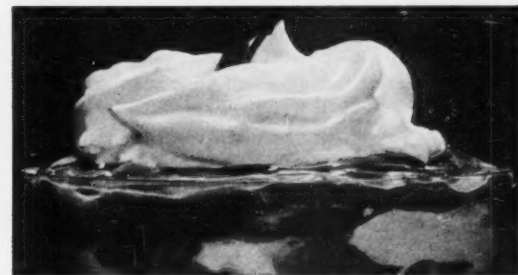
Homogenized, 2% Cream, Powdered—you can whip
any kind of milk into a thick velvety topping thanks to
Dream Whip. Use it on Peach Tarts—all desserts.



Peaches in Jell-O, Dream Whip on top, and smiles all
around the table. Dream Whip has only 17 calories per
tablespoon, costs only pennies. It tops everything!



Cherry pie is better than ever with Dream Whip. You
can whip this delicious topping ahead of time because it
won't wilt or separate, keeps its peaks for ages.



Fold Dream Whip into cooled Jell-O Pudding and Pie
Filling—crown with Dream Whip. Keep Dream Whip
in your cupboard, then you can whip milk anytime.

DW-62-1

Important new discovery reveals how

Cuticura Skin Care

PRESERVES VITAL SKIN MOISTURE



Helps maintain youthful freshness as it softens skin, clears blemishes

Science has long known that the skin contains a large quantity of moisture and that this moisture, which gives youth and freshness to the skin, continuously evaporates throughout life. Now research reveals that *moisture loss is greater during the night*—and that a petrolatum-based covering at night *reduces moisture loss 50%*.

This new discovery simply confirms what countless women have long found out for themselves—that lather-massage twice daily with superemollient **Cuticura Soap** plus a nightly application of petroleum-based **Cuticura Ointment** helps keep the skin youthfully soft, smooth and radiantly fresh while helping to clear up and protect against pimples, blackheads and dryness. Get **Cuticura Soap and Ointment** and see!

For FREE booklet on correct way to wash your face, write Cuticura, Dept. CE-81, 9471 LaSalle Blvd., LaSalle, Quebec.



Cuticura

World's best known name in skin care

WHAT'S NEW TO SEE AND HEAR BY EDNA MAY



Leonard Bernstein tells Edna May: "Expose them to it, but never force."

Leonard Bernstein: How to interest children in music



Bernstein.

After a phenomenal season conducting from New York to Tokyo (not to mention TV appearances plus a Canadian tour which included Vancouver, Winnipeg and Toronto) **Leonard Bernstein**, concert pianist and musical director and conductor of the **New York Philharmonic**, is now taking his version of summer rest—working at new compositions. The forty-three-year-old, slightly greying composer of **West Side Story** is not sure whether he'll come up with a symphony or a musical, but he is definite on how to make music popular to adults and as attractive to children as soda pop or westerns: "I have never played down or talked down to general audiences or youngsters—and I never will." Should parents force Junior to practice, or Mary to take piano lessons so they'll "appreciate" music? Bernstein gave me an emphatic "No!" He said, "Never force children. The only way is to expose them to music—go to concerts, listen to records or TV concerts at home. Have music around and they'll understand it." Come fall, Bernstein will continue a heavy schedule of TV concerts, international touring, plus his job as conductor-director of the New York Philharmonic, which has signed him up until May 1968—an unusually long contract and the first of its kind in this century to be offered by the New York orchestra.

Canadians put Barnum to music

Work is progressing on **Barnum**, New York producer **Alexander H. Cohen's** big Broadway musical

about Phineas T. Barnum, high priest of press agentry, prince of ballyhoo, and showman who made a fortune from Barnum and Bailey's Circus. Music and lyrics are now being polished off in Canada by **Marian Grudeff** and **Raymond Jessel**, composers and librettists known to some Canadian audiences for their humorous songs and sketches used mainly in the annual Toronto satirical revue **Spring Thaw**. The talented team got their break when Cohen gave them a hearing at the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto when he had a few minutes between planes. Canadian-born Marian Grudeff, wife of a Toronto surgeon and mother of a three-year-old son,



Canada's Marian Grudeff, Raymond Jessel polish new songs for Broadway.

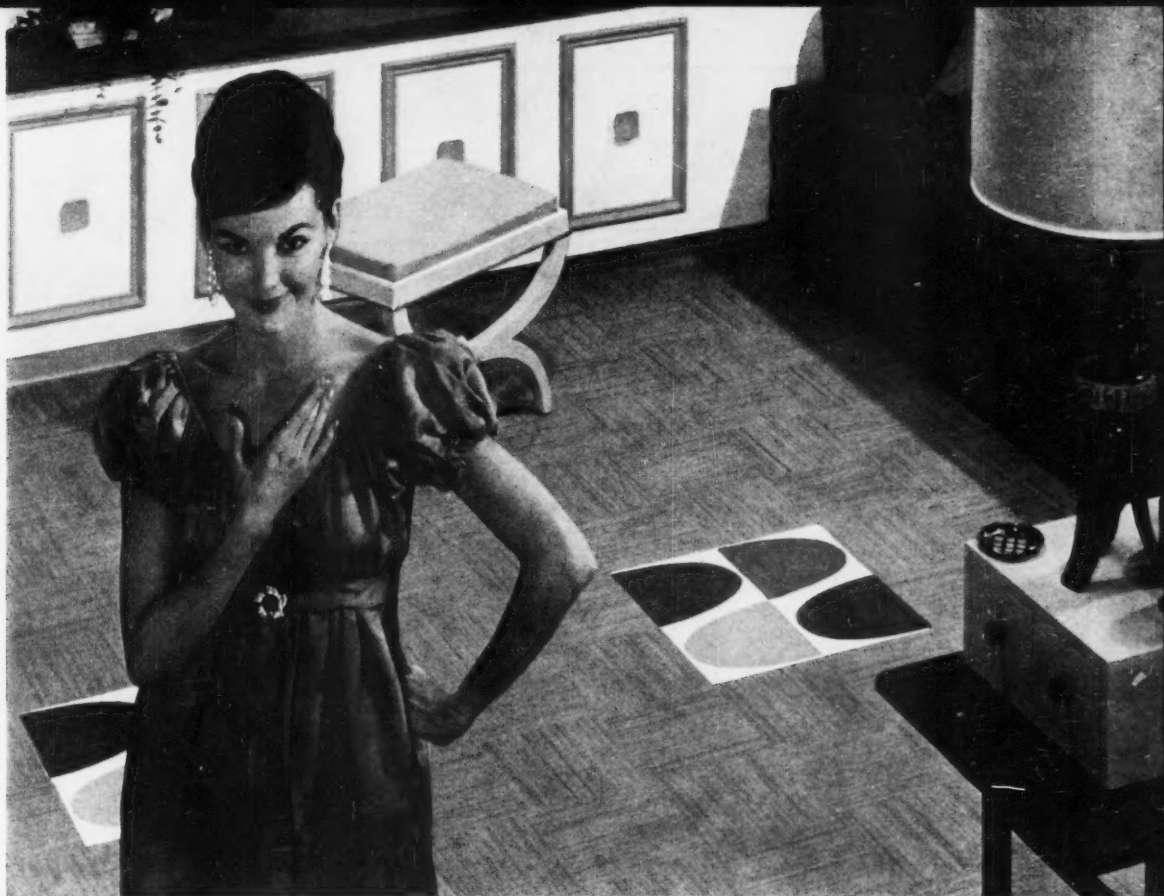
made her debut at eleven as a concert pianist with the Toronto Symphony. Jessel has a Bachelor of Music degree from University College, Cardiff, Wales, and was a scholarship student of composer Arthur Honegger in Paris prior to coming to Canada in 1953 as a composer and arranger for the CBC.

"It's just the chance we've been waiting for," says Miss Grudeff, "and after months of research we've

What's New Continued on page 12

FLOORS are going dress-up too!

Dressing up a room with touches of new colour is one way to express originality. Another is to use a smooth-surfaced, beautifully coloured flooring in a not so usual place — the living-room. Parade décor's big colours — the new purples and blues — on an urbane stage of muted beige, soft-sheen Dominion Linoleum. Elegant and original both. Then for a special fillip, add one of Dominion's custom-look "do-it-yourself" designs.



SOFT-SHEEN DOMINION LINOLEUM

Featured here, Dominion Linoleum tiles in the Jaspé pattern that goes so well with the new fashionable furnishing colours. Notice the intriguing design motif. This has been specially cut-in, using one of the new Dominion Linoleum insets.

Easy to do yourself! Choose Dominion Linoleum by-the-yard or in tiles. Available in these smart pattern lines—Marbleum, Jaspé, Handicraft, Battleship, Tilecraft. Write for full linoleum information and free templates for cutting insets*.

MULTI-USE DOMINION VINYL TILE

Kitchen floor shows the exclusive new "Catalogne" pattern in Dominion Vinyl Tile, the multi-use flooring with the luxury look. Vinyl asbestos — ideal for normally difficult areas like damp basements. But purity of colour, pretty patterns, smooth

finish, high resistance to wear make it suitable for all rooms. Choose from interesting "Catalogne" as shown, popular "Jaspé", and lively "Caprice" spatter pattern. Write for vinyl tile colour range and tile-arrangement suggestions*.

Your kitchen's the place for imaginative colour combinations. If you're itching to explore in décor, combine olive cupboards with a Chinese red floor...in "Catalogne" Vinyl Tile...an exclusive Canadian pattern as Canadian as the tile itself. Two new ideas...two Dominion products, Linoleum and Vinyl Tile...beautiful, practical, priced for down-to-earth budgets.

FLOORS BY DOMINION

*...for the woman who takes
pride in being original*

Made only in Canada...sold by style-wise Canadian stores.

*For full information on both Dominion Linoleum and Dominion Vinyl Tile, write to: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited, 2200 St. Catherine Street East, Montreal. Makers of Dominion Linoleum, Dominion Vinyl Tile, Asphalt Tile and Associated Products.



GOOD NEWS FOR HOMEOWNERS!
You can now obtain home improvement loans even more easily than mortgages.





fresh milk goodness

...flavour just as you'd expect from experts
in the fresh milk business—BORDEN'S

Here is pure, fresh, pasteurized milk from which only the water and fat have been removed. When you replace the water—*instantly* you have homogenized-smooth skim milk with all the wonderful fresh milk flavour kids love.

And Borden's Starlac provides all the nourishing protein, calcium and B-Vitamins of whole milk—all for

less than 9¢ a quart. You'll save more than half on milk bills!

Keep several quarts of Borden's Starlac chilled in your refrigerator for refreshing drinking, cooking or baking.

For richer
flavour and
20% more protein
—add ½ cup more Starlac
to each quart... a good
idea for people on low fat,
high protein diets.

Borden's
VERY BIG ON FLAVOR



WHAT'S NEW TO SEE AND HEAR

.....continued.....

now turned up over sixteen different versions of Barnum's fascinating life story. We've decided he was not just a circus showman, but the father of modern advertising and publicity, all of which gives us scope for contemporary humor with something more than fun underneath."

The gala opening is set for the O'Keefe Centre in **January**, with the New York premiere to follow.

Monday specials on summer TV



Peter Ustinov.

A potpourri of hour-long specials is now being presented on the CBC-TV network, and if you've missed the first few try to catch future shows. Probably none will be more entertaining than the BBC feature titled **After Supper** in which three interviewers got in a conversational mood (July 24) with actor-writer-producer **Peter Ustinov**. But here are some future items: Two **Camera Canada** documentary series will be included, one about the **Banff School of Fine Arts** on August 7, and another, **The Changing Island** (about Newfoundland), on Sept. 18. On Aug. 21, a video-taped show from Winnipeg



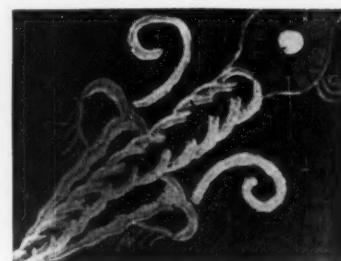
Joseph Schull.

will present the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet**, and Aug. 18 will bring a British-produced drama, **Mary Stuart**, by German playwright Schiller. Scheduled for Sept. 4 is a CBC-TV production of **The Long Night**, a drama by Canadian **Joseph**

Schull. The series winds up Sept. 25 with a performance of **Cinderella** by England's **Royal Ballet**.

From drawings to Discontent

Young Artists (Longman's, \$6.95) is an attractively illustrated handbook for teachers and parents, showing the whimsical and creative



Nonobjective art from Young Artists.

art of children. Saskatchewan-born **Joicey Horne**, who has had long experience in both western and eastern Canada and is still the art instructor at Toronto Teacher's College, supplies students' original work in photographs she's taken herself, and gives pointers on everything from finger painting to murals, mobiles and puppetry for preschoolers to adolescents. Miss Horne says drawing comes as naturally to children as the urge to talk or sing, and she tells how to foster this gift which she considers a "vital part of true education."

The most interesting treatment of the recurrent theme of the loss of integrity in our world is expressed in **John Steinbeck's** latest novel **The Winter Of Our Discontent** (Macmillan, \$4.95). Unlike most Steinbeck books, this one is not set in the far west, but on the northeastern seaboard and it deals chiefly with a well-born, wealthy society with long traditions behind it. Both disturbing and fascinating, this will probably be one of the year's best-sellers.

END

CHATELAINE

Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President, DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director, MONTREAL, P.Q.: 1242 Peel St., Montreal 2; VANCOUVER, B.C.: 1600 West Georgia St., Vancouver 5; GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, 30 Old Burlington Street, London W1; Telephone REG. 7941; Telegraph, Atabek, London; U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: In Canada, 1 year \$1.50; 2 years \$2.50; 3 years \$3.50; 4 years \$4.50; 5 years \$5.50. Price for all other countries \$2.50 per year. Copyright 1961, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department Ottawa. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send new address at least six weeks before the date of issue with which it is to take effect to: MANAGER, SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO 2. Send old address with the new, attaching present address label if possible.





How to help the children create summer fun

There's no more convenient spot for let's-pretending than right in their own back yards

By GAYLE QUINN

Boys and girls just can't wait for the first day of summer holidays. But the magic and excitement dim swiftly and inevitably come the days when they don't quite know what to do with themselves. Mothers are plagued with "What can we do now?" So be prepared. If you're ready to start them on a few backyard frolics that do not require your unending supervision, you'll not only delight the youngsters, but you'll also have a few extra minutes to yourself. Undoubtedly you'll need them. Here, then, are some suggestions:

Let them have an art show

Do you have a back-yard fence? It will make an ideal display wall on which to hang artwork.

Otherwise, chairs are fine. Shelf paper taped to the fence or chair back, and a few pots of finger paints, are the things you need. Dress the children in "artists' smocks" — Dad's old shirts, sleeves nipped; worn back-to-front. Let them moisten the paper with water applied with a sponge, dip their fingers in the paint, and they're away. Anything can result on the "canvas" — modern abstracts, quaint dogs and houses, giant sunflowers, à la Van Gogh. Paintings can be exhibited Greenwich Village-style with children of all ages getting in on the show.

For those who'd rather cut up (paper, that is), gay mosaics can be had by snipping colored paper and pasting the pieces in gay original

designs on sheets of paper. Such creative work can go on for many sunny afternoons throughout the summer.

Make-believe wigwam

Hang a sheet or blanket over the clothesline to form a tent. From the color-comic section of the newspaper, or from colored paper, or white paper painted, Indian designs can be cut out and pinned on the "wigwam" — quarter-moons, stars, tomahawks and so on. Tiny tots should have fun making the wigwam, then playing in their own Indian village.

A nursery rhyme to act

Little people can drag their mother's old clothes over to somebody's yard for an active day of nursery tales. Each child can pick out his favorite rhyme beforehand, bring along suitable garb, then recite it and act it out. More than one child can participate in each rhyme if need be. Old Mother Hubbard, for instance, has eleven verses. She didn't just go "to the cupboard," you know. The famed tea party from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* would be a dandy to enact. Of course, everyone won't be able to take his turn in just one afternoon, so designate specific "play" times throughout the summer. The youngsters may even end up writing and staging their own productions.

Paper fashion show

Discarded brown-paper bags from dry-cleaning shops or large paper sacks from supermarkets make happy "clothes" if the outlines of sleeves, buttons, collar, tie, shirt, jacket, or dress, handbag, and such, are crayoned in. The arm

and neck holes can be cut out and the bags can be worn. Newspapers and safety pins may be fashioned into garments, too. Now the little designers can have a paper fashion show. They can judge for themselves which one is best and award a prize. The prize can be a balloon, grab bag of candies, cookies, or what-have-you-around-the-house.

Royal purple

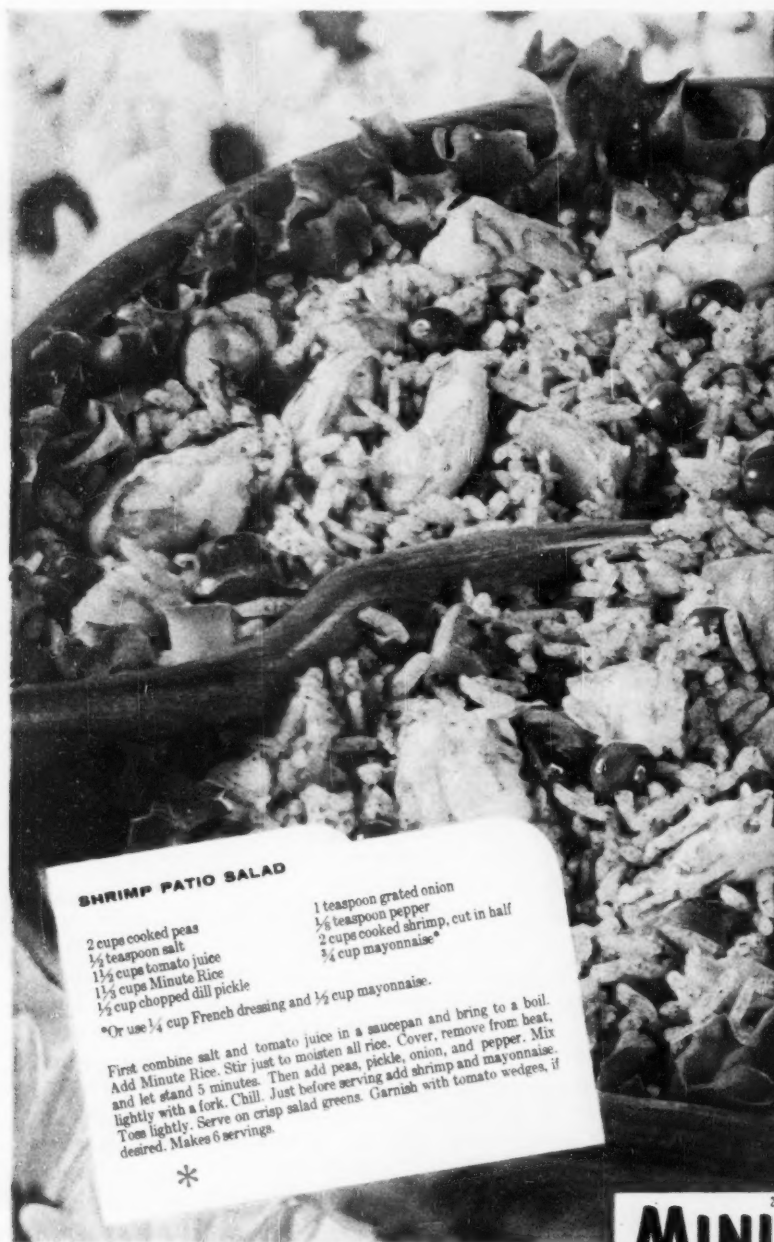
How about a regal affair? Children of all ages dream of being kings or queens, princes and princesses. Purple crepe paper, old muslin curtaining draped from pointed witches' hats, bits of yellowing lace, old jewelry, satin ribbon and the like can be the court clothes. The young ones can make crowns of aluminum foil or gold gift wrap. They can pretend they live in a wondrous palace in some far-off and romantic land.

So, you see, summer for children is a time of fun, play, daydreaming and adventure. The long warm days can provide a chance for a child to develop his imagination and perhaps his talent. While all this is going on, you, the mother and overseer, may steal the time to read a book, or just be lazy and relax with a cooling drink. Ah, sweet summer . . .

END



LOOK! Now you can flavour **MINUTE RICE** for exciting new summer salads



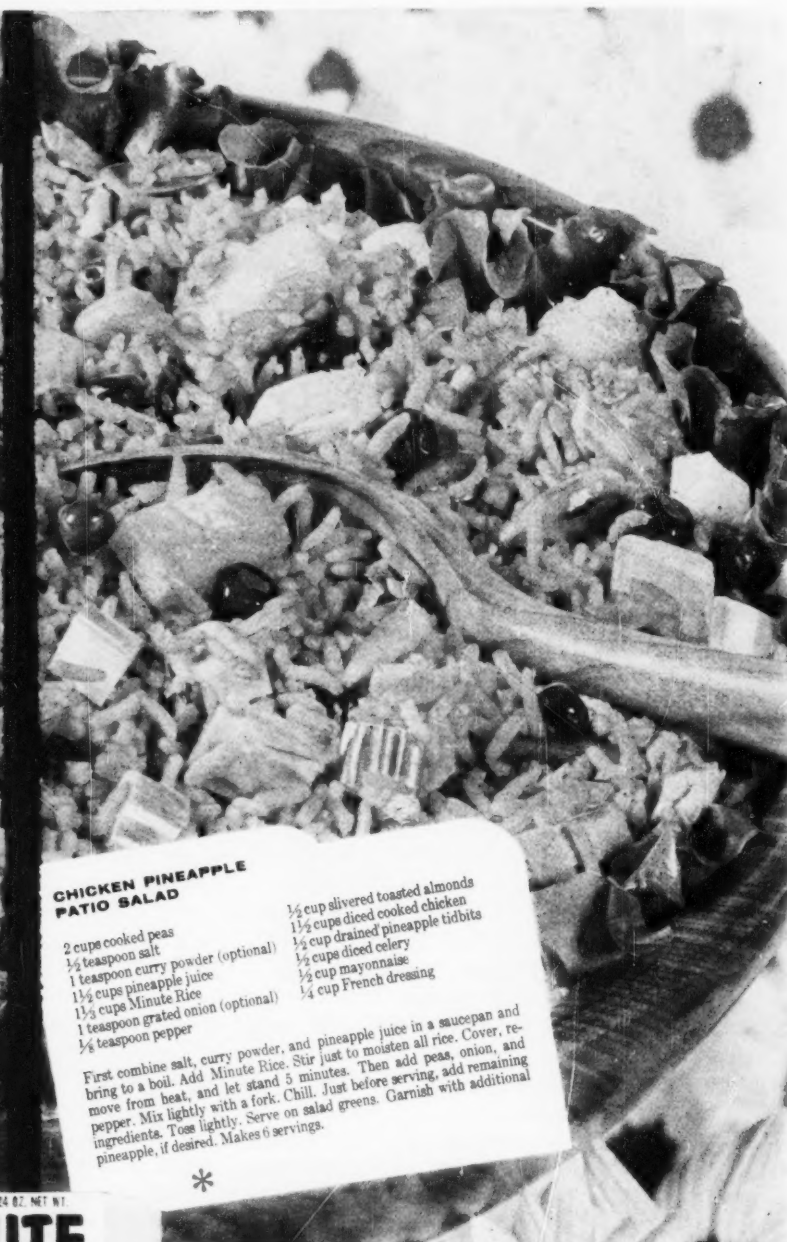
SHRIMP PATIO SALAD

2 cups cooked peas
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups tomato juice
1 1/2 cups Minute Rice
1/2 cup chopped dill pickle

1 teaspoon grated onion
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 cups cooked shrimp, cut in half
1/4 cup mayonnaise*

*Or use 1/4 cup French dressing and 1/2 cup mayonnaise.
First combine salt and tomato juice in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add Minute Rice. Stir just to moisten all rice. Cover, remove from heat, and let stand 5 minutes. Then add peas, pickle, onion, and pepper. Mix lightly with a fork. Chill. Just before serving add shrimp and mayonnaise. Toss lightly. Serve on crisp salad greens. Garnish with tomato wedges, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

*



CHICKEN PINEAPPLE PATIO SALAD

2 cups cooked peas
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon curry powder (optional)
1 1/2 cups pineapple juice
1 1/2 cups Minute Rice
1 teaspoon grated onion (optional)
1/2 teaspoon pepper

1/2 cup sliced toasted almonds
1 1/2 cups diced cooked chicken
1/2 cup drained pineapple tidbits
1/2 cups diced celery
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/4 cup French dressing

First combine salt, curry powder, and pineapple juice in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add Minute Rice. Stir just to moisten all rice. Cover, remove from heat, and let stand 5 minutes. Then add peas, onion, and pepper. Mix lightly with a fork. Chill. Just before serving, add remaining ingredients. Toss lightly. Serve on salad greens. Garnish with additional pineapple, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

*

Only **MINUTE RICE**
flavours itself...takes only
5 minutes...requires
no cooking so the flavour
isn't boiled away.

Only **MINUTE RICE** absorbs flavours so quickly, so completely!



* Caution: This recipe will work only with Minute Rice

Minute Rice, flavoured to match your meal, makes a delicious hot vegetable too. Try hot pineapple rice with ham or chicken, hot tomato rice with lamb or hamburger. Use methods described in recipes above.

These delicious recipes were
created especially for you by
General Foods Kitchens



YOURWORLDNOTEBOOK

a monthly background to the news headlines By Christina Newman



THE ALPHABET ALLIANCES

Daily news reports are peppered with references to important international organizations, more often than not identified only by what, for many of us, are unintelligible sets of initials. Here is a guide to the major military and economic alliances that are important factors in our cold-war world.



NATO and SHAPE: The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is the primary alliance of the Western nations against Communist aggression. In essence, it's a pooling of military resources for collective defense; each nation belonging to NATO agrees that an attack against one of them shall be considered an attack against them all. It was set up in 1949 as a result of increasingly worrisome Russian aggression, notably the blockade of Berlin and the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia. NATO has fifteen members: Canada, United States, Belgium, Denmark, France, West Germany, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Turkey, the United Kingdom.

Each nation contributes troops to NATO's military arm — SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers, Europe) which operates out of Paris, under General Lauris Norstad. Canada's main contributions are an army brigade in West Germany and an air division in France.

NORAD: The North American Air Defense Command is a military alliance of the United States and Canada, set up in 1958 as a means of joint air defense of the North American continent. For this purpose it ignores the borders between the two countries. NORAD is directed from Colorado Springs, Colorado, with an American Commanding officer, General L. S. Kuter, and a Canadian deputy commander, Air Marshall C. R. Slemon. Before committing any troops to action, the commander must

first clear with Washington and Ottawa but many of NORAD's critics doubt if there would be time for much consultation in a real attack.

WTO: Warsaw Treaty Organization, commonly called the Warsaw Pact, is the Communist world's equivalent of NATO. It was established in 1955 by Russia and seven iron-curtain countries as a twenty-year treaty

of friendship, co-operation and mutual assistance to establish "a unified military command and mutual consultation on international questions." Members are Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and the U.S.S.R.

SEATO: The Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, also a military organization, was set up in 1954 to deter Communist aggression in the turbulent southeastern corner of Asia. Its members are Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand, France, the United Kingdom, and the United States. The U. S. commitment, slightly different from its relationship to NATO, is pledged to provide military aid if one of these Asian nations is attacked but not to go to war itself.

CENTO: The Central Treaty Organization is a defense pact against Communist aggression in the Middle East — a link in the NATO-SEATO chain. It had its beginnings in 1954 with an alliance of Pakistan and Turkey; by November 1955, when Iraq, Iran and the United Kingdom had joined, it became known as the Middle East Treaty Organization or, more commonly, the Baghdad Pact. In August 1959 this name was modified to CENTO, when Iraq withdrew its support.

OAS: The Organization of American States is a union of twenty republics of North and South America. It had its origins as early as 1826, but it was reorganized under the name of OAS in 1948 to strengthen the peace and

security of the continent; to help prevent difficulties and disputes among member states; and to promote the economic, social and cultural development of its members. Canada, the only country in the Americas that doesn't belong (except for the Dominican Republic which was forced out of OAS in 1960 as a result of a plot against Venezuela in which it was implicated), has long been under pressure to join OAS but has so far declined, ostensibly because of our British Commonwealth ties but more directly because of our government's reluctance to become involved in South American squabbles or in a possible conflict of opinion between the United States and Latin America.

Nonmilitary alliances: Of the nonmilitary alliances mentioned frequently in the news, the most important are the trading blocs:

EEC (European Economic Community) has six members (France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg) which plan to erect common tariffs against imports from all other countries. EEC is commonly known as the European Common Market or the Inner Six.

EFTA or the European Free Trade Association (usually called the Outer Eight) led by Britain with Sweden, Austria, Denmark, Portugal, Norway, Switzerland and Finland (whose recent membership changed its name from the Outer Seven) is a looser organization aimed at a limited elimination of internal tariffs.

OECD (Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development) is still in its formative stages as a twenty-nation group including all the EEC and EFTA countries, (except Finland), plus Canada, the U. S. and all other Western European countries. This U. S.-fostered group seeks to overcome the possible ill effects of European trade splits; membership for Canada will, it's hoped, offset any harm done to our manufacturers by EEC and EFTA tariff barriers.

In addition, international news is frequently concerned with the nonpolitical "alphabet" agencies of the United Nations which seek co-operation between specialized groups in every world nation: for instance the ILO (International Labor Organization) or WHO (World Health Organization). But there are also dozens of international alliances most of us have never even heard of, but whose titles are intriguing nevertheless. Among them: the ICC (International Chestnut Commission); the ECCFMD (European Commission for the Control of Foot and Mouth Disease) and the ACSSRB (Administrative Centre of Social Security for Rhine Boatmen).

END

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



DREAM HOUSE IN HAMILTON

DREAMS OF SPLENDOR come true in this lavishly elegant house that is the cover story in our August issue. Peter Varley's dramatic photographs show what a no-holds-barred commission to a talented architect can produce.

But, DREAMS *Your MONEY CAN BUY* are also included in our August houses. See The Low-Cost House of 120 Disguises — an award-winning designer's plans for better houses in better neighborhoods. And from Edmonton, we bring you The House of Many Exotic Woods — even its doorknobs are made of wood.

This issue also helps OTHER DREAMS: Such as the Dream of new backyard fun for the kids — including things you can build, the Dream of owning a perfect lawn, and the Dream of a suburban garden that you can develop at your pace on a five-year plan.

Then there's the story of famous cartoonist George Feyer's antique collecting, and news about more Early Canadiana you can buy. So our August issue is packed full of dreams, but mostly about how you can — if you wish — make those happy dreams come true.

ON SALE AT MOST NEWSSTANDS JULY 18

CANADIAN **Homes**

A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

A CHATELAINE REPORT *Compiled by Jean Yack*

How you would improve maternity care

The ideas poured in when we asked Canadian mothers, "How would you improve maternity care?" Here are highlights from more than three hundred letters you sent us: You'd like a new kind of delivery table, an end to stirrups, music in the case room. You want your husbands with you during labor and your newborn infant to room in. You want to know your own doctor will, beyond any shadow of doubt, *be there* to deliver your baby, and that the nurses will be tactful, gentle and kind. Our award of the fifty-dollar prize was to Mrs. Diana Bacon, of Ottawa, whose letter appears below. Because so many other good letters came to us, we've excerpted some from a selection of runners-up to present to you. To all who wrote so frankly, we offer our thanks and our hope that the call for better childbirth care will be heard — and heeded.

The winner: We must demand better care

If women wish to have better maternity care they must demand it. It is our reluctance to complain that enables doctors and hospital staffs to continue policies that are outdated.

Our first job is educational. We must learn how a baby is born, what is expected of the mother, and what the mother should be able to expect of the hospital and staff.

The next step is to select an obstetrician in whom we can have confidence and with whom we can agree as to the desirability of delivery with or without anesthesia.

Our most difficult task is to convince the people who run our hospitals that we expect to be treated like human beings. In hospital we must conduct a public relations campaign so that they realize that all women who come in are not ignorant and hysterical.

As a veteran of two hospitals, three doctors, three deliveries, I like to think of myself as rather an authority on present conditions in maternity wings. Here then is how to "beat the system." If a nurse asks, "Are the *pains* any worse, dear?" the answer is a haughty, "The *contractions* are four minutes apart."

If you don't wish to have any anesthetic, tell everyone. They will soon be whispering about you at the nursing station. They will be treating you better, too. If you intend to miss the whole event, don't mention it — you won't get any sympathy. *Continued on page 18*

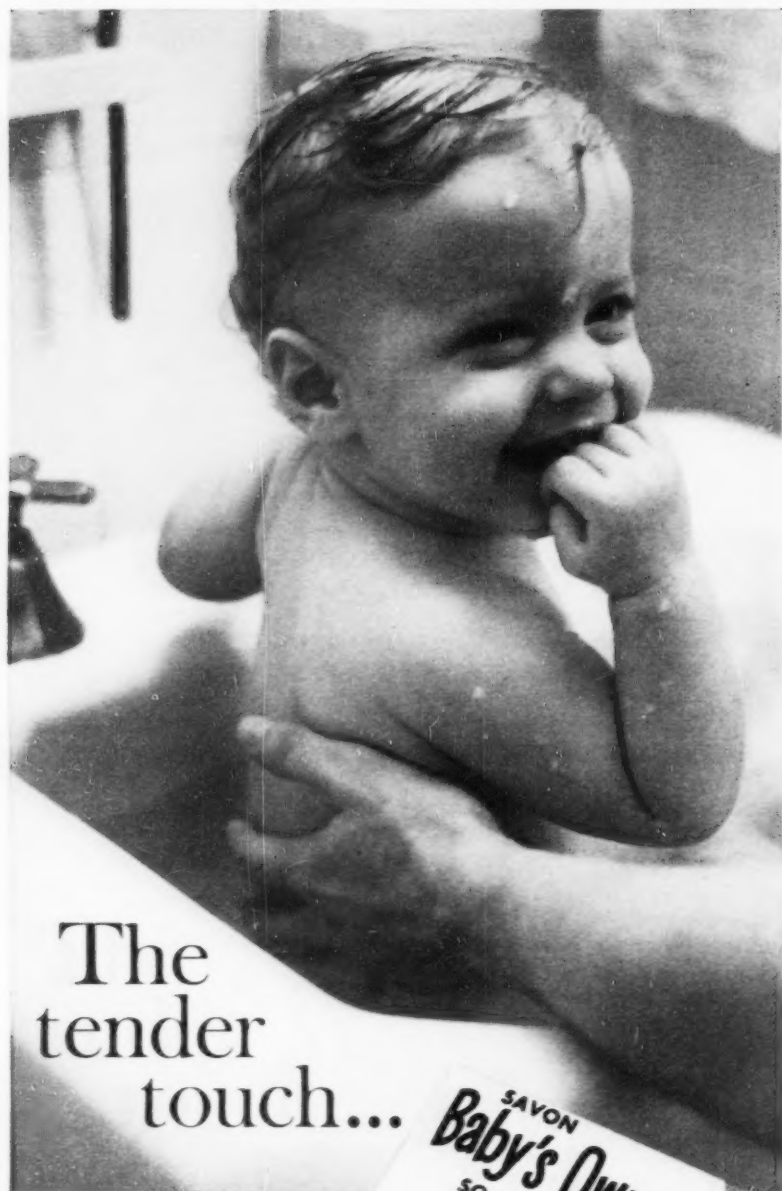


SORCERY IN SCENT



Lotus belongs in your future! This brilliant Yardley fragrance blends fire and finesse into a perfume of infinite promise . . . into colognes of compelling charm. In all its facets, from deliciously-puffed dusting powder to blissful bath luxuries . . . add Lotus to your future!

Lotus
BY YARDLEY



The
tender
touch...

Baby pure!
Baby gentle!
Baby Sweet!
—That's **Baby's Own** Soap!



Gentle as a mother's tender touch—that's **BABY'S OWN SOAP**! It's the *special* soap for baby's soft, delicate skin. **BABY'S OWN SOAP** soothes as it cleans. That's because it's made with skin-softening Lanolin for *extra* gentleness. Mother and baby agree that **BABY'S OWN** clean, fresh scent really *lasts*! Get several cakes today!

Baby's Own Powder
Keeps baby sweet from change to change. Protects tender skin against irritation while it helps prevent ammonia diaper rash.



Baby's Own Oil
Protects against burning irritation of continuous wetting. Helps heal diaper rash.

"If you are lonely, frightened or concerned,
be quietly persistent in asking for attention"

Continued from page 16

If things are going slowly and your doctor gives his approval, get up and walk around. Ask if your husband may walk up and down the hall with you. They will soon realize that there should be better accommodation for ladies-and-gentlemen-in-waiting.

If you must stay in the labor room, make the best of it. The nurses are much more likely to treat you as an intelligent, self-controlled woman if you act like one. If you are lonely, frightened or concerned that the baby will arrive while you are left alone, be quietly persistent about asking for attention and your doctor will probably request more staff assistance. There is little to be gained by sharing complaints with your roommates, unless you all tell the people in charge.

Once in the delivery room, everything should happen so quickly that there is no time to question what is being done. If, however, you have any questions to which you cannot get a satisfactory answer, make a formal complaint to the hospital authorities. They would like to know if there are improper practices taking place, so you need not hesitate.

It is very easy, especially with a first baby, to accept everything without criticism. But the whole point is — we will get what we want in the way of maternity care if we ask for it often enough.

MRS. DIANA BACON, OTTAWA.

How to improve hospitals

I am a mother of five and in all honesty couldn't say that any of the births, apart from the first, were happy and proud events.

My last, in June 1960, was a premature baby. At the hospital, in seven hours I had four needles along with five rectals from three different interns, before my doctor came to see me. They said the baby wouldn't be born for another six hours.

In an hour a nurse came once to ask how often the pains were occurring. I finally had to cry out that they should call the doctor. A nurse called back, "Nonsense! The baby isn't due for hours yet." I called again and was told, "Get some sleep, you are disturbing the other patient." I told them I would get out of bed and get some one to help me. That brought an intern who took one look and rushed me to delivery. The baby's head was through.

While he got into gloves and a mask, two nurses told me to get onto the table. I was afraid I would hurt the baby, but they snapped, "Do as

you're told," and between them they yanked me onto the table just as my four-pound nine-ounce baby was born.

The nurse insisted on putting me in stirrups though I had cramps again. I lay there while the intern phoned the house doctor to come to the baby; then my doctor who was home in bed, then my husband. It was an hour after the birth before they unstrapped me from the table...

My first child was born during the war in Scotland. In the hospital I was given a room which held a bed and crib. A nurse who was training to be a midwife prepared me for delivery. Afterward, a woman doctor examined me. She told me everything was fine, my baby would be born about 7 a.m.

I spent the night either sitting on the side of the bed or walking around the room. When I had a contraction the nurse would rub my back as I leaned over the end of the bed. We talked away like old friends, and she never left me except twice to make tea and toast when I said I was hungry.

About 6.30 a.m. the doctor came

Continued on page 20

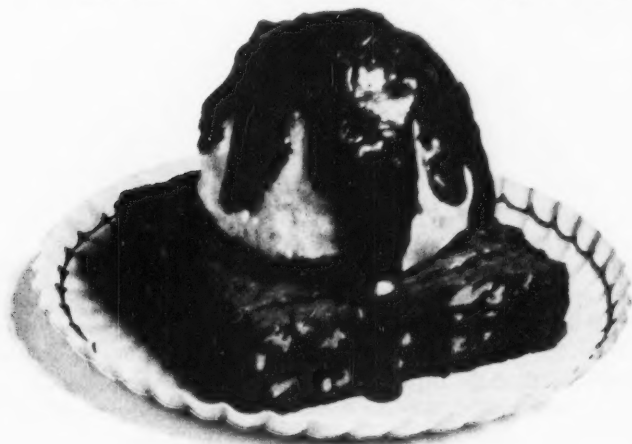
COOK'S NOOK

Teens say "terrific" to a Backyard Barbecue

Here's the happiest kind of summer party for the hungriest kind of humans. Teen-agers, who else! Your basic barbecue menu might be:

Hamburgers 'n' Hot Dogs
Rolls **Potato Chips**
Celery Curls **Carrot Sticks**
Relishes **Mustard**
Brownie Sundaes
Sweet Chocolate Chip Cookies
Iced Drinks

The main course is straightforward for you and/or Mom to prepare. Follow these tested recipes from General Foods Kitchens for the delicious dessert suggestions. Young hostesses can help with the actual cooking, young hosts are more likely to shine later, as short order cooks.



BROWNIE SUNDAES

Have vanilla ice cream on hand to scoop out over each brownie square. Then top with the tempting chocolate sauce that follows, for a super deluxe dessert. Here's the brownie recipe:

2/3 cup sifted pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup butter or other shortening
2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Measure sifted flour, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Melt shortening and chocolate over hot water. Gradually add sugar to beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Then add chocolate mixture and blend. Add flour and mix well. Stir in nuts and vanilla.

Bake in greased 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan in moderate oven (350°F.) for 25 minutes for moist, chewy brownies, or 30 minutes for cake-like brownies. Either will have the gorgeous chocolate goodness that only Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate gives to your cakes and other baking. Cool in pan; cut in large squares. Serves 6.



CHOCOLATE SUNDAE SAUCE

1/2 package (4 squares) Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate
6 tablespoons water
1/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Combine chocolate and water in saucepan. Place over low heat and cook and stir until chocolate is melted and mixture is smooth. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Boil gently 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add butter and blend. Serve hot. Makes 3/4 of a cup of rich, velvet-smooth Sundae Sauce, with the special deep chocolate flavour that only Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate adds to such "trimmings". You may need to make up the recipe twice, if your guest list is long.



SWEET CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

Extra special cookies these, because they have that extra special Baker's Sweet Chocolate chipped through them. A sure hit with young guests.

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 egg
1/2 cup soft vegetable shortening*
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 package (4 squares) Baker's Sweet Chocolate, chopped in 1/8-inch pieces

*Or use 1/4 cup soft butter or margarine.

Measure sifted flour, add soda and salt, and sift into mixing bowl. Add sugars, egg, shortening and vanilla. Blend; then mix thoroughly—about one minute. Stir in nuts and chocolate. Drop from teaspoon onto ungreased baking sheet about 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 10 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.



Tips to make your party tops

Make this your own effort as much as possible, though if you are going to need help with food or fire, now is the time to line up Fond Parents. Remember that successful entertaining seldom just happens, it depends on careful planning. Above all, remember that you, as host or hostess, are responsible for each guest's good time at your barbecue.

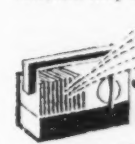
1. Phone your invitations a week ahead, mentioning type and time of the party, and giving any do-or-don't dress up details.



2. Figure out your grocery list with Mother's help. Then do your own shopping, to relieve her of this chore.

3. Check your barbecue equipment, trays, table and seating arrangements. And from the wet blanket department comes the warning to be prepared for an indoor affair in case it should rain.

4. Keep everything as simple as possible. Paper plates, napkins and tablecloth are fine, and they make the clean-up job easy.



5. You'll want music, probably supplied by your own, or a guest's transistor radio. Or even more probably, by both, going full blast!

6. Make the Brownies and Chocolate Sauce the day before. Season the hamburger mixture a few hours ahead, shaping it into patties, separated by wax paper. Store these in the refrigerator till cook-out time. Next, get the celery and carrots fixed and in the crisper. Last of all split the hot dogs for faster cooking, and put out the various relishes in dishes. The Chocolate Sauce can be heating over hot water as your guests are enjoying their main course.

7. After the ball is over, be on hand to help with operation clean-up. This makes Mother react favourably towards any future plans for entertaining the gang.





shave, lady? ... don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way . . . with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair *finally* does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, *niciest* legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again.



"Usually the mother knows best when her baby will be born, but her word is never accepted"

Continued from page 18

in, checked me over and said she wanted me to lie on my back with my knees up. She tied a towel at the head of the bed and told me to pull on it if I wanted. She sat on my left side, one hand on my tummy, and at each contraction she would say, "Pant like a dog." In a little while I saw my son. He was received by the nurse who stood on the right of the bed. I watched as she cleaned him and put him in his cot. When I was cleaned up, they removed the top sheet and the rubber one underneath, and there was my bed all ready for me.

I felt wonderful. At no time did I get a needle or mask and never felt I needed any. The actual birth was no worse than the last stages of labor. In a quiet peaceful room with an understanding nurse and doctor I had my baby with dignity. —, MONTREAL.

My eighth child was the first to be born in a hospital. The others were all born at home, in British Guiana. In hospital, in Canada, the most horrible thing I found was the position of a woman on the delivery table. I felt like an animal being slaughtered. Before I knew it my ankles were being shackled. I refused to let them shackle my wrists. No woman should go through anything like this to have a baby. I found myself crying, shouting and trembling all over.

MRS. Q. C. FRANCISCO, TORONTO.

The days my two babies were born rank among the most wonderful of my life. In each case I have been content, knowing I would never be left alone, that my husband would be welcomed as a natural companion for me during that hardest, first stage of labor at our modern-thinking St. Michael's General Hospital in Lethbridge.

I knew that my baby would "room in." What a pleasant departure it was from tradition for my husband to be able to hold and cuddle our little girl, rather than to peer chastely at her through an impenetrable window.

MRS. CAROLE M. CRESSMAN, LETHBRIDGE.

The best doctors/nurses

Doctors who do not believe in, or want to be bothered with, births without drugs should refuse to handle such cases, referring the patients to a sympathetic doctor. I have never forgotten one sarcastic remark made at the time of delivery: I could see my baby beginning her entry into this world, but not my doctor, as he was in an adjoining room. I called his name over and over. Neither nurse bothered to reassure me that he was nearby. Suddenly the doctor appeared by my side, flinging out these words in a tone of disgust. "What's all the fuss about? You're having this baby, not me."

. . . In all fairness, I believe expectant mothers themselves are one of the biggest drawbacks to making natural childbirth acceptable. Having talked to many women, I got the impression that the majority rather enjoy exaggerating their suffering and distress.

MRS. PHYL HODGINS, HAMILTON.

It is a doctor's moral duty to be present when his patient enters the delivery room, and the duty of those responsible to see that he is called in time. Usually the mother herself knows best about this and her opinion is never accepted. It seems incredible that a mother's legs must be forced together to await her doctor after a labor that has lasted sixty hours. —, NOVA SCOTIA.

In the name of all laboring women, send to look after the gallbladder case the nurse who thinks, if a laboring woman is having discomfort, it is the woman's own

Continued on page 88

(Advertisement)

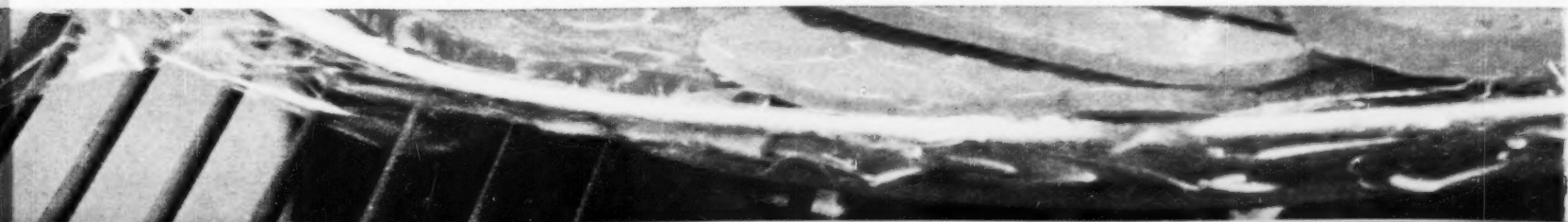
Are you a
"refrigerator
raider"?

TURN BACK THIS PAGE.





Just give a snack-hungry man a free hand at the refrigerator, a platter of cold cuts, and see what happens. A sandwich, certainly! It's got to be hefty, high, wide and (notice, Mom) wholesome! To match a man's mighty appetite, Swift makes sure these hearty slices are invitingly spicy . . . and loaded with the complete, high-quality goodness that satisfies the "inner man," too. This is the extra value, the extra goodness you always get when you buy Swift.



en her baby
er accepted"

ctors, nurses

o not believe in, or
thered with, births
should refuse to
ases, referring the
sympathetic doctor.
forgotten one sar-
made at the time of
ld see my baby be-
ry into this world.
ctor, as he was in
room. I called his
over. Neither nurse
assure me that he
uddenly the doctor
side, flinging out
a tone of disgust.
fuss about? You're
y, not me."

fairness. I believe
ers themselves are
gest drawbacks to
childbirth accept-
talked to many
e impression that
ther enjoy exag-
uffering and dis-

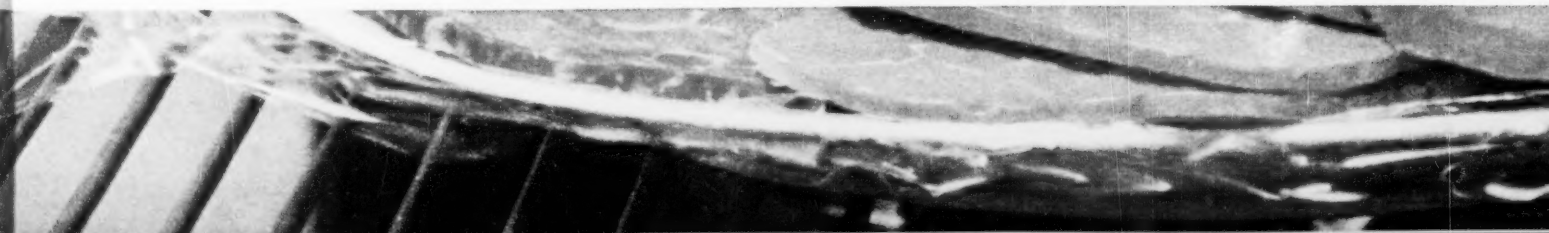
DGINS, HAMILTON.

ral duty to be pres-
nt enters the deliv-
e duty of those re-
hat he is called in
e mother herself
this and her opin-
ed. It seems incred-
er's legs must be
await her doctor
t has lasted sixty
—, NOVA SCOTIA.

laboring women,
r the gallbladder
who thinks, if a
is having dis-
e woman's own
continued on page 88



Just give a snack-hungry man a free hand at the refrigerator, a platter of cold cuts, and sandwich, certainly! It's got to be hefty, high, wide and (notice, Mom) wholesome! To match Swift makes sure these hearty slices are invitingly spicy . . . and loaded with the comp that satisfies the "inner man," too. This is the extra value, the extra goodness you a





and see what happens. No sissy sand-
wiches to match a man's midnight enthusiasm,
complete, high-quality meat protein
you always get when the label says...



*...the two most
trusted words
in meat.*

Shopping

with CHATELAINÉ

BY CAROL TAYLOR

Which vacuum cleaner is best for you?

• **What do you want your vacuum cleaner to do?** Some cleaners are designed mainly for carpets. Others are intended for general all-round cleaning but will not be as efficient for carpets. The extra jobs that some cleaners will do, such as purifying the air, mothproofing closets, cleaning floors and such, complicate the assembly and undoubtedly add to the cleaner's cost. Don't be tempted by such extras if you won't make use of them.

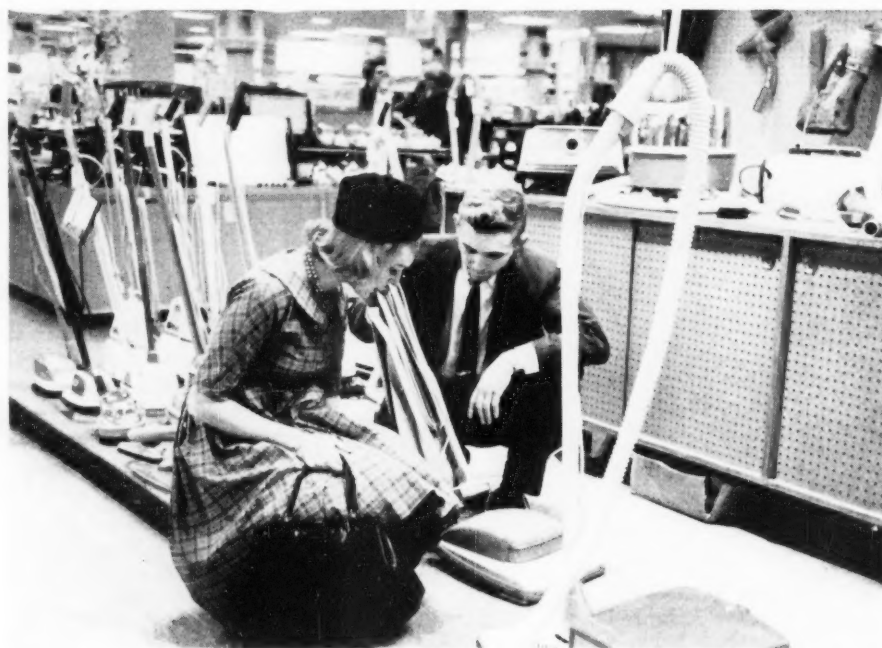
Vacuum cleaners are of two types—the upright, and the tank or canister models. Upright cleaners usually have a motor-driven brush or agitator in the nozzle and are designed specifically for cleaning carpets. With these, attachments are sold as extra equipment. The tank or canister models remove dirt only by suction and the attachments are standard equipment.

How easy will it be to carry the vacuum cleaner around? Try lifting the cleaner to see if it is properly balanced and shaped so that it is easy to carry, and not too heavy. The handle should be easy to grasp and in a convenient location. The attachments should either be in a handy carrying case or attached to the cleaner itself.

Will the cleaner be convenient for you to use? It should be of the proper height so that you don't have to bend over to clean the floor. Attachment wands should be long enough so you can reach to high areas. A cleaner that pulls along as you work should have smooth-rolling casters. The kind you must carry should have a far-reaching hose to keep moves to a minimum. The on-off switch should be within easy reach for a flick of your thumb or a tap of your toe.

Check all parts to make sure that they are sturdy and durable. Small parts such as the on-off switch and clips that hold accessories should not be likely to break off or bend out of shape. Parts should be easy to replace without returning the complete machine to the dealer.

Will the vacuum cleaner do an efficient job? Although the amount of horsepower is important the actual efficiency will depend



Choose a vacuum to suit the job you want it to do: brush action for carpets, suction for general work.

on the over-all design of the various parts of the machine. The suction should be adjustable so that the cleaner can be used on upholstery and drapery as well as on floors. Some machines have a regulator on the metal end of the hose while others have changeable motor speeds. To compare the strength of the suction of machines you're considering, hold your hand over the nozzles with the machines running. The "pull" on your hand will prove which is strongest and most even across the nozzle intake.

Are the attachments easy to assemble? The hose, extension rods and accessories should attach to the machine, and join together smoothly and tightly. There should be no air leaks. Once assembled they should lock into position so that they will not fall off when the cleaner is being used.

Will the vacuum cleaner damage the furniture? The floor-cleaner attachments should be equipped with protective bumpers and should be made to clean under low furniture. Run your fingers along the lower edge of all the attachments to make sure

there are no rough areas that will scratch the furniture or snag the yarns in the carpet. The radiator tool should be long enough for all radiators in your house.

There are a few special points to keep in mind when examining a motor-driven brush—the type on upright cleaners. The bristles should be set low enough to penetrate between the tufts in the carpet. The brush should be adjustable for different pile heights.

What type of dirt container does the cleaner have? The larger the surface area of the bag the more efficient the cleaner will be and the more dirt it will hold. Dirt bags with small openings are easier to empty or dispose of and are less messy.

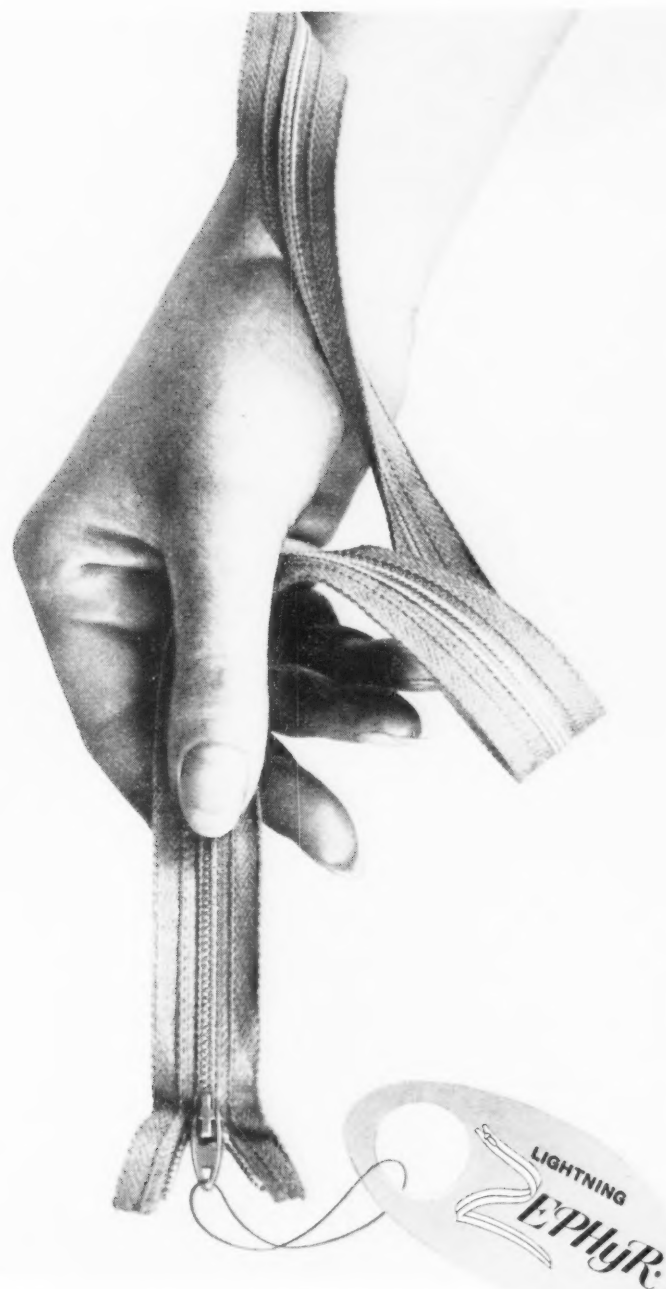
Check the reliability of the vacuum cleaner manufacturer and the dealer. There should be a written guarantee with the cleaner. Read the guarantee carefully. Before buying any cleaner make sure that spare parts will be easy to obtain and that you can get quick service from a reliable repairman. END



Look for this seal. It's your guide to good shopping value

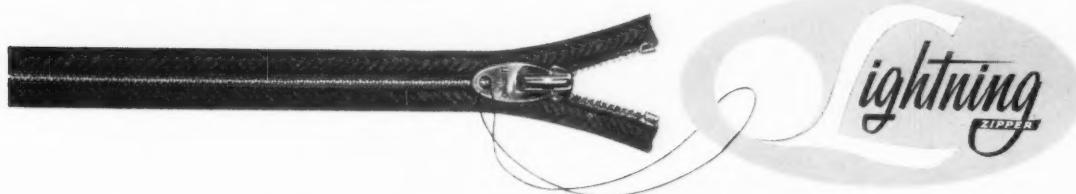
The only zipper that's as flexible as you!

BY LAWRENCE



So soft and flexible it moves with you . . . literally breathes with you! Zephyr is the all-new zipper with the exclusive nylon spiral design that is as soft as a gentle breeze . . . with the touch and warmth of fabric. Yet, Zephyr is incredibly strong and is practically snag-

free. Zephyr's fade-free colours are life-long because they are through and through! Yes, Zephyr blends in so perfectly that its very presence is a secret. That's why you'll have to watch for the oval tag . . . it identifies Lightning Zephyr on fine fashions everywhere!



® T. M. Reg'd Lightning Fastener Company Limited, St. Catharines, Ontario.

HERN He

A better chance for pre

Deaths shortly after birth almost halved in a year's time in Montreal. This has been achieved for breathing difficulty, a condition born. The treatment: administration of glucose and sodium bicarbonate tests on premature infants v normal amounts of potassium bicarbonate. Studies also could be corrected by the carbonate solution. In 1960, 8.3 per 1,000 live births weighed less than 2 pounds, 1 ounce — down from 10.2 per 1,000 live births among those weighing less than 2 pounds — down from 10.2 per 1,000 live births among those showing signs of breathing difficulty weighing less than 2 pounds having breathing difficulty.

How they're improving

Administration of tablets to people suffering from memory selected cases. Studies at the University of Montreal indicate the drug process in some cases, with improvement ranging up to 100 per cent in the progress of memory for the results. In addition to the results, it has been found to increase alertness in many cases.

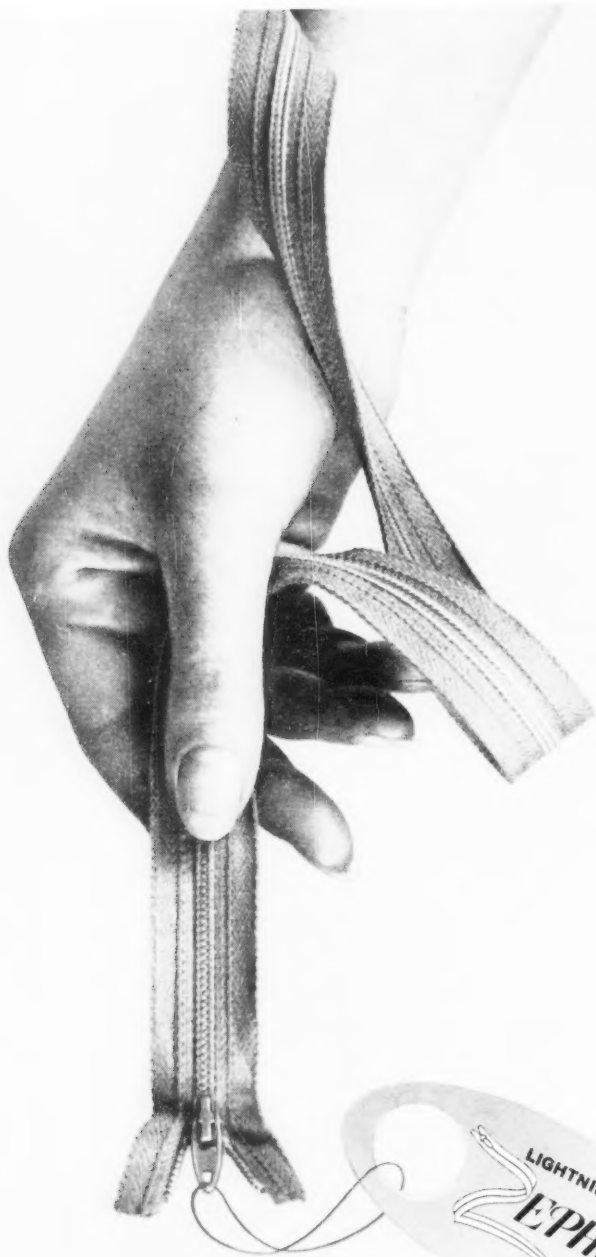
Encouraging word on

One form of skin cancer, basal cell carcinoma, has been regarded as rapidly and has been regarded as rapidly and has been regarded as rapidly. But encouraging news comes from a study of 26 patients with malignant melanoma whose condition was first diagnosed six within five years, and found to be less than malignant melanoma after the disease was diagnosed. It sizes malignant melanoma.

Cholesterol — villain

Excessive amounts of the fat in the blood have been linked with heart disease. It also be related to some inflammation of the gall bladder and involvement of the bile ducts.

The only zipper that's as flexible as you!



So soft and flexible it moves with you . . . literally breathes with you! Zephyr is the all-new zipper with the exclusive nylon spiral design that is as soft as a gentle breeze . . . with the touch and warmth of fabric. Yet, Zephyr is incredibly strong and is practically snag-

free. Zephyr's fade-free colours are life-long because they are through and through! Yes, Zephyr blends in so perfectly that its very presence is a secret. That's why you'll have to watch for the oval tag . . . it identifies Lightning Zephyr on fine fashions everywhere!



® T. M. Reg'd Lightning Fastener Company Limited, St. Catharines, Ontario.

BY LAWRENCE GALTON



THERE'S Health

A better chance for premature babies

Deaths shortly after birth among premature infants have been almost halved in a year's time at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. This has been accomplished through prompt treatment for breathing difficulty, a common problem among the tiny newborn. The treatment: administration, by vein, of a solution of glucose and sodium bicarbonate. In research at the hospital, blood tests on premature infants with breathing difficulty showed above-normal amounts of potassium and below-normal amounts of bicarbonate. Studies also showed that both blood conditions could be corrected by the intravenous glucose and sodium bicarbonate solution. In 1960 the death rate at the hospital was 8.3 per 1,000 live births among infants weighing more than 1 pound, 1 ounce — down from 15.3 the previous year; and 5.8 per 1,000 live births among infants weighing more than 2 pounds, 2 ounces — down from 10.0. The hospital now makes it a practice to give the intravenous solution to any premature infant who shows signs of breathing difficulty and to all premature babies weighing less than 2 pounds, 2 ounces whether they have been having breathing difficulty or not.

How they're improving memory in the aged

Administration of tablets of ribonucleic acid (RNA) to elderly people suffering from memory impairment is of value in carefully selected cases. Studies at Allan Memorial Institute of Psychiatry in Montreal indicate the drug serves to slow down the impairment process in some cases, while in others it brings very marked improvement ranging up to almost total retention. The earlier in the progress of memory failure it is given, the more favorable the results. In addition to its effect on memory, RNA also has been found to increase alertness, interest, initiative and confidence in many cases.

Encouraging word on skin cancer

One form of skin cancer, malignant melanoma, often spreads rapidly and has been regarded gloomily as almost invariably fatal. But encouraging news comes from a long-term follow-up study of 26 patients with malignant melanoma who were operable when the condition was first diagnosed. While eight died from melanoma, six within five years, and five others have died from causes other than malignant melanoma, 13 were living seven years or more after the disease was diagnosed and treated. The report emphasizes malignant melanoma is not a hopeless problem.

Cholesterol — villain in a new-found role

Excessive amounts of the fatty substance, cholesterol, in the blood have been linked with heart trouble, but excessive cholesterol may also be related to some gastrointestinal disorders, including inflammation of the gall bladder, cholesterol gallstones and similar involvement of the bile ducts. Louisiana State University physi-

Continued on page 26



Photographed at historic Old Fort York

Why are cereals shot from Guns?

TO MAKE THEM CRISP . . . with the goodness that makes breakfast fun again! Each choice, sun-ripened grain of wheat and rice is "SHOT FROM GUNS" that explode them up to eight times normal size. Happiest way yet to get nature's own good grains in their tenderest form.

TO MAKE THEM LIGHT . . . for the light kind of good, satisfying nourishment. Each crispy grain of Quaker Puffed Wheat or Quaker Puffed Rice floats out of the box into your breakfast bowl. Such an easy way to get light nourishment.

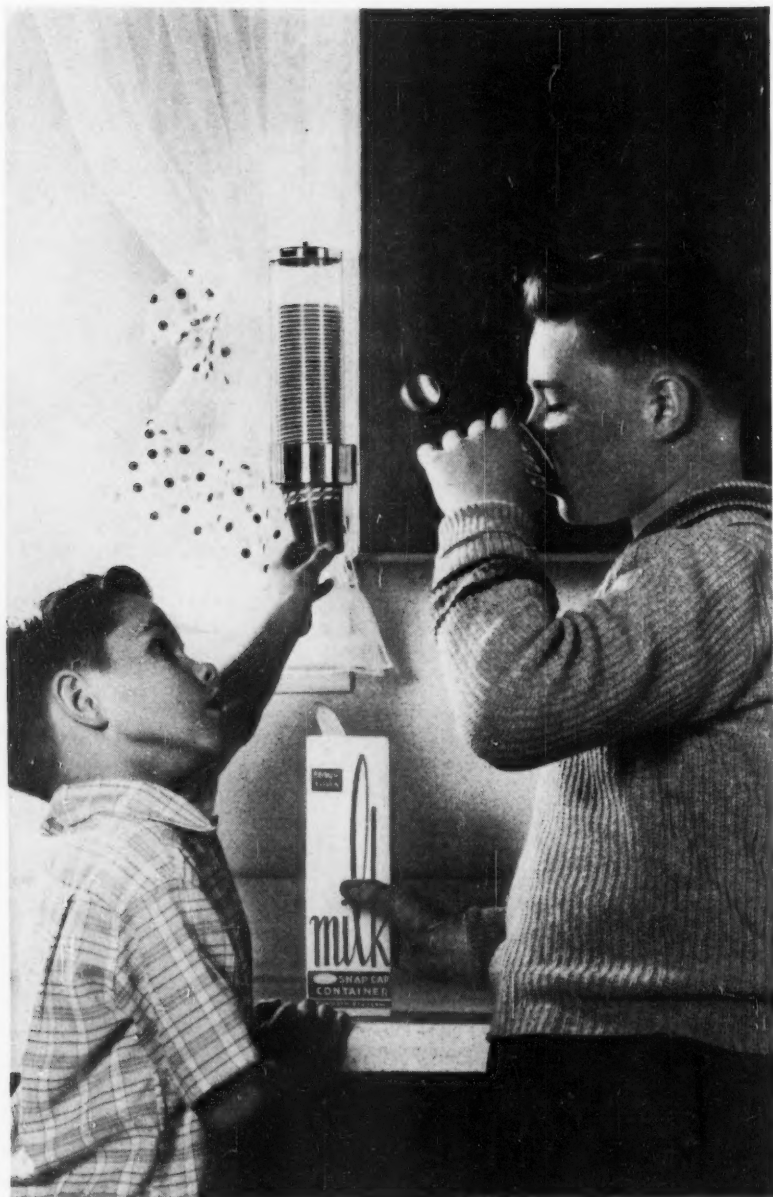
TO MAKE THEM TASTY . . . for the freshest morning start! You taste all the satisfying, natural flavour of wholesome wheat or rice in every crispy puff. Delicious with milk . . . and wonderful with fruit!



Three authentic brass cannon, each handsome, decorative and solidly made, are a unique Quaker Puffed cereals offer. Use them in dens — boys' rooms — or give them as birthday gifts. For details of each cannon, prices, and how to order, please see the special AUTHENTIC CANNON packages in your food store.



The light, light cereals . . . shot from guns!



Kids and mother love Dixie Cups

Use Dixie Cups in the popular Dixie Home Dispenser with the gleaming gold or silver cap and base. Absolutely hygienic, and Mother, no wash-ups, no broken glasses. Adds a colourful decorative note to kitchen and bathroom. And be sure to keep a supply of Dixie refills containing colour-assorted cups in red, pink, green and yellow... ready for thirsty days ahead.

Whatever beverage or food you serve, it is more inviting, more convenient, in gay, colourful Dixie cups, plates or containers. Follow the happy habit of more and more smart housewives—use disposable, time-saving Dixie Cups!

Not all paper cups are

DIXIE CUPS

T.M.R.

... just the best ones!



DIXIE CUP CO. (CANADA) LIMITED
BRAMPTON, ONTARIO



Look for the colour-matched team of Dixie Cup Home Dispenser and Dixie Refills at your grocer's.

HERE'S Health

cians report promising results in treating such cases with triparanol, a drug often used to reduce cholesterol levels in heart patients. Among 300 consecutive gastrointestinal patients, 106 had elevated blood cholesterol levels. In 94 of the 106, triparanol reduced the cholesterol levels. Symptoms of gastrointestinal disorders improved in 48, and were relieved to a lesser but still significant extent in 18 others.

A versatile drug for menstrual disorders

Enovid, a synthetic hormone well-publicized for its contraceptive activity, often produces dramatic relief of painful menstruation and has other uses as well. That's the word from a Saskatoon physician, who reports that in women with abnormal bleeding, the drug not only arrests bleeding within twenty-four hours but also helps to recreate regular menstrual cycles. It appears to be effective in overcoming habitual miscarriage: every one of a small group of women who had repeatedly lost their babies in previous pregnancies delivered normal healthy children after being treated with Enovid. In addition, the drug relieves endometriosis, a painful condition in which uterine tissue wanders to other body areas. And still another use has been to delay menstruation in young women for whom menses would have started during their honeymoons. Two principal disadvantages of the compound, remarks the Saskatoon physician, are its price and the side effects — such as nausea, dizziness and breast tenderness — which occur in many but not a majority of women.

Sex hormone for older women

Evidence is increasing that estrogen, the female sex hormone, may delay or even prevent both hardening of the arteries and a bone disease in older women, and that its use is indicated in at least some women after menopause. This is disclosed in a report prepared for the American Medical Association's Council on Drugs.

The average age now at which menopause occurs is 49 and, with the rapid increase in women's life expectancy, the average woman today can expect to live at least 24 years after the menopause. But, with longer life, older women are increasingly subject to hardening of the coronary arteries feeding the heart, and to osteoporosis, a bone disorder that chiefly affects the spine. Both problems are linked to the decline in estrogen production after the menopause, and recent studies have been showing that women given estrogen do not get osteoporosis and also have a lower incidence of artery hardening.

Not all women may require treatment; preliminary studies suggest that there is a considerable variation in estrogen production in postmenopausal women. Those for whom estrogen is indicated can expect to benefit, and to do so with little risk. The AMA report indicates that the hazards of prolonged use of estrogen appear to be small.

What causes infant colic?

Although it is often blamed on emotional factors and treated with sedatives, a physician finds that colic in babies more often is caused by the formula. In treating 165 colicky infants, he followed a standard procedure. After making certain that neither hunger nor poor feeding technique was the cause, he modified the formula by changes in the amount of sugar and butter fat. Formula change produced a marked reduction of colic in one third of the babies. And discovery of an allergy to cow's milk — and the substitution of a formula free of cow's milk — eliminated colic in another third.

END



Beefaroni-*

the fun food that's good for kids

- New! Full of juicy beef. Loaded with tender macaroni. And lots of luscious tomato-cheese sauce, too. What a dish! For lunch or supper—children love it any time...grownups, too! Good thing Beefaroni is only about 14¢ a serving!



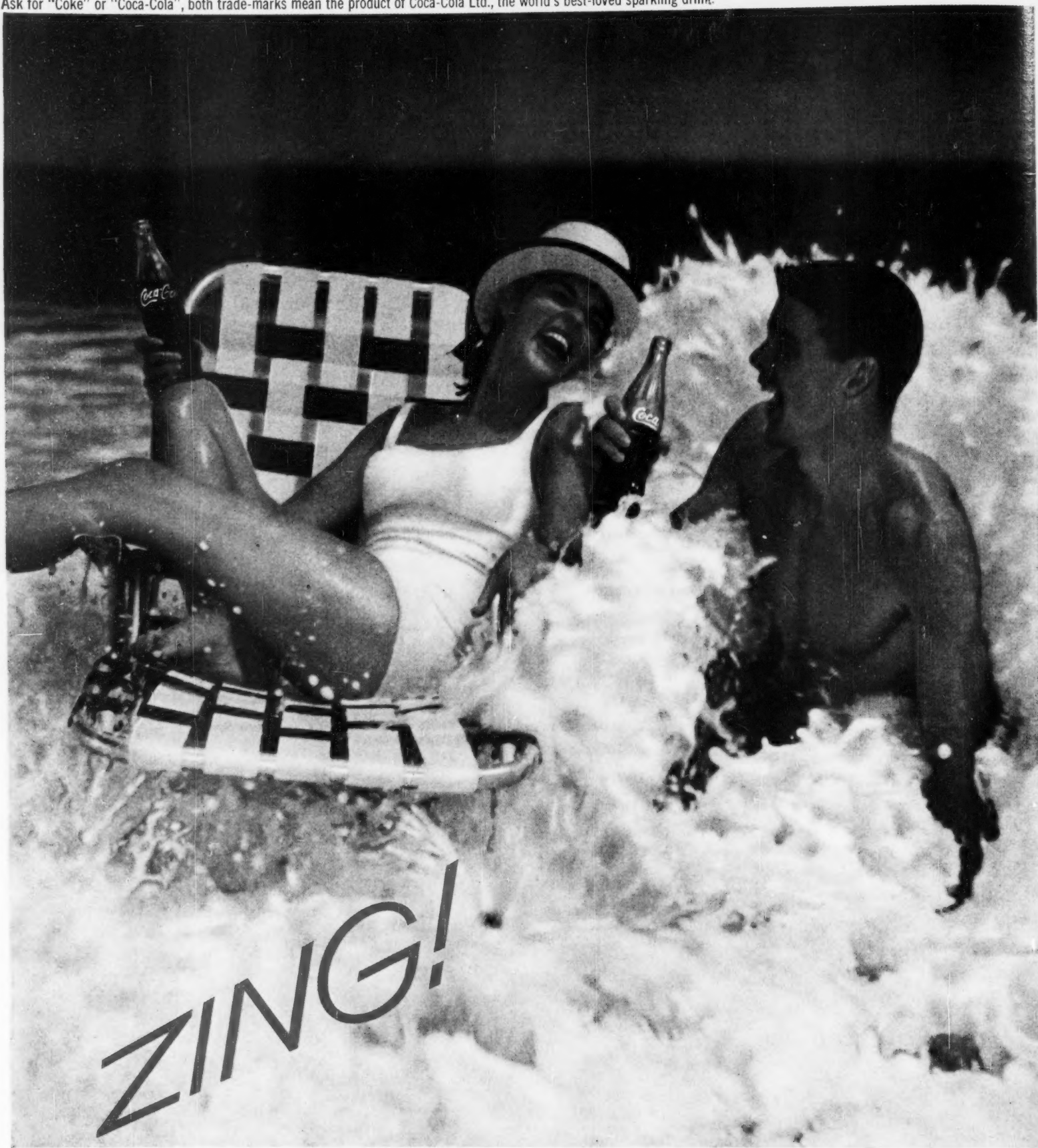
A meal in a minute with the Chef's touch in it

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE*

*T.M. Registered



Ask for "Coke" or "Coca-Cola", both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd., the world's best-loved sparkling drink.



What a **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**

...what a special zing...you get from Coke. Rousing as a romp in the surf, the cold crisp taste and lively lift of ice-cold Coca-Cola.

Remember, Coke refreshes you best!



 **August is Sandwich Time**

Chatelaine • August 1961

Behind that stubbly face, underneath that rumpled suit, inside that maddeningly mysterious male mind lurks a hero (TO HIMSELF)

MAN

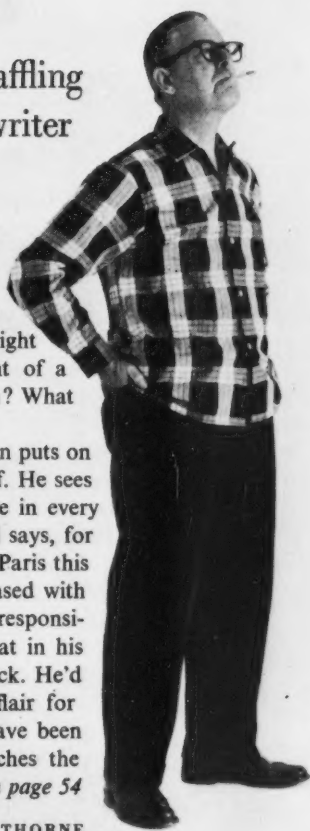
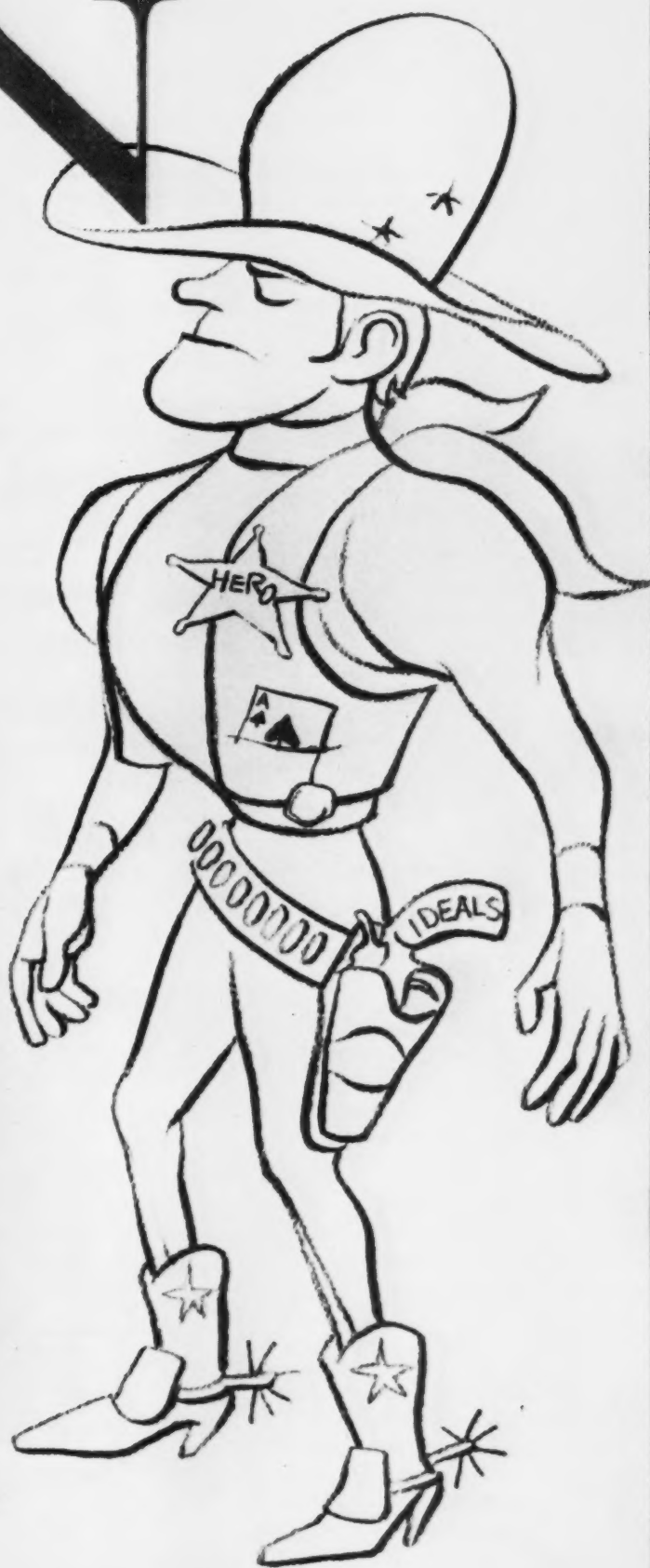
THE NEXT-BEST SEX

And to explain this puzzling phenomenon we have one of the baffling breed, that well-known Canadian writer **ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN**

Have you ever wondered why a man behaves the way he does when he ceases to be your friend, fiancé or husband, and becomes pure, maddening male? What really goes on behind that face that needs a shave every day? What does he see through those eyes that light up at the mention of a steak, go glassy at the sight of a salad, and get shifty at the approach of another woman? What hidden mainsprings make a man tick?

Well, for one thing, he's a born ham actor. A woman puts on an act for others; a man never stops acting for himself. He sees himself as a fascinating character. That familiar figure in every airport who passes his hand wearily over his eyes and says, for the benefit of everyone in earshot, "I'm beat. I was in Paris this morning and São Paulo on Thursday," is secretly pleased with the thought of himself carrying such a frightful load of responsibility. His interest in sports lies largely in the fact that in his imagination he charges up the field with the quarterback. He'd be a quarterback, but he had to forsake a natural flair for athletics to support his family. He would probably have been pretty handy in the ring, too, he muses, as he watches the Wednesday-night fights. This may strike *Continued on page 54*

PHOTO BY JOHN SEBERT; ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN THORNE



CHATELAINNE CALLS ON



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

Here is one of today's greatest actors, whose on-stage life is legend but whose private life is known to few, revealed in exclusive pictures and words by a close friend, the Canadian artist-photographer



ROLOFF BENY

as told to

CHRISTINA NEWMAN

The photographs on these pages were made last year in New York and I hope that they have caught something of the aura of one of the most imposing figures of our time, a man I have come to know as a personal friend. Sir Laurence Olivier is not explicable in simple terms. He is one of the shyest people involved in the theatre I've ever met. He's inherently reserved and almost completely without the burning egocentricity that characterizes most actors. He talks of himself only to very close friends, and even then very rarely.

My first meeting with him was in London more than three years ago. For more than a decade I had admired the work, both in the theatre and on film, of Olivier and actress Vivien Leigh, who was then his wife. I can remember vividly standing outside a Broadway theatre in the rain in the winter of 1952, waiting to catch a glimpse of them after their magnificent performance in Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*. But by the early spring of 1958 I had already met and photographed Vivien Leigh, and we were at the beginning of a personal friendship, based on mutual sympathies and interests, which has continued to grow in warmth.

That April my first book, *The Thrones of Earth and Heaven*, was being published both in England and America, and to launch it my English publishers planned to give an evening reception for some three

Continued on page 75



a little love a little kiss

BY ETHEL EDISON GORDON

It happened on an enormously busy day for Jenny. Two representatives from the west coast were in and buying so hugely that there was no time to take them out to lunch as planned, and Jenny had ordered food sent up from the French restaurant on the street. She was just seeing to its being properly arranged on Mr. Mangano's conference table when there was a personal call for her. "Mrs. Garland speaking," she said.

"This is Mr. Stone of Skinner and Stone, Attorneys. Is it possible for you to come down to our office today? We've tried to reach Mr. Garland but his secretary informed us he's out of town."



"Jenny, you can't talk it away," said Jack, "or make believe it doesn't exist. We just don't have the kind of marriage you bring children into. What have we got to offer a kid?"

It had seemed improbable, even outlandish, when they'd agreed to take the boy. Now that his parents were dead, the Garlands faced the hardest decision of their lives...

"He's in Japan," she said, suddenly apprehensive at the mention of Jack's name. "Can you tell me what it's about?"

"Mrs. Garland, you were acquainted with a William and Harriet Brenner who once lived on Tupper Street?"

She actually had to stop and think, because she and Jack knew hosts of people and none of them could be further from her mind than Will and Harriet Brenner. And then she remembered: of course, Will and Harriet, they'd had the apartment next to theirs for a while, at least eight years ago, the year that she and Jack were married. Jack had taken engineering at McGill with Will, and when he married Harriet it was Jack who found the apartment in their house for them. They had become close friends up till the time Harriet became pregnant, but after that the Brennens stayed more and more at home while she and Jack went on their merry whirl with friends who could get around as

freely as they. At the end of the year the Brennens had moved to Edmonton and they were all too busy to write except for the ritual Christmas card for a few years, and the gifts she and Jack sent their baby on his first few birthdays, and then somehow forgot about. "Yes, I remember them very well," she said.

"Did you know that the Brennens were killed in an automobile accident two weeks ago?"

"No," she said faintly, and sat down. "I didn't know." Will and Harriet killed. It just was not possible. They were all four about the same age, and Harriet had been so happy about the coming baby. Jack used to kid her about finding her real vocation, that she would probably have five or six children one after the other. Had she? Killed. It just couldn't be.

Mr. Stone was saying, "It's very urgent that I talk with you." She said dazedly, "I'll manage

Continued on page 70

The world's most famous — and least-known —

Patron of Modern Art THE QUEEN



Royal gallery-goer, the Queen casts a knowing, pleased eye over a London showing.

By Helen Cathcart

When the Queen returns to Buckingham Palace from her Balmoral summer holiday, among the first things she will do will be to check with builders carrying out her imaginative plan to convert the palace's wartime-bombed private chapel into an intimate art gallery, which will be open to the public. There, beginning next summer when the gallery opens its doors, visitors will sample the Rembrandts and Vermeers, the Titians and other treasures of the greatest private art collection in the world. In a tranquil setting designed to emphasize each separate painting, thirty to forty pictures are to be displayed at a time. The choice of the exhibits will be supervised by the Queen herself.

For most gallery visitors, there will be surprises in store, for few people are aware of the Queen's extensive knowledge of modern art, her piquant contemporary taste—well-founded on her trained appreciation of the old masters—her zestful flair for spotting artists of youthful promise and her discriminating patronage of even the most advanced modern movements.

The world knows Elizabeth as a dedicated monarch and fancier of horses. With the opening of a new royal art gallery, the Queen also emerges as an enthusiastic collector of modern art. Here, with royal permission, Chatelaine shows paintings which until now have been seen only by Her Majesty's close friends

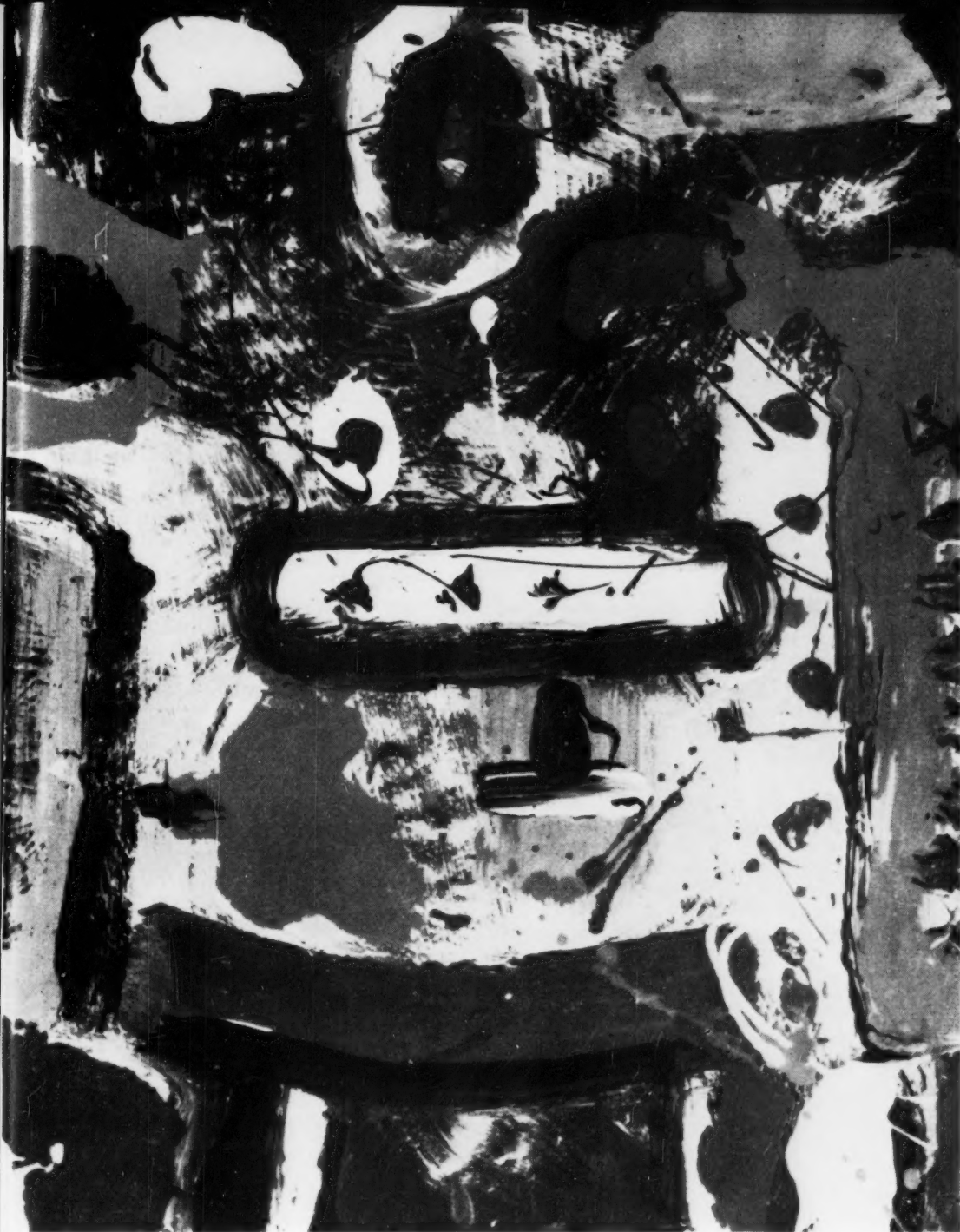
Only the Queen's close personal friends have seen all the modern paintings shown on these pages—the Queen's personal choice for her new contemporary-styled private rooms at Windsor Castle. Yet these pictures represent the largest act of royal art patronage since the lavish purchases of Charles I and George III—equally contemporary in taste in their day—first developed the collections at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

All of these pictures were bought and paid for by the Queen at the catalogue price. No small ripple stirred in the art world when the whisper got around that royal secretaries and art advisers were quietly visiting artists and agents with something special in mind. Ultimately, a large number of art works—abstract, impressionist, all distinctive and youthful—were assembled at the palace and the Queen and Prince Philip selected those they liked best.

"An extraordinarily appropriate and valuable array," sums up the editor of the professional *Art News*, "betraying a natural bias for landscapes and paintings that heighten the normal vision of the world."

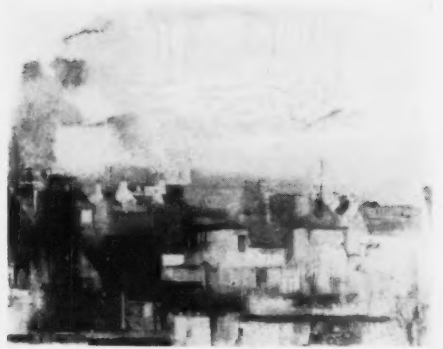
The disclosure of the Queen's

Continued on page 36



Untitled—No. 19, by Alan Davie. This is the most advanced of all the Queen's pictures. Painted by a former jazz musician, this savage colorful abstract is an unfailingly controversial after-dinner topic for discussion among guests at Windsor. Nevertheless, it sets tone of Her Majesty's personal choice in modern art.

Suffolk Landscape, by Kenneth Rowntree. French in its suggestion of Cézanne, it powerfully evokes to the Queen farming scenes at Sandringham. Rowntree is the only modern artist with two works in Queen's apartments. Second is at right.



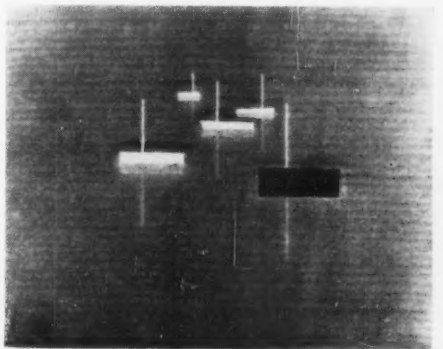
Les Toits, by James Taylor. First given recognition by Canadian purchases for Sir James Dunn Foundation, Taylor is English but lives in Paris.



Landscape, by Wirth Miller. This study of East Anglian marshes brilliantly uses *impasto* dots and streaks to emphasize the direction of each reed.



March Landscape, by Roger de Grey. Her Majesty bought this pastel directly from the artist, popular young teacher at the Royal College of Art.



Putney Boats, by Kenneth Rowntree. Second of two paintings in the Windsor collection, by this Yorkshire-born artist who's exhibited in Canada.

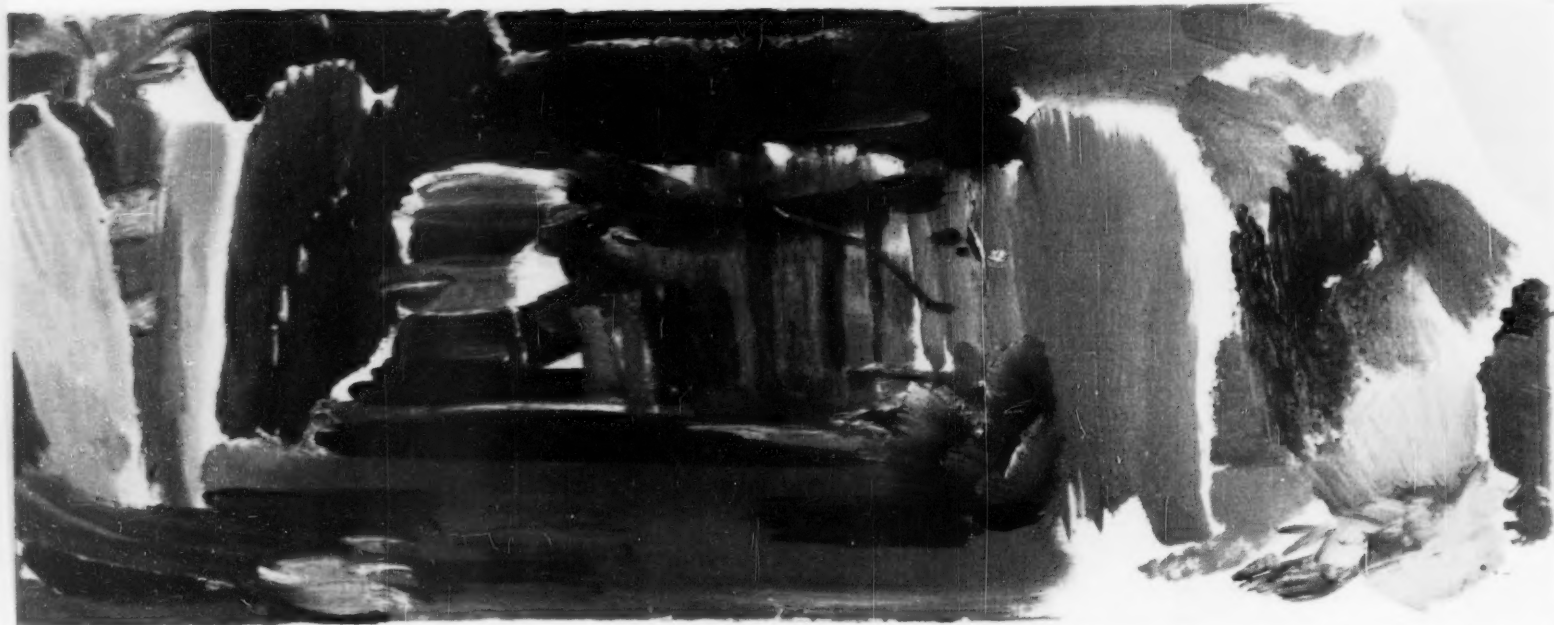
CONTINUED ►

THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION

Continued



Arthrodesis Of The Hip, by Barbara Hepworth. The Queen, who has often admired this artist's sculpture, chose this work for her new private Windsor rooms—a *gouache* blending great delicacy with harsh realism.



Firwood Ride, by Ivon Hitchens. This was submitted to the Queen by the Leicester Galleries, first sponsor of Van Gogh, Gauguin, Renoir in Britain. A cool green and brown study, it's typical of artist's work.

distinctive taste in both traditional and modern trends scuttles the notion held by some that she knows nothing of art and supports it only under duress. In reality, she frequently takes off an afternoon or evening to browse through a gallery or to tour a new exhibition. Such visits, dubbed unofficial, are seldom publicized.

A few years ago the Queen visited an exhibition of eighteenth-century masters. Professor Albert Richardson, then president of the Royal Academy, intended to tell her about each picture as he showed her around. "Instead, *she* told me," he said later. "She is amazing. She talked about the composition and derivation of the exhibits. I could not add to her knowledge."

I discovered for myself the extent of the Queen's acquaintance with the world of art when writing my book, *The Queen And The Turf*. Everybody knows that the Queen loves race horses. But behind her best-known hobby gleam constant clues to her artistic tastes. Her best-winning horse, Aureole, son of Hyperion and Donatello, was aptly named because the Queen unerringly selected the token of Donatello's medieval marble saints, the golden disc of light around their heads—the aureole.

Brought up among horses, it would be surprising if the Queen were not a horse lover. Spending her working life in castles and palaces decked by no fewer than four thousand oil paintings, it would be startling if she had not developed impeccable taste and acumen.

Her mother deliberately slanted her governess schooling to give a cultivated appreciation of the arts. Her grandfather, King George V, used to show her his favorite tell-a-story pictures in his sitting room, his Landseers and Leightons,

Continued on page 94



Flower Piece, by Mary Fedden. Sadness and Cellophane, perhaps echoing the Queen's experience, this still life was purchased directly from the artist, the wife of the well-known British painter Julian Trevelyan.

honey for tea

By Elizabeth Cadell

CHATELAINE
BONUS
NOVEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. Jendy and Nancy Marsh have been raised at Tallahouse by their maiden Aunt Eddie, whose tragedy in life is that her brother died without an heir. When Nancy breaks her engagement to Allen Harvey and goes back to Spain, Jendy comes home to comfort her aunt. She also hopes to help Allen, whom she has loved since she was seventeen. However, to her surprise, she is drawn to Allen's younger brother Roderick. She has a rival in Anabel Druce, a divorcee, with an unpleasant child, Beulah. Beulah spies on the Petersons — new neighbors who unaccountably dig and redig their garden. The only person who can control Beulah is Wally Booth, an engaging young man who works for Roderick. He, and his charming Swedish girl, Greta, who is pregnant, need money. Aunt Eddie hires Greta, and when she learns they're not married, she gets Wally to agree to a wedding before the baby is born. Meanwhile Anabel, jealous over Roderick, attacks Jendy venomously about Nancy's relations with a Spanish family called Navarrete. Roderick drags Anabel away before she can finish. Jendy is left miserable and panic-stricken. Her hatred for Anabel and Roderick gradually gives way to anxiety for her sister.

CONCLUSION. Jendy walked slowly homeward, her mind so far from her surroundings that when Wally's car pulled up in front of her, she had some difficulty in recognizing it.

"How about coming into the village with us?" he asked.

She hesitated, and his eyes rested on her face. "Everything all right?"

"Quite all right," she answered evenly. "I just haven't got any shopping to do, that's all."

"Then come for the drive," he said.

She allowed him to help her to a seat beside Greta.

"Take a look at the shopping list." Wally handed it to her and started the car once more. "Sugar, salt, olive oil, corn flakes and cheese. Can you think of anything else?"

"Tea?" suggested Jendy.

"Your aunt gave us a supply. Great woman, your aunt. I don't know why I didn't fall in love with her at first sight. Does she unite in holy matrimony all the livers-in-sin she happens to come across?"

"Not all," said Jendy. "She'd like to. She thinks that the other way the men get the best of it."

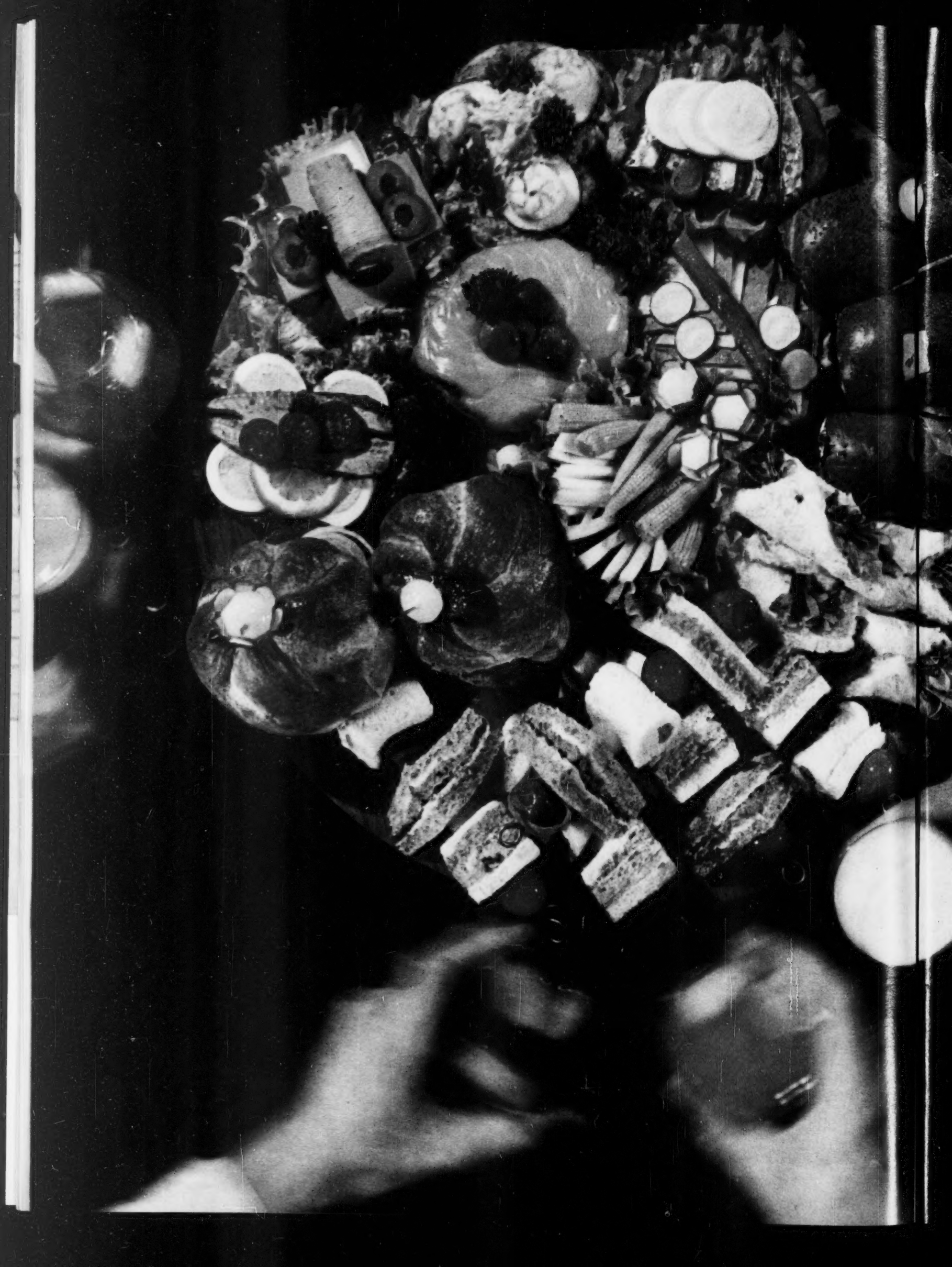
Continued on page 62

As they basked in the Spanish sun
Jendy grew to understand.

But she had not yet learned all



Copyright © 1961 by Elizabeth Cadell



By ELAINE COLLETT *Director Chatelaine Institute*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

here's to SANDWICHES!

Sandwiches call for drinks—hot beverages, steaming soups or tall cool fresheners.

Here we give you sandwiches galore with beverages that do the most for them

Corned beef and corn on rye

*12 slices pumpernickle,
rye or dark rye, buttered
Corn relish*

*Sliced corned beef, tongue
or pastrami
6 slices Swiss cheese*

Spread half the bread slices with corn relish and cover with corned beef and Swiss slices. Top with remaining bread and cut diagonally. Serve with bowls of chilled gazpacho, the tangy soup given below. Makes 6 hefty sandwiches.

Gazpacho for six

Measure into a blender 1 small onion, quartered, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fresh mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, 3 or 4 dashes Tabasco and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup French dressing. Blend until thoroughly minced, then add 3 cups tomato juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups peeled, diced fresh tomatoes and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped celery, cucumber and green pepper. Flavor with lemon juice, chopped chives and parsley. Chill for several hours before serving. Pour into chilled earthenware or wooden bowls. Garnish with parsley.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: 90 cents. Calories per serving: 430.

SANDWICHES AND BEVERAGES CONTINUE ON PAGE 80

NEUROSES

I LIVE WITH MY NEUROSIS

"For nineteen years, from childhood through marriage and motherhood, I've fought a lingering neurotic fear, once so strong that death seemed a breath away, now a familiar companion but a controllable illness, not a towering terror"

I woke up. It was morning. Another day. And I was afraid. Of what? Of everything. Afraid to be alone in the house, afraid to go out, even to walk a block from my home. Afraid to eat, to think, to live, to face the day.

Soon my husband would be leaving for work and the children for school. Oh God, I prayed, please let some of the neighbors be home today, don't let me be alone in the block.

I prepared breakfast. Each mouthful was a worry; terrified of choking, I'd force my wretched way through the meal. Then through the day, the double-checking. This involved going back over almost every little action to be certain it had actually been done correctly the first time. The taps must be turned off twice; dusting must be done twice. The door — was it really closed? Shut it twice. Twice, twice, twice — everything twice. By the end of the day I was so dreadfully tired, and still checking.

Why did this happen to me, when I had

fought hard so many times? Why couldn't these nerves ever leave me alone? I had prayed that I might be allowed to bring up my children and lead a halfway normal life. I had tried so hard. So why, *why*?

I have been most happily married for thirteen years. My husband and I came to Canada from England in 1952. We have three sons and a daughter. Fair, brown-eyed Nicholas is twelve, a slender and studious boy and a voracious reader, like his father. Jovial, outgoing Steven is a robust ten, with dark hair, a passion for sports and an inability to sit still. Then there is Jane. She's seven — small and slender, with fair hair, grey eyes and a happy nature. (PS: she hates boys.) And finally, there is Michael, shy and high-strung. His dark hair frames a small round face, and brown eyes gaze large and round at his busy five-year-old world.

I am thirty-two. For nineteen years, since I was thirteen, I have had this neurosis in varying degrees, from being afraid to go out,

to being so completely ill that I was terrified to move from one room to another. I don't *look* nervous. I have a cheerful-looking face. I'm five-foot-two, have naturally curly black hair. I do have trouble keeping up my weight but if I can keep tipping the scales at a hundred and six I settle for it.

If you'd met me at the supermarket or in a department store any time during the years past, you'd have thought, "Now there goes a confident woman." And how very wrong you would have been. At last, thank God, I am getting better. The benefits of seven years of psychiatric treatment are now plainly obvious.

How did all this begin?

I was thirteen when I first knew panic. We were living at the time in a small English town on the south coast. The war was at its height. We were not in a heavily bombed area, but regularly we received the offshoot from the blitzing of the nearest big city, five miles away. My father, a regular soldier in the British Army, *Continued on page 58*

A CHATELAINE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE STORY BY ALEXANDRA SCOTT

Chatelaine's
**TEEN
TEMPO**

goes on the record with
14 exciting pages

Contents

**42 TOPS ON THE
KNIT PARADE**

The swingingest
back-to-school
fashions designed
just for you

**48 TEEN BEAUTY
ALBUM** Your own
in-the-groove guide
to a prettier face
and prettier hair

**50 YOUR FAVORITE
-CONNIE FRANCIS**

An exclusive,
revealing interview

**52 WHAT MAKES
A GIRL POPULAR?**

Meet Carolyn
Younger, who's
found the
answers and
shares her
secrets with you



KRYN TACONIS



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KRYN TACONIS

Girls wear red . . . get autographs. The one with the pleased-as-Punch look, left, has on a Lady Anne sweater in fur blend (lambswool-angora-and-nylon), about \$7.95. The girl who's currently getting all the attention wears an easy-care Terylene knit. It's a Glenayr Kitten, about \$10.95. The CBC celebrity who's signing the autographs? It's singing star, Tommy Common, of course.



Imagine . . . a Tommy Common serenade! (Do you suppose it's really me — or my new sweater — that attracts him?) The front of the sweater is in Jacquard weave, comes in many color combinations. And it's all Botany wool. Made by Corticelli, about \$12.95.

Tops on the KNIT PARADE



BY VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

We're mad about the blues. In knits they're hits. In songs too, especially as Tommy sings them. Beginning with the knit, below left — it's a fluffy French angora blend. By Parkhurst, about \$19.95. Jantzen wool-and-mohair sweater, centre, about \$17.95. Lansea wool sweater with convertible collar, about \$12.95.

*As for Tommy Common's blues — and hits in a happier vein — listen to his CBC radio show. See him on Country Hoedown. Get his recording, *The Common Touch*, which includes such favorites as *Hello, Young Lovers*, *My Funny Valentine* and *Graduation Day*. Then put on your new knits, spin the disc and have a Blues Party.*

CONTINUED



Fashions to FLIP over

TEEN TEMPO FASHIONS CONTINUED





You don't need to be Irish to flip over this dress . . . but it helps. Emerald-green wool with a record number of buttons marching down the bodice, a fob belt that's the most. It's by Teena Paige, comes in sizes 5-15 and is budget-priced at about \$14.95.

Go, go green. This green is really with it, rates a fling from our Chatelaine girl when it's in a combo with blue. Wool sweater has a scalloped edge. Two-legged skirt is the swingin'est. Both by Juniorite. Cardigan, about \$12.95; culotte, about \$12.95.

CONTINUED

Our SWINGIN' PARTNERS score a hit



Swingin' along with the Beau-Marks, our duo wear skirts that flare, tops that are real chill-chasers. They're Lou Larry partners in fashion, come in sizes 6-18. Green wool skirt, about \$19.95; jacket, about \$10.95; striped wool skirt, about \$14.95; stovepipe-collared wool-jersey blouse, about \$8.95. Shoes from Owens & Elmes.

FOR WHERE-TO-BUY TEEN TEMPO FASHIONS, SEE PAGE 94



The High Flying Beau-Marks — that's the name of their first album — are the lads who recorded that smash hit, Clap Your Hands. Here they swing into their new recording, Classmates, while the girls score a hit in their back-to-school twosomes. The wool jumper with matching broadcloth blouse is by Casual Togs — comes in blue, green, grape as well as terra cotta. Jumper, about \$16.95; blouse, about \$4.95. The sweater with zigzag overlay and matching skirt are by Val Hughes. Sweater, about \$14.95; skirt, sizes 8-18, about \$14.95.

Meet the Beau-Marks. Left to right: Joey Frechette, pianist, leader; Ray Hutchinson, guitarist, vocalist; Mike Robitaille, guitarist; Gilles Tailleur, drummer.



Here's a Chatelaine beauty album we've
and solid. Play these natural hits faith-

TEEN ALBUM *of* BEAUTY

CONDUCTED BY
**EVELEEN
DOLLERY**
CHATELAINE BEAUTY EDITOR

starring
YOU

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEVERLEY ROCKETT

"recorded" for you—a program of good grooming that's cool fully, day by day, and you're sure to boost your beauty rating

WASH THAT MAGIC RIGHT INTO YOUR HAIR whenever it needs it. Once a week is standard.

If your hair is oily (you'll know—it becomes stringy and limp) you'll want to shampoo more frequently. While you're at it, shampoo your brush and comb. To keep your scalp healthy and free of dandruff, stimulate it by regular once-a-day brushing.

Follow the scent For schooldays just wear the scent of your bath soap and dusting powder. When you shop for a fragrance take along a few cotton balls and ask the salesgirl to put a drop of perfume on each. Put one in your purse, one with your lingerie. In a few days, choose *your* scent.

They go together A body permanent wave won't curl your hair but will make it easier to manage. Damp-weather droops and straggle-end problems will vanish. You can do this perm at home quickly. The trick: wind *more* hair on *large* rollers and *cut waving time*.

Play it safe Use a light, colorless moisture lotion as a make-up base. This will protect your skin from the weather, and give your powder something to cling to. Make sure powder is the exact color of your skin, always use a clean puff.

Pretty freckle face Many boys think freckles are cute, so think twice before covering them. However, if you insist on hiding them, *even-tone* your skin with a foundation that's halfway between the color of your freckles and your skin tone.

That certain smile A sparkling smile needs a clearly outlined, gently rounded lip line. This can be done only with a lip brush, so practice, practice! If you have a pouty mouth cheer it up by uptilting the corners. Draw a bow on your lower lip.

You're so nice to be near Antiperspirants help stop perspiration, but if you are under great strain (exams, the big game or dance), you may need the plus-protection of dress shields. If your palms become damp, try spraying them with your favorite toilet water or cologne.

Flirty eyes They're big and sparkling bright—not sultry squints. The basic tricks: sleep and vitamin A as in apricots and carrots. For day, brush your lashes with a touch of oil. It will give them sheen and train them upward in a curve. The upturn will make your eyes bigger.

Laugh troubles away If you are plagued with blemishes (almost all teen-agers are), hurry along to your doctor or druggist for advice. There is a whole battery of aids to help. These include scientifically formulated lotions to blot up excess oil; grainy cleansers and scrub soaps to help loosen imbedded blackheads. The kindest preparations are the tinted foundations that heal and conceal eruptions at the same time. Above all, keep smiling. Gloominess makes skin troubles worse. END

Your favorite Connie Francis tells Teen Tempo

By John Wilcock

"In a sense
I've been
acting all
my life-
I'm a real
hambone
sometimes."



o how song
hits are
born

o the stars
she looks
up to

o why she
sings for
teen-agers

o about the
childhood
boy friend
who
became a
star



Connie whips up dinner in the kitchen of her New Jersey home. Now 22, she started singing professionally when she was 11.



⊛ If you're willing to go along with a publicist's little joke, singing star Connie Francis, now twenty-two, wasted half her life — because she didn't start singing professionally until she was eleven. But the early years weren't entirely lost: at four she was learning to play the accordion, at five she was entertaining in hospitals and charity bazaars, and at six she was singing on street corners — and being dragged home kicking and screaming by a disapproving mother. She reached the first major milestone of her career when she appeared, at twelve, on the Arthur Godfrey show. It was at Godfrey's suggestion that she changed her name from Constance Franconero, to Francis — a name that has helped so far to sell fifteen million records, including seven titles each of which went beyond the million mark.

I found Connie Francis in a tiny room piled high with boxes of records, an upright piano, a phonograph turntable and as much

modern furniture as could be packed into the remaining space, at her offices on the seventh floor of a modern building on Manhattan's West 54th Street. Here a full-time staff answers requests for photographs, keeps abreast of the necessary business that accumulates around a \$250,000-a-year property like Connie and, in general, provides a home base for her activities when she's in New York. Connie's home is in nearby Bloomfield, New Jersey, only a few miles from Newark where she was born on December 12, 1938. There she shares a split-level house with her mother and father, twenty-year-old brother George and a dog called Mambo.

The atmosphere in the office was feverish — typewriters clacked, visitors popped in and out (NOBODY WILL BE SEEN WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT, reads a sign in the lobby), and long-distance calls, in and out to a half dozen places at once, crowded the switchboard. Connie sat behind her desk, a

pretty girl, prettier than she appears in pictures, with a pleasant smile and lovely legs. She had returned from Europe only three days before and was due to fly to Hollywood the following day. I began our interview with.

HOW DO YOU CHOOSE WHAT YOU'LL RECORD? There isn't any one method. I used to have song writers come in and play to me. These days I don't often have time for that, so I listen to a lot of "demos" (these are demonstration records) whenever I have the time — backstage between shows, in the bathtub, over the telephone. You know, thousands of dollars are spent by people in this business making demonstration records that never get anywhere.

AND WHEN YOU HAVE CHOSEN A SONG? Then I record six sides and pick out the two best. The others are thrown away.

IS THERE ONE PARTICULAR AREA YOUR SONGS USUALLY COME FROM?

I have a pair of song writers, Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield, who can always be guaranteed to come up with a song if I really need one. Oh, add a third writer — Jack Keller, who sometimes works with Howard Greenfield. Between them they provided me with several songs including Stupid Cupid, Frankie, Everybody's Somebody's Fool and My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own.

WHO ARE YOUR OWN FAVORITE RECORD STARS? Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee and Julie London, because they're all artists and they all have tremendous feeling. I don't know how else to describe this. Ella Fitzgerald is a great artist, and a great musician, for example, but somehow she doesn't evoke in me a mood.

WHY DO YOU THINK YOUR RECORDING OF "WHO'S SORRY NOW" SUDDENLY CAUGHT ON AFTER ALL THE YEARS YOU HAD BEEN TRYING? Well, for one thing there had been a com- *Continued on page 86*

"I only wish there were more hours in a day"



In her mid-town Manhattan offices, Connie practices some new routines with her dance coach (left). At right, she goes shopping for a new handbag. Born Franconero, she changed her name to Francis at the suggestion of Arthur Godfrey.

She belts out a song with Bobby Darin and Ed Sullivan. She has known Darin since childhood days, when his name was Robert Cassotto and they both played in the same neighborhood. She'll marry "when I'm really in love . . . some day."



Carolyn finds her cheer leading means hard work, a certain prestige and fun — like chatting between games with Runnymede basketball player Fred Jankauskas.

What makes a girl popular?

There's no easy formula but there are some basic rules. Seventeen-year-old Carolyn Younger has put them to work—and you can too

By CATHERINE SINCLAIR Photographs by Horst Ehricht

● Nearly every teen-ager goes through periodic and dismal fits of self-appraisal. During these she successfully manages to convince herself that she is not only one of the ugliest girls in the class but also one of the least popular. So-and-so hates me, she mourns into the mirror; I can tell by the way he looks at me. I'll never be popular.

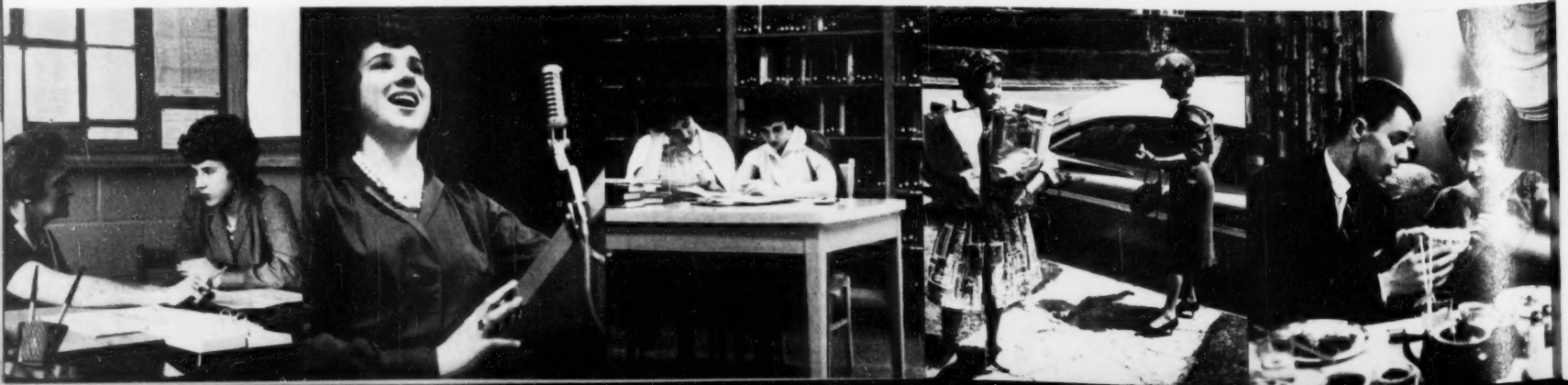
What is this mysterious quality called popularity? What is the inner spark that makes a man or woman, boy or girl popular? And how can you be popular?

CHATELAINE talked about these questions with Mrs. Carroll Davis, research associate at the University of Toronto's Institute of Child Study, and then turned to Carolyn Younger, a grade-thirteen student at Runnymede Collegiate in Toronto, to find out how theories work in practice.

Carolyn is an outgoing and eye-catching seventeen-year-old with light-brown hair, *Continued on page 84*

Highlights of a busy Friday: a visit to the guidance teacher, a drama club announcement in assembly, a free study period with classmate Lynda Britton.

Helping her mother with groceries after school is routine but there's a special evening ahead: dinner in a Chinese restaurant with escort Doug Barr.



For Quick 'n Easy Summer Meals!

SOUP 'N SANDWICHES



Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich



Campbell's Tomato Soup
Chopped Egg Salad Sandwich

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Hamburger



Have you had
your soup today?





GOR-RAY SKIRTS ONE BETTER

There are skirts to suit every taste in the enormous Gor-Ray range—and enough fabrics and colours to have you deliciously baffled for choice. Impeccable cut and top quality British materials give Gor-Ray skirts that inimitable 'something extra'. See them at your favourite store.

GOR-RAY LIMITED • 72 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON, W.1 • ENGLAND
Trade Enquiries: Gordon Mackay Ltd • P.O. Box 530 • Toronto

Buying a Carpet or Rug?

make it feel twice as
soft and luxurious

with new

Smith TRADE MARK Cush-n-Tred

This entirely new kind of undercushion combines the springiness of latex rubber with the best features of natural fibre. Gives a deep, luxurious feel to all carpets and rugs. Prevents slipping and sliding.

Ask for Smith Cush-n-Tred. You save money—for this newer, better protection can double the life of your carpets and rugs.



59-7

Smith Manufacturing Limited
Weston Canada



MAN — THE NEXT-BEST SEX

Continued from page 29

you as funny, as you watch your husband slumped there before the TV, with his gently sloping stomach, but somewhere deep in his make-up he carries a lurking image of himself as a terror in combat.

A man's aggressiveness is as biological as his beard. It's often a great nuisance to him, like his appendix. He has to keep proving to himself that he's a hero. If a woman is intimidated—say, by a pompous store manager who bullies her out of returning a faulty can opener — she can walk away, thinking, "I may be a coward, but I'm still charming." She's still got everything she wants, except a new can opener. If a man told himself, "I'm a coward, but I'm still charming," his next step would be an overdose of sleeping pills. He'd not only be stuck with a can opener that didn't work, but with a picture of himself that didn't work, and he couldn't live with it. A man has to stay in there raising his hackles and trying to convince himself he's tough. Usually, he isn't, but he can't admit it. It's part of his manliness, and, as one woman told me, with inadvertent cynicism, "Take that away from him, and what's he got?"

The smaller he is the more noise he has to make. Short men are timid men who spend three quarters of their lives trying not to show it. I'm a short man and I know. A little-man complex is an awful thing for anyone to live with, including a wife. If you happen to be looking for a husband, take my advice and marry a big man—at least six feet tall and a hundred and eighty pounds. If you can't get both specifications in one man, pick the tall man. The only way a short, fat man can be impressive is to lean on someone. A tall thin man can look down on people, which gives him a tremendous psychological advantage.

Another thing about this inner image a man carries of himself is that he sees himself as eminently honest. He values his relationship to an abstract world, with its own rules, laws and ethics. He bristles with principles. He rarely lives up to them, but he's always consulting them.

You call that hypocrisy? You can call it what you like. I'm just telling you what makes a man tick, and his belief in playing according to the rules

is one of the things least understood by women, most of whom wouldn't recognize a code of ethics if they found it in their hair rinse. A woman's banner is expedience. The right course is the one that requires the least fuss. A man has to do it the hard way, which often strikes a woman as a bit unreal, if not downright theatrical.

In fairness to women, though, they can't afford to be as scrupulous as men. They're too busy with all the tough unheroic tasks left to them by their husbands, like raising children and holding the home together financially. I've heard a lot about women spendthrifts, but all the big-time wasters of money I've known were men.

Love and witchery

But something a woman seems unable to understand, with less credit to her, is a man's fairness. Being fair is not a woman's virtue. Being loyal, yes. But a woman can be loyal to one person and hair-raisingly unfair to everyone else. She believes in looking out for her own, and never mind the rest of the human race. A textbook case is the office secretary who combines an intense sense of loyalty to the boss with an airy disregard of the rights of all the other men in the office. Another example is the wife who treats her mother-in-law with a baffling mixture of love and witchery because she can't make up her mind whether she's a member of the family or a rival. A man believes fairness is as important as loyalty. A woman's loyalty, uncomplicated by fairness, is the reason that wives are the best friends husbands have.

It's also the reason why they're the worst enemies everyone else ever had, particularly other women. A woman's treatment of another woman can make a man regard her as something less than lovely faster than anything I know. A man can criticize his worst enemy and still admire his good points. A woman can't criticize one fault in anybody without giving a countdown on fifteen others, and dreaming up some more if they're not enough to put the victim into orbit. A man backs up automatically from unfairness. A lot of wives would be smart to realize it, because he often backs right into the arms of another woman, whom his wife is shredding from Italian dress label to beehive hairdo, and who is, of course, just as unfair as his wife, but is playing her

cards better, telling the man what a wonderful woman he married, which she doesn't believe for a minute.

One of the chief distinctions between a man and a woman is a man's sense of order, and a woman's lack of it. The picture of a man leaving the sink piled high with dishes while the woman of the house is away, has done good service to cartoonists, but it's a false one. If a man took on house-keeping as a full-time job, he'd be far more efficient than a woman. A man believes in system and order. Those books that suggest systems of dots and check marks for getting things done systematically are all written by men.

While, in moral issues, women choose the easiest course, in practical matters they do everything the round-about way. I've seen more young mothers than I care to recall who made normal conversation impossible by keeping up a running commentary, directed at a child. "Peter, don't touch that. Peter, come here. Peter, get back. Peter, don't go through that door." In most cases, the situation could have been solved by simply tying the kid to a chair, or locking him in the car with something to amuse him, or just picking him up and holding him. It's always a man who explodes with, "Why don't you put him in his room?" or, "Why don't you give him his supper first, then we can all eat in peace and quiet?" I'll bet any money that it was a man who invented the playpen. It's too simple for a woman, and doesn't involve a lot of talk.

A man naturally keeps his work-bench or office desk in good order. Most women in offices work in cubicles that look like opossum's nests. I've actually heard women claim credit for this, branding as laziness a man's tendency to relegate detail to its proper place. What these women are really doing is justifying their own habit of sinking down into a welter of trivia, which is really an escape from responsibility. This is why women in business look after the transcribing, sealing, stamping and mailing of correspondence, while men dictate it, at much higher salaries.

All this male fondness for planning and order mightn't seem to agree with a man's idea of entertaining, which is to relax while his wife works herself into a headache worrying about her guests. I don't know which is worse, this trait of men, or a woman's grim sense of self-sacrifice, by which she can make herself miserable by trying to make everyone else happy. But if

there has to be a choice, I'll take the man's point of view.

It is only in human relationships that a woman shows any sense of order, and it usually has grim results. I know two lifetime pals who are often unable to visit one another for months because their wives get the

score mixed up about whose turn it is to entertain. Both women go on, week after week, saying, "We had them here the last time," while the guys just want to get together and have some fun, no matter whose turn it is.

Which brings up something else about men. The ideal husband, sur-

rounded by shrubs and women, is an unnatural man. A natural male is surrounded by spears and other men. You must remember that women were let into society fairly recently in man's history. No matter how far any particular man has departed from his free masculine state (and it's shocking

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF NATURAL SKIN PROTECTION:



WHY SHOULD IT STOP AT BIRTH?

When your baby is born, he will be covered with a rich, natural protective "lotion," known as the vernix—(every baby's birthright). Because babies are protected this way before birth, they are rarely born with skin rash or skin infection.

So perfect is this natural vernix protection, that many hospitals only remove the excess—or even let it wear off.

And now, when this natural "lotion" is gone, Mennen provides a new kind of natural protection to take its place: protection used in many leading hospitals across

the country—protection you can give when you take your baby home.

It's Mennen Baby Magic, a very special care inspired by nature's own protection.

In this pleasant, fresh-fragrant lotion are related sterols and lanolin, which are also found in the protective wrapping your baby is born with. In addition, a medically-tested antiseptic ingredient actually destroys the bacteria that cause diaper rash and other common baby skin infections.

Use Mennen Baby Magic after

bathing, before diapering to stop diaper rash and diaper odor, as well as cradle cap, chafing, chapping and prickly heat.



Available in 4 oz. unbreakable squeeze bottle or economy size 9 oz. bottle.

MENNEN BABY MAGIC

You'll also like:

Baby Powder—Anti-chafing formula gives "wetproof" protection against irritation.

Baby Oil With Lanolin—Cleans, soothes. Leaves Baby's skin so soft, so very sweet.

More comfort for your baby... through the magic of **MENNEN**

how far some men have departed from it, spending their weekends carrying around playpens and shamelessly festooned with inner tubes and beach toys, with children dangling from them like little pots from a pantry hook) part of every man is still sitting around the campfire, swapping lies about the lions he killed, the way he did when women cooked, planted, harvested, carried loads and walked last in single file (unless the men thought there was danger ahead, when they made the women go first).

A man's incompatibility with domesticity accounts for much of his behavior: his restlessness with his job, his leaning toward drink (which is a way of escaping without leaving the room), his violent possessive feelings about his car, which is all he has left of his horse or his private elk. It irritates him if this reduced domain is usurped by a woman, who doesn't really like cars, and hasn't the slightest interest in what takes place under the cylinder head, or over it, for that matter. A man has a sense of adventure, which a woman rarely has. To a woman, a man behind a desk is worth two on top of Mount Everest. A while ago I met a man who planned to try crossing the Atlantic in a kayak. When I mentioned it to a bright intelligent woman I know, she said, first, that he was crazy, then asked me, "Why do men want to do those things?" When I mentioned it to her husband, he said, first, that he was crazy, then asked, "How much water is he carrying?" He was already intrigued.

Of course, the fact that he gets fidgety around the hearth isn't the whole picture of modern man. He not only wants to go over the hill, he wants to come back. Part of him wants to lead an orderly, secure, domestic life, which is the part of him a woman catches. But it's this tug of war between the two sides of a man that explains a lot of things about him. It accounts for much of his sense of humor, which causes women so much trouble.

Men look at her coldly

Much of his humor is a way of symbolically kicking over the domestic garden walls. Its appeal to men is that it's as far from an orderly world of plastic flowerpots and egg timers as you can get. It's ribald and disrespectful and a vicarious way of going AWOL. The fact that a woman doesn't sense these overtones is why, when she tells a joke, the men look

at her coldly, as if they'd caught her in curlers. She's saying the words without realizing what they mean to a man, to whom they conjure stimulating pictures of a world without wives or houses. And by the way, a woman should never, *never* under any circumstances, tell men dirty jokes. It horrifies them, and it goes over about the same way as if she walked into the men's compound, grabbed a spear and said she was going to show them how to hunt.

The reason a man gets little or nothing out of what makes women

mankind, but it's always softened (and made funnier) by a sympathy with human nature. A man can laugh at some comical old bum, knowing that there, but for the grace of God, go all men. When a woman laughs at a grotesquely dressed or comical-looking woman, she's gloating.

I've noticed too, that all jokes hinging on science, philosophy, or mathematics leave women staring at one another's hair, wondering what's funny. I've never yet got a laugh out of a woman from the joke about the engineer who, being asked, "What's two times two," manipulated his slide rule and said, "Oh, about four."

Women have neat, domestic little notions of what is funny. They also tend to be very literal-minded, which is why, too often, humor has to be explained to them. The other night I sat in a coffeehouse that was trying hard to be very beat and sinful, with dingy lights and candles in Vat 69 bottles and a Peruvian folk singer, and it struck me that everybody was afraid to talk. I turned to a girl next to me and said, "You know, this is just like being in church." She laughed, then said, "What church do you go to?"

There's a popular legend that a man barges around through delicate situations, stepping on people's toes and not noticing his wife's hats, while a woman is easily hurt and reacts with the sensitivity of radar to indifference. It's true that most men are completely unaware of women's clothes, as clothes, but they're extremely sensitive to the effect created by women's clothes. A man can think how specially attractive his wife looks, without being aware that he's looking at a new dress. But what more does a woman want? She's not selling dresses; she's selling an effect. As for a man being unaware of subtle changes of temperament and emotional atmosphere, a man often looks this way because he's completely indifferent to gossip about who's sleeping with whom, who's being divorced, separated or pregnant, when what he wants to discuss are things like rockets, taxes, wars and politics.

Actually, he's very sensitive to a woman's moods. He's so conscious of his wife's state of being that she can ruin his day by putting him in deep freeze, and shatter him with her tears. When a man roars "For —! What are you bawling about," he's really roaring with pain. Seeing a woman cry is murder on a man's nerves.

I think the reason a woman has the

reputation of being more sensitive than a man, is that she's more thin-skinned about herself, especially about the way her husband treats her, and, by projection, about the way other husbands treat their wives. There are far more women who make tactless remarks to men than there are men who make tactless remarks to women. There are some women who deliver all their remarks to men as if they were throwing rocks at them.

A green light means stop

A lot of women seem so fundamentally hostile toward men that it's hard to understand how they manage to get married, unless it's because they can simulate love better than a man. A man takes it too seriously to be very good at imitating it. You could travel across the continent and back and meet only men who go pale if a woman actually turns around and gives them a green light. Men are so serious about women that they are confused about sex. It's easy for a woman to take sex as she finds it. She's interested in it chiefly because she's interested in (a) children, (b) a home, and she can't have either of them without it.

But a woman's calculating interest in sex is a much different thing than a man's conflicting and complicated emotions about it. A man, because of his complex relationship to sex, occasionally turns into a character like Elmer Gantry, and, a lot oftener, into one of those righteous male citizens who peek at pornography and watch professional peelers. Women, by the way, hate burlesque because they have strong feelings of mortification about one of the team giving away all those secret plays. But a man's relation isn't so clear-cut. It's a commonplace that men fall in love with prostitutes. Two currently popular movies are based on a male pipe dream about prostitutes who fall in love and are very tender, gentle and understanding and have hearts of gold.

I've heard more than one woman say that a man will storm and rant about his daughter wearing too much make-up, and sulk if his wife looks a bit conspicuous, then trip over his feet to ogle some woman who passes him made up like a call to arms. A man's attitude toward women is part pure carnality and part romantic conviction that they are rare creatures and somehow better than he is. He has a great urge to step up the population explosion, by fair means or foul, yet he

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?



Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance — otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient. At the same time, notify your local postmaster by filling out a post office change-of-address card.

WRITE TO:

Manager, Subscription Dept.,
CHATELAINE
481 University Ave., Toronto 2,
Canada

laugh is that a woman's sense of humor has a strong streak of malice. Nothing amuses a woman more, for instance, than to see her husband look ridiculous. I've heard women sit howling over stories about their husbands. I've never heard men tell funny stories about their wives. If a man trips just as he is smiling at a pretty woman, his wife goes into gales of mirth. "You should have *seen* yourself," she'll say. No man has ever chortled at his wife, "You should have seen yourself." I once heard three women in a Miami bar describing, with hysterical mirth, the way various men had expressed their devotion to them, while I sat there looking aghast into my bourbon. I hope I never hear anything like it again.

Men often laugh at the foibles of

still puts women, if not on a pedestal, at least on a considerable rise of ground. He finds the word "love" hard to use (except for a few terrible men who call their wives "sweetheart" over the office phone, making all the other men want to crawl under their desks with embarrassment), yet he falls in love faster than women. He stares lewdly at women, and peeks at them when they're not looking, yet it enrages him, to a degree that would surprise most women, to see another man making barefaced love to a woman in public. To him it shows lack of respect for the half of humanity he respects more than his own half.

I hope you understand that I'm not talking about those gross men who can understand nothing about a woman that you can't see inside a men's magazine. There are men who would reduce civilization to a jungle if it weren't for wise protective legislation, and who would lower mankind to the mental level of Playboy if they weren't outnumbered by civilized men. I'm talking about men who are just normally unbalanced, like your husband, or brother, or the man you're going to marry, about whom I'll give you a few last-minute tips.

Why does he explode?

He is likely to be a more mathematical creature than you are, with a naïve faith in logic, which he rarely uses, but still believes in. He believes there's an ideal wise way to handle every situation, and he is waiting for the right solution to come along. A woman instinctively knows most situations are solved by action. As speech is a definite part of action, she frequently complains and nags as she goes along, which makes a man look, by comparison, strong, dignified and silent. This is why he'll let the kids get away with murder for a week, then land on the startled youngsters like a demented dictator. He was waiting for a wise, over-all solution that would solve the situation with a stroke of masculine magic, and just exploded while he was waiting.

He's terrified of being effeminate, and often the more he blusters about things like the ballet, the more worried he is. He's more fastidious than a woman, and a good thing. If women were as fastidious as men, there wouldn't be any babies born, and no one to look after old men. He expects women to look beautiful at all times, and it's no good for you to say indignantly, "A man who needs a

shave is no picture." A man doesn't want to look like a picture. He doesn't mind looking like a Neanderthal man.

He detests the way women look at one another and the clinical diagnoses of women by women, as when they start trying to guess the color of one another's hair. The reason he resents

being told he's unmannerly for not giving up his seat in a bus is that he thinks you're grinning at him behind your purse. His ego has never quite got over the blow of finding that women really aren't inferior people after all.

All in all, he's a different human

than you are, and looks at things differently. Whether he's really the next-best sex, I really don't know. He probably is. But you are going to have to make the best of him—inconsistencies, ego, pompousness, prudery, conceit, big feet and all — until something better comes along.

END



Kotex is confidence

You'll welcome the newest Kotex napkins. They have a much softer

covering for greater comfort, pleated ends for a smoother fit, also a new inner shield

which provides lasting protection in all 3 absorbencies.



KOTEX is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Corporation



Some Hats ONLY cover up

But Placentubex smooths skin lines. Its formula carries placental extract deep into the skin to smooth wrinkles; add elasticity; clear complexion. Placentubex was effective in 79.8% of cases tested by cosmetologists. Discover younger looking skin for 7¢ a day — mail this ad and your address to Silhouette Products Ltd., 579 Richmond W., Toronto. You can obtain Placentubex through your Beauty Salon, Drug or Department Store.



A Product of Merz & Co., Frankfurt, West-Germany

Stops Torment of Corns

Callouses
Bunions
Sore Toes
Tender
Spots

No
Other Method
Like
Fast-Acting
Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads



Not just a
plain pad, but
a scientifically
designed, tailored,
soothing, thin, softly
cushioned application.

NOW
WATER-
REPELLENT

Does Not Come off in Bath

Here's why Dr. Scholl's multiple-acting Zino-pads — the world's largest selling foot relief — do far more for you than any other method. They speedily relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes . . . stop corns, callouses before they can develop . . . remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science when used with the separate wonder-working Medications included. Get this medically approved relief of Dr. Scholl's today. Sold everywhere.



CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

I LIVE WITH MY NEUROSIS

Continued from page 40

had been sent overseas in 1939, and there was just my mother, myself and my sister, four years my senior, at home.

My first attack came one night. I called to my sister, "I feel queer."

"What's the matter, are you going to be sick?"

"No, no," I said sharply, breathlessly. "I just feel funny."

I shook. I felt faint. Then after a few minutes the fear passed.

That was the first of my many thousands of panics I was to endure. Many of you, I'm sure, know what I mean by "a panic." You overbreathe, taking too much oxygen into your lungs, as one does after an accident or a fright. The heart thumps, the hands turn cold and clammy, perspiration flows freely. Some faint. I never have, although there have been times when I wished I could, to escape the intensely frightening feeling of suffocation. Eventually some parts of the body—in my case, my hands and arms—get the sensation known as "pins and needles," then become stiff.

The panics became more frequent. With them came depression. I would cry easily, excessively. How many nights did my mother sit with me as I watched with dread the hands on the clock, my legs and arms burning. "See," my mother would say, "it is past twelve, and you are still alive. Silly girl to worry over such things." How well she looked after me, but it was not enough. The fears increased, as did the panics.

My mother eventually took me to a psychiatrist recommended by our family doctor. We talked. I recalled occurrences in my early childhood—things that bothered me, the discord in my home.

Even today I remember my childhood with a feeling of loathing and revulsion. My mother and father were most incompatible. My father, a man of average build, is generous, a good talker who mixes well outside the home, but in it, in those days, was often sharp with criticism, dominating us all. My mother, who was born in Greece, is a tiny woman, gay, erratic, highly excitable. Violent quarrels and friction strained and tore the fabric of our home during the years of my childhood. My father drank heavily, and usually became bad-tempered. I can see now that he needed help, and

I realize that he never knowingly wished to hurt me. He could not know that his violence would have such far-reaching effects in my life.

For an hour I poured out my memories to the psychiatrist. I was told to come back in a month. My therapy consisted of simply talking things out. Such a slow, slow business it was. I couldn't say, "Here, see my broken leg. Fix it, please." I simply didn't know what my trouble was. I knew only the hell it was making of my life.

After four visits came the spring, and with it I cheered up. My outlook brightened, my panics lessened. "You see," said my friends and relatives, "didn't we say there was nothing wrong with you?" How stupid I had been, I thought.

So I stopped going to see the psychiatrist. I thought all was well. I did not realize that the black moods of depression and fear were not burdens faced by everyone.

By the time I was fourteen, I was losing all interest in school—I had, in fact, no lasting interest in anything. A year later I persuaded my mother to allow me to leave school. I held a succession of jobs. I was never fired from any of them—I simply left each after a couple of months.

When I was seventeen I suffered a harsh setback. I was in such a state of anxiety that the very sound of a door slamming would set my heart thumping; an airplane zooming overhead tossed my stomach around like a stormy sea. I did not go out for six months. Gradually time brought an improvement, but the underlying trouble remained untouched.

"Why did you marry me?"

For a few more months I went to work, changing jobs almost as often as I did clothes. I was unsettled, insecure.

Then I met and married my husband.

We met at a dance. A mutual friend informed me that someone would like to be introduced to me, a young man who owned his own business, building homes. I almost said no; I dislike formality. Then I saw the blond young man—and quickly changed my mind.

I did not realize at the time how important this night was for me, for it has only been due to my husband that I have found the strength and courage necessary to fight my way back.

I asked him recently what he thought of my nervousness at the time

of our marriage. "I thought," he said, "that you had what we in the profession call a loose screw."

"Well, really," I laughed.

"Why did you marry me then?"

"Because I loved you."

Rather a law unto himself, my husband, completely himself, completely without affectation, and the most unselfish person I have ever met. If I am happy then he is also. If things do not go well for me, then neither do they for him. He is the rock on which I started to build my life, the never-failing one, always there, always understanding, always kind.

I had no thoughts of nerves as our wedding drew near. I still did not know, and was not to realize for many years to come, that I had a neurosis. Had I known the trouble I was going to cause my husband I probably would never have married.

In the weeks following the wedding I forgot that I had ever been so ill. I had been unable to carry on a conversation without crying. I forgot the fears. I had few, and only minor, periods of panic.

But when I became pregnant with our first child the nervousness returned. My husband took me to see another psychiatrist, who advised me that there was little he could do until after the birth of the baby.

Pregnancies have always been hard on my nerves, although physically I am fine. Broken nights and general fatigue, I imagine, aggravate my condition. My psychiatrist has advised me not to have any more children. It's no calamity—four, I think, is a nice-sized family.

Following the birth of our second child my condition became worse. Once again there was the fear of going out, but now I didn't feel really safe unless I was sitting in the big brown chair in the dining room. Somehow I managed to do my work, and I looked well, but what a wretched way of living it was.

I remember a drive my husband and I took one day. We were approaching a busy shopping area. Panic overtook me. "Take me home!" I cried. "I can't breathe!" That was as near as I have ever come to hysteria. And then I felt the horrible pins-and-needles sensation race up my arms up to my elbows, at the back of my head and around my waist. That gave way to the stiffness. It wasn't until an hour after we had reached home that my hands were completely unstiffened again. I had never been so shocked with terror.

The bad times subsided again. When we came to Canada in 1952 I was seemingly in good health. My confidence was at a high peak.

We had been here for four months when the fear crept slowly back. Then came a severe jolt. I was downtown shopping alone. I walked to the fourth floor of a department store (I had never been able to stand elevators). When I reached the fourth floor I was out of breath. Then came the panic. I looked around for help, desperate, wanting to escape. I was too weak to move. My mouth was chokingly dry. I wished that I could faint. Higher and higher the panic rose inside me. I walked over to an elderly lady. "Please," I said, crying, "please help me to get out!" She looked a little startled but walked with me to the ground floor and the street. I could feel the life returning to me in the lovely, lovely fresh air. I felt weak, but the panic had disappeared.

"It was sheer hell"

But the effect of that fright was far-reaching. Since that time I have never gone out without a supply of water. This I carry in a medicine bottle in my purse, just in case my mouth should ever feel that dry again. I never need it, but knowing I have it gives me confidence.

After that incident I stopped going downtown. After a while, I refused to venture even as far as the corner store. I was now five months pregnant with my third child, and I still had not gone to see a doctor.

My husband's concern grew. He would try and take me for short walks. "Come," he'd say, "today we will go one block, then maybe tomorrow, two." Terrified and trembling, I'd walk the block. It was sheer hell.

During this third pregnancy circumstances were hardly helpful for a neurotic. One of our sons was having a hard time with asthma. We were having a battle to find suitable living accommodation. I became irritable with the boys—and felt guilty about my loss of patience. I wondered if my nervousness would have any effect on the children. But it seemed not to. My children now know I have this problem, but it does not appear to have been transmitted to them. I try never to show alarm in front of them, and if I feel I must cry, or if I feel shaky, I go to the bedroom where they cannot see me.

It was now four months since I had been out, other than for the odd short walks. I felt so depressed that some

days I hardly cared whether I combed my hair or not. I recall once spilling some porridge oats on the floor, and just leaving them where they fell. Nothing seemed to matter. Then I somehow mustered the strength to see a doctor. The pills he prescribed settled me quite well. I started going out.

I had my baby, a sister for our two boys. When she was a month old I took her in for a checkup. My doctor had his office high up in a medical building. Now, I just did not feel up to facing that awful feeling of suffocation I had experienced in the department store. My three prenatal visits

had been bad enough. Therefore, I made an appointment to see a doctor on the ground floor of another building.

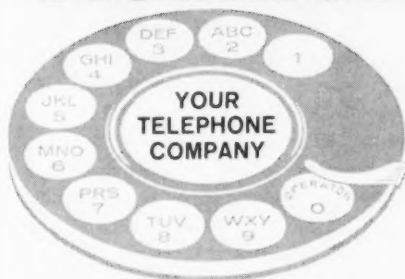
His first question was, "Why didn't you take your baby to the doctor who delivered her?" Feeling as stupid as ever, I explained my fear. "Why ever



LONG

DISTANCE

makes reservations firm and fast!



Don't take chances on spoiling a vacation. Phone ahead and confirm the sure, personal way. Costs so little for the peace of mind it gives . . . only \$1.35 for a 400-mile call, for instance — night rate, three minutes.

A
MEMBER
OF

TRANS-CANADA



TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Canada's major telephone companies, united to send your voice anywhere, any time.

don't you get help?" he asked me.

"Oh," I mumbled, "I don't think anyone can help me. I've always been like this."

"But you're wrong," he insisted. "I know what a miserable feeling that is. There's a psychiatrist in the basement of this building. Why not see him?"

"Just the thought of going down into the basement is making me feel rough," I said. "No, it doesn't matter."

"Oh, nonsense, you can't go on like that. I'll give him a ring."

My analysis began

The psychiatrist said he'd see me the next day and he'd come up to the ground floor to do it. The following morning I gingerly walked into a room, where sat the man to whom I owe so very much. "Come on in and sit down," he said.

I looked around the room, immediately noticing that there were no windows. I wasn't too worried, though: I knew I was near an exit. "Now," said my new doctor, "why are you afraid of going downstairs? Tell me about yourself."

I told him as much as I could, holding nothing back. At least nothing that I was conscious of. At the end of the first meeting he said simply, "You have a dreadful guilt complex, you know."

"I haven't done anything wrong!" I retorted hotly.

"I am not saying that you have. A guilt complex is a state of mind. It has nothing to do with whether or not you have done something wrong."

"Can you help me?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said.

My analysis began.

He had recognized immediately that I was suffering from an acute anxiety neurosis. My compulsions, my refusals to go out, these he told me were all fences I had built to try to keep myself from any more terror. Anxiety neurosis, then. After all these years I finally knew what my trouble was.

To analyze the complete character takes several years, and more time still to make the patient to know himself thoroughly. After two years I had made little apparent progress. I was on long-term pill therapy—the much berated tranquilizer.

It was at about this time that an acquaintance assured me that she wouldn't "tell a soul" that I was undergoing psychiatric treatment. "Oh," I said, "I really don't mind." It was only later, thinking it over, that I became annoyed. Why should she so kindly

keep my "secret" for me? Because she thought I was ashamed? No wonder, I thought, people hesitate to go for help, when the public attitude is still much the same as ever—that insanity and the psychiatrist go together. I now make a point of invariably mentioning my nervousness. I am bringing up four children. I have light humorous articles published in the local paper regularly. What have I to be ashamed of?

I had been going to my doctor for two and a half years and was doing fairly well, when I became pregnant with my fourth child. Having emigrated here with little financial backing we were still at the struggling-to-get-a-house stage. The situation all round wasn't too bright and my fears of having another baby (I am a hospital coward) kept me at low ebb. By the time I was seven months pregnant I was taking more pills than ever. I lost weight. When I went into hospital I was the grand total of one hundred and fourteen pounds.

My fourth baby was a boy. Soon after his birth we progressed financially and moved into a home of our own at last. Immediately I suffered a setback—typically, any change at all made me react unfavorably. I started double-checking again.

One afternoon I took my daughter, then two, and the baby for a stroll. It was nice and sunny when we set off. But on the return trip the clouds blew over, a cold wind struck up. Terrifying alarm gripped me. Instinctively I tried to rush back toward the house. My breathlessness and weakness increased. I didn't know how I would ever make it. Finally, somehow, I stumbled in.

That happened six years ago. It was not until last summer that I again went out alone.

There were times when sheer desperation almost drove me out. "Go," I'd tell myself. "Remember what the doctor said, nothing will happen to you. If you did get panicky the worse you'll do is faint, and you probably won't do that." But the fear was too great. There were times when I wouldn't even go out with my husband.

And yet, without realizing it, through analysis I was slowly becoming mature, learning to know myself. All the while my doctor worked toward his goal—while I at times raged at him in temper.

After four years of this treatment, I had almost resigned myself to living forever in an unreal, suspended fear-ridden world. Then a completely new

and even more frightening phobia came along. As I remarked to my husband, "The older I get the more perfected do my phobias become."

It was Sunday. My husband had taken the children for a drive. I was sitting in our front room, perfectly happy, relaxing. Suddenly I became terrified. "I am alone, I am alone!" was all I could think. I ran to the window. No one in sight. "My God, I am alone!" I ran to the back door. I almost cried with relief—my neighbor was placidly gardening. I cried quietly. The anticlimax was too much for me.

The fear persisted. I tried telling myself not to think of who was in and wasn't. I was afraid to go out, and afraid to be at home. Life was becoming intolerable.

My husband decided that we should take some drastic measures. I went into hospital. My doctor started me on a course of insulin shots.

At seven in the morning came the needle. Then for an hour or so the reaction: thumping heart, and shaking. That is partly the intention of such treatment, of course—to get the brain waves moved around a bit, to shock you out of your rut, to change the pattern. The treatment also gives one a huge appetite.

But I began feeling most marvelously relaxed. I had a kind of "new-again" feeling. I stayed in hospital for a week. Back home, I was afraid to go out, but I began to make progress. Now when I started double-checking things, I would instantly recognize the backward trend. I would force myself to stop. I would force myself to go out with my husband, terrified or not. But I still found it difficult to accept the fact that my condition was not all my fault, that none of it would have happened had I not been a coward, that this was indeed an illness.

I had despised myself

About two years ago the doctor decided I might be a good subject for hypnosis. My psychiatrist, an expert in the field, administered the treatments. By hypnosis, it was hoped to build up my confidence, to implant in my mind the image of the real me, not the cowering, frightened, timid creature I imagined, so that I would want to go out, to face the world, to live normally.

I think the hypnosis was the beginning of the first real progress I made toward ridding myself of my crippling anxieties. Even after the first session,

I felt more relaxed, as if a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

Nevertheless, I approached hypnosis with apprehension. What would it do to me? I soon learned there was nothing to be afraid of. After the first few sessions, by using the key word "relax," I would automatically go into light hypnosis. I never had a deep session and so later could always remember what had been said.

The hypnosis was invaluable. It dragged out many things I never consciously thought about. I was amazed to discover how often in my childhood I had despised myself. When all this had come out, my doctor started implanting in my mind the true image of what I am. "You are confident. You are capable. You write for the newspaper. You manage your children and home. You are confident and capable. All the other things are finished—they are all over."

So on and on. Slowly I began to think that perhaps after all I was as good as the next person. I began to know that I was not a weak-willed worm. I began to know that everything that went wrong wasn't always automatically my fault. Until then I had always made allowances for other people and their faults, but none for myself. Now I was changing. The long years with my doctor were showing.

Last summer I took a part-time job for three months, to make myself go out every day. It was a battle, but I won. Then I made myself go downtown alone on the bus. Well, not entirely alone: I had my eldest son with me. But after five years that was quite a battle. The feeling of accomplishment was grand.

Then I decided I would like to drive. I asked my doctor. Should I learn? Was I too nervous? "Sure you can drive. You can do anything." My husband taught me. Now I have my license.

So here I am, after all these years, almost average, still always taking my little bottle of water with me in case of sudden panic—but then some people carry rabbits' feet. My husband has a good position as a production controller in a large company. I have for almost two years been a contributor to the Calgary Herald, and am slowly making progress in the article field with Canadian periodicals. We have a nice bungalow now. I have participated in the work of a ladies' church group, and I help my husband to run a Cub pack.

Our social life is pretty average. We

have lots of friends (we are visited more often than we visit). We go to the movies occasionally. Some time ago I attended a performance of the National Ballet at the Calgary Auditorium. For me, it was an event—never thought I'd see that auditorium. My husband takes in the football games during the season, but crowds still bother me and I bow out on this.

How shall I be next week? Next year? I don't know. I think I shall always have a tendency to be nervous. At the moment I am on a weak dose of pills, but I can cut the dose if I continue making progress. I sometimes catch myself up to my old bad ways of checking things twice, but now I can force myself to stop. I still have the odd panic. Today, for example, I again felt that alone-in-the-block feeling. I worked on, though, and it went away. I don't think I shall ever be completely cured. But at least if the rest of my life remains as it is at present, I shall be more than satisfied.

"Do you think you're God?"

I have learned to cherish humor; it is the key to being happy. I have learned to allow myself the privilege of making mistakes. My doctor once said to me, "Do you think you're God?" "Of course not," I replied. "Then for heaven's sake," he said, "allow yourself to make mistakes. No one is perfect. Make allowances for yourself, the same as you do for your friends."

I have learned patience, and persistence. I have learned that life is not a jolly little episode for any of us, but a continual pushing effort, a mixture of sweet, sour and, at times, extreme bitterness. But it may as well be taken and enjoyed, for it is all life.

I have learned to try at least to face the oncoming enemy rather than back down. I have learned understanding—to realize that to each person his or her worry, no matter how trifling it may seem to another, is very much a care, that it must be taken seriously. I have learned not to think of yesterday or of what may be tomorrow. The one who gets most out of life lives mainly in the present. It is, after all, the only time you can actually live.

I have learned to thank my lucky stars for a kind husband, children, the freedom of our country.

When I play my records some afternoons, I look through the window and see the clouds and the sun, and think how wonderful it all is—this life. END

How to encourage the happy healthful habit...MILK



Like setting out milk and fancy fixings for their drinks. Like pouring cool milk or cream over Fall's fresh fruit. Like making hearty milk soups, puddings and hot milk drinks. Milk satisfies as a beverage, nourishes as a food.

Generously, importantly, milk provides minerals, vitamins, proteins . . . so many of the good nutrients youngsters need to grow best on, adults need to thrive on. They're yours in milk's fresh, wholesome goodness.

Write for Marie Fraser's free recipe booklet, "It's a date with milk and cookies".



A Division of
DAIRY FARMERS OF CANADA
147 Davenport Rd., Toronto 5, Ont.



Always have a pitcher of milk ready when the youngsters come home from school.



August is Sandwich Time

HONEY FOR TEA

Continued from page 37



Some of the misery was draining out of her. There was something under Wally's light manner that seemed to reach out and reassure her. She wondered exactly what she had been trying to prove to Anabel. Something she did not care to analyze. Not yet.

"About this marrying me off," Wally said. "Did you know that she's going to have an after-wedding do at Tallahouse?"

"Yes. She told me."

"Well, fixing things at the church is one thing—but having a party at the house afterward is what my Mum calls sewing on frills. What'll the village make of it?"

"The village," Jenny said, "will put it down as just one more example of the eccentricity of the Latimers. Ever since I've lived here, she has done exactly as she wanted to, without any regard for what the village would think."

"Is it true that the village used to be a smuggler's headquarters?" Greta asked.

"Quite true. Oxterley was nicely placed for smugglers."

"Did any of the Latimer gents have a hand in it?" Wally asked.

"The Latimer gents," said Jenny, "always had a hand in everything—but it wasn't always the same hand. Sometimes it was the right and sometimes it was the left. One Latimer might be all for witch-hunting, but the next one would be dead against it."

"What did the last Latimer go for? Not women, by the sound of it. Was he Hugh Bertrand, or Bertrand Hugh?"

"Bertrand Hugh."

"Well, I agree with your aunt," Wally said. "He didn't do his dooty. He should've left twelve kids up there at Tallahouse. Twelve kids could've done a lot to the place. Well, here we are."

He pulled up at the grocer's and looked at Jenny.

"How about coming in with us?" he asked. "You'll be able to explain to the grocer that tomorrow's payday."

"Are you," Jenny enquired, "asking me to be responsible for your bills?"

"That's the idea." He was out of the car, helping her and Greta out. "You trust me and the grocer'll trust you. How about it?"

She hesitated, but not for long. An unpaid bill or two she thought, looking at the smiling young pair, was small payment for enjoying their freshness and charm. It might be unsound logic—but she liked them both. In gay but shabby attire, without money, without anything more than the prospect of a few weeks' wages, with a baby soon to be provided for, Wally leaned against the grocer's counter with an air of needing nothing more in the world than he had already, explaining airily that Miss Marsh would take care of everything.

He stuffed his purchases into a string bag and shepherd his two companions outside.

"That's all for us. How about you?" he asked Jenny. "Oh, you said you didn't need anything. That makes three of us with all we want in the world—nice thought, no? Now hop in and I'll run you back to Tallahouse and your kind aunt."

"I'll take her back," came Roderick's voice behind them.

"Ah, here's my boss," Wally turned and surveyed him with leisurely coolness. "Miss Marsh," he told him, "has just been explaining to the grocer that I'm a chap he can give credit to."

"Then she's very silly," said Roderick.

"You mean you wouldn't have done the same?"

"I would not, and you know it," said Roderick. "Anybody who stands security for somebody they know nothing about is asking for trouble. Why didn't you come to me and ask for an advance on your pay?"

"Risky," explained Wally. "Some people take you on trust, like Miss Marsh here; other people don't and won't, like you. What I can't understand is why the boss can always ask for a good character, while fellows like me have to take the boss on trust. Look at my last one. Did I tell you he got roped in for embezzlement?"

"No, you didn't," said Roderick.

"Well, that's what happened. I was two weeks' pay out of pocket, and he'd swindled the public to the tune of thirty thousand quid. That's bosses for you. With that experience behind me, I ought to have seen to it that you paid me in advance. Did you say you wanted to take Miss Marsh home?"

"No, I said I was going to take Miss Marsh home."

"Well, well, well," Wally grinned engagingly. He was about a head shorter than Roderick, but his slender lithe figure seemed to give him extra height. "Let's hear what Miss Marsh has to say about it."

Roderick was not smiling, but his eyes, resting on the younger man, held something between amusement and speculation. Jenny thought he had a wary air, as though he was waiting for Wally to go too far.

"I'll go with Mr. Harvey," she said.

She would go with him—and she would make him tell her exactly why Anabel Druce had laughed. She would find out what was so sinister about the Navarretes. She took a step toward him, only to find Wally's hand on her arm.

"Half a minute," he said. "I'm your aunt's handy man and I have to look after you."

Roderick laughed. "All you have to look after," he said, "is your own business."

HE WAS SMILING as he settled Jenny into his car.

"One day," he said, "that young fellow'll take one step too many and walk over the edge."

"I like him," Jenny said.

"So do I. But Allen think's he's shady."

"Shady! What has Allen got against him?"

"Little things. Disquieting things all the same. Small discrepancies in the information he hands out. What did he tell you about his mother?"

"He told Aunt Eddie that she used to be a nurse and she worked in a house rather like Tallahouse when he was about nine or ten."

"Quite. That's what he told me—casually, when I dropped down to see how he was getting on with the job. But he told Allen she'd died when he was born."

"What else?" Jenny asked after a pause.

"He told me his father took to the bottle and was supported by his mother until he died—when Wally was about three. He told Allen that his father had made himself scarce before he was born and had never shown up since. Small things, as I said—but Allen thinks they count."

"I can't believe there's anything wrong with him," she said slowly. "I just can't."

"I can."

"Why?"

"Because he goes prowling at night. I caught him at it quite by chance when I'd walked up to the site to see what the view looked like by moonlight. He was creeping with the utmost

caution down the slope toward the farmhouse. I was certain he'd been waiting for the lights to go out before trying to break in. But he went straight past and on to the caravan. What he was doing up at the site, I don't know—but I'll find out."

A weight of depression settled on Jenny. "What did Allen say when you told him?"

"I didn't tell him. He'd have him thrown off the place, and I'd never find out what he's after. He's been out every night, just prowling—so far nothing more."

In the shock caused by hearing of Wally's inexplicable actions Jenny had not been aware that the car was not going toward Tallahouse. "This isn't the way home," she said.

"No. You looked as though you need a drive."

"Well, I don't. I'd like to go home."

"We're going home—the long way round."

"In that case, you'll have time to tell me," she said, "what Anabel found so amusing about the fact that Nancy was in Seville. Why was she laughing?"

"With a little effort, you can work it out for yourself. She laughed because she's always known that people like the Navarretes weren't Nancy's sort of people. One of the things that Anabel has always had against you both, as you know, is the fact that you bypassed every one of the men she brought down to Gannets. You climbed up, she thinks, on a couple of pedestals, and from there, looked down on her and on her friends. So when she realizes that one of you has climbed down; that Nancy doesn't only know the Navarretes but is actually living in their house, she thinks it's funny. Nancy in Anabel's own set—at last. So she laughs."

"There's something more. The first time I mentioned—"

"If you're sure there's something more, why don't you ask her? If she knew anything about Nancy that she thought would hurt you, do you think for a moment she'd keep it to herself?"

So much, at least, she could be certain of. If Anabel had a weapon, she would use it.

Some of the strain, the pain drained out of her. Roderick glanced at her, but he said no more until they reached Tallahouse. Then he stopped the car and put a hand on hers for a moment.

"Isn't it time you stopped worrying about Nancy?"

"I suppose so. I have a feeling—a feeling that's growing stronger and stronger that Allen let go too soon. She'd come to a crossroad, and I think now that we just let her walk away. Nobody in the world knows Nancy as well as I do. So when I say the word Seville and you dart away as though it had stung you; when I mention Seville and get nothing from you but evasions; when Anabel laughs like a maniac at the thought of Nancy's being in Seville, then I worry."

"I can—"

"And I'll tell you something that you oughtn't to need telling—and that is that Allen's worrying."

"How do you know?"

"Because he talks of Nancy more and more, but in a quite different way. When I came home, he mentioned her almost casually, as though he didn't want to wipe out her memory from the farm. Now . . . it isn't the same. He brings up her name again and again, and then goes into a sort of uneasy dream. The shock's over; she's gone—and he feels he could have handled it another way."

"Right or wrong, she's got to lead her own life," he pointed out, "and you've got to lead yours. Try to put her out of your mind—for a moment. Will you?"

She looked at him for some time, and for once he could not tell what she was thinking. Her question startled him.

"Why didn't you marry Milagros?"

His eyebrows went up.

"Marry? It didn't even get as far as an engagement, in the real sense." He smiled. "I was lucky to get away with my tail feathers."

She would have liked to ask him whether his tail feathers were not in more danger from Anabel; instead, she merely asked him if he would come in.

"And have your aunt abusing me? No, thanks."

"Well, then, thank you for bringing me home."

"A symbolic drive," he said. "You'll always come home by the long route."

"I don't understand."

He laughed. "One day, I'll explain. And in the meantime, don't say anything to Allen about the prowling. You won't find it difficult."

"Why not?"

"Because you're an adept at keeping secrets from Allen."

HE WAS GONE before she could think of any reply. She stood staring after the car and then walked slowly into the house, to find Aunt Eddie waiting for her.

"Wasn't that Roderick Harvey's car?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. He drives about in that luxurious affair while Allen plods about in a station wagon."

"Roderick's not a farmer."

"More shame on him. You're looking tired. Why?"

Jenny hesitated. She wanted to say that she was not tired; that she was depressed because Wally was under suspicion of being a liar, a thief—or worse.

Wally had become almost part of the household. Aunt Eddie had met in him somebody who, for the first time in her life, she could not browbeat. He regarded her, it was plain, as a benevolent old crank, and he treated her with a mixture of indulgence and firmness. He was a magnificent handy man. Broken locks, cracked window panes, loose balustrades—he found them all without being asked and mended them without bothering to inform anybody that they were sound once more. Wally, a liar? A cheat? A thief?

She heard her aunt speaking.

"What in the world is worrying you?"

"Roderick's been telling me that he and Allen think Wally's not what he seems to be. They think he's shady."

"Oh really?" Aunt Eddie's voice grated with contempt. "They think he's shady. And they have, of course, plenty of proof of this shadiness?"

"No," Jenny frowned. "There's no proof yet, but they—"

"Well, you listen to me. Anybody can throw out hints or harbor suspicions—but I shall continue to have every confidence in Wally."

Jenny looked at her, happy to be reassured. Her sentiments were absolutely those of her aunt. Against suspicions, she could only offer this feeling of utter confidence in Wally.

"You really think he's . . . all right?" she asked.

Aunt Eddie squared her shoulders. "Consider," she said. "Would I take in a young man, encourage him to take an interest in this thouse, arrange to marry him to a decent young girl if I didn't know for certain that he was absolutely all right? Now would I? Most certainly I would not!"

And with this unanswerable logic Jenny was well content.

MR. PETERSON, the tenant of Ravenscroft, a thick-set aggressive-looking man of about fifty, came to see Allen about the problem of Beulah. His manner was truculent.

"She gets up those trees of yours that overlook our house, and sits staring into our garden. When I spotted her, I knew who it was who'd been spreading tales about my wife in the village. I want her kept out of those trees."

Allen sent a man to fetch Beulah. She came marching through the yard, defiance in every step, and halted before Allen.

"Mr. Peterson's been telling me that you still climb trees and look into his garden. I thought Wally told you not to do it."

"I don't — when he's there. Why shouldn't I? I don't hurt anybody."

"If you're seen up those trees overlooking Mr. Peterson's garden just once more, you'll stay off this farm for good. Do you understand?"

"Yes. But it isn't fair. I was here before the Petersons came. I think you're jolly mean."

"I think you're jolly mean, too. Anybody who spies on other people is jolly mean. And if you get any jolly meaner, you'll be off this place so fast, you won't know how you got home. Now go away and watch your step."

She went sulkily away, and Mr. Peterson looked after her.

"Sweet specimen," he commented. "Why d'you let her hang about the place?"

"I don't think she'll annoy you any more."

"Well, that's where we don't agree — but let's wait and see. I'll only tell you this, Harvey: if I see her again, I'll take steps. I'm warning you."

"Why warn me? Why not warn her mother?"

"Because you've decided to go on letting her come here, that's why. If you don't order her off the farm, as you should do, you can't blame me for taking matters into my own hands."

"She's only eight years old. I know nobody wants to be spied on, but what harm does she really do?"

"She watches my wife, and she goes round telling the village people she's mad — which she isn't, not by a long way. What happens in my own garden is something I like to keep to myself, and I'm not going to have any kid giving out running reports. So you can tell this brat's mother what I've told you: to keep her out of my way."

But there was no need to tell Beulah's mother anything, for from the day of Mr. Peterson's visit to the farm, there were no further complaints about her climbing trees.

"I TOLD HIM to buy a hose," said Aunt Eddie to Wally, when she had summoned him at the end of the week in order to pay his wages. "I knew it would do the trick." She handed him an envelope. "That's what I owe you to date; will you kindly check it."

Wally checked it and nodded his thanks.

"There's a bit of paint needed on the outside of some of the front windows," he told her. "Care to come and look?"

"Some other time. I want to talk to you about the wedding. It is to take place on Saturday."

To her surprise, his reaction to this news seemed to be one of dissatisfaction.

"Saturday? Why Saturday?" he asked.

"Why not Saturday?"

"Because Thursday'd be better. Thursday's early closing, and all the chaps'll be free and —"

"Chaps?"

"Yes, in the shops. And on the building site. All of them get off on a Thursday."

Aunt Eddie sat down. "When I proposed having a few people here after the wedding, I imagined that it would mean a mere matter of —"

"You wouldn't like the church to be

full of emptiness would you? What sort of wedding would that be?" he asked reasonably. "I sort of mentioned it to the chaps, and gave out a few invitations in the shops. They're all nice chaps."

"Who else, if I may ask?"

"Well, both Mr. Harveys, of course; I'm hoping one'll be best man and the other'll give away the bride. And I thought it'd be a bit of fun to ask young Beulah and her mother, to see what happened. And Mr. and Mrs. Peterson. And there's a couple of lorry drivers who —"

"Perhaps we'd better go into numbers. I hadn't quite anticipated —"

"When I was shelling out invitations," acknowledged Wally, "I only thought about filling the church up. I can easily go round telling 'em all to skedaddle when the knot's tied. You don't have to have 'em here."

"I was about to say that I had only anticipated having a dozen or so, but . . . How many people should I cater for. Sixty. Tea and lemonade."

"Well, I'm grateful and you know it," Wally said frankly. "but don't let's pretend that the chaps wouldn't prefer beer."

prise. "Surely she'll come to your wedding?"

"In spirit—but she can't travel nowadays. Arthritis. She can get on all right in the house or garden, but she draws the line at cars or trains or buses."

"Well, I'm sorry we shall not see her."

"One day after the wedding I'll drive you over — if you'll come."

"I should like it very much. Where did you say she lived?"

"Little place called Greybridge. You go through Exeter. She didn't like the country at first, but now she does. Get on well, we do. Only thing we ever disagreed about was that hie-thee-to-an-office stuff."

"When your job with Mr. Harvey is finished," said Aunt Eddie slowly, "why don't you consider taking one here?"

"This house?"

"You could be useful. You're good with your hands, and we need somebody like you."

Wally shook his head. "It's nice of you," he said. "I can't tell you how nice. But . . . no."

"What are you going to do when you leave here?"

"Maybe I won't leave here. I like

THE DAY BEFORE the wedding was fine and dry; the guests tomorrow were to express continuous regret that Wednesday hadn't been the day chosen, instead of Thursday.

There was general and genuine interest in the bride and groom. Jenny, ordering buns in large quantities at the baker's, was interested to learn from the other shoppers that Aunt Eddie was not the only one who had wanted to see the couple married. Greta was admired, and Wally universally liked.

Anabel was away, and would not be back until the day after the wedding; she had driven up to London — without, Milford told Jenny resentfully in the baker's, so much as a word about why she was going or where she was going to stay.

Beulah gave her own answer to Wally, who was working as industriously and as tirelessly as usual.

"I'm coming to see you getting married," she said. "I bet you'll look funny, getting married in those clothes."

"What makes you think I won't dress up?"

"I heard you tell Jenny."

"Ear to the ground? Haven't you got any business of your own to attend to?"

His tone had lost some of its accustomed casualness. She looked at him more closely, but saw nothing to guide her. If she had been older, she would have seen that his face was strained and tense — but she was eight, and the signs escaped her.

"I don't think Greta'll like being married to you."

"No? Who can tell?" he asked. "You'd have to have second sight."

"Well, that's what I have got. Second sight."

He paused and turned to look at her and for the first time in their acquaintance she was aware, with a thrill of triumph, that she had caught his interest.

"You don't even know what second sight is." His voice was contemptuous, but his eyes were watchful. "It's being able to tell what's coming in the future."

"I know it is. An' that's what I can do. I can tell."

"No, you can't. Only witches and people like that have got second sight. I only know one person who's got it. She isn't a witch; she's just an old woman — but she's got it. She can tell you anything that's going to happen. When I want to know anything, I just go and ask her."

"I don't believe you. You tell lies all the time."

"So do you — but this isn't a lie. I know her. But I'm not keen on knowing what's coming, and so I don't ask her much. I only ask her little bits at a time. She won't tell anybody else — only me."

"If she's truly like that, she could get lots and lots of money from everybody."

"She doesn't want lots of money. That's why I don't tell people about her. I wouldn't have told you, only you said you'd got second sight. I keep her a secret, because if I didn't, she'd have queues of people lining up outside her door, and all her nice peace and quiet would be spoiled."

"I don't believe what you said about that old witch."

"She isn't a witch — I told you."

"If she was true, you'd be able to say where she lived."

"Well I can — but it's sort of secret."

"I bet you couldn't tell me, because you're making it up."

He appeared to ponder. "If you kept it to yourself," he brought out at last.

"Well, of course. What's her name?"

"Her name's Milly."

"Where does she live?"

"Well, when I go to see her, I take

IF YOU ARE A MERMAID



Here's the how of a waterproof make-up

Smooth on a thin film of tinted foundation, then pencil brows with a hard eyebrow pencil. Next dampen a cotton square and press it lightly over face and eyes. Powder your face lightly, brush on a long-lasting lipstick and darken your lashes with waterproof mascara. Again, press a dampened cotton square over face and throat. Blot lipstick. Your make-up is now "set" by this dampness and after this, the more water, the prettier.

— Eveleen Dollery, Chatelaine Beauty Editor.

"Tea and lemonade. And sandwiches and cakes. And a small wedding cake. Dolly will make it."

"Funny world, isn't it?"

"And why?"

"I'd never have thought an old lady in an old house in an old village would feel it worthwhile spending her dough and her time worrying about getting me married."

"I have a reputation for being eccentric. It's very useful at times like this."

He studied her for some moments.

"It's that old business of the lady of the manor," he said thoughtfully. "Jellies for the sick and jabs for the sinners."

"It's nothing of the kind. You are a casual, careless and probably good-for-nothing young man, and when your work here is done, I shall probably never set eyes on either of you again — but there will be in the world a child who owes his name to me. And that seems to me quite sufficient compensation for providing a little light refreshment after your wedding."

She was walking toward the door, and he opened it for her with the slight touch of exaggeration he always added to acts of politeness toward her. "Pity my Mum can't meet you," he said.

She paused, looking at him in sur-

this place. It's got some nice people in it. They're building on the other side of Oxterley; I could hang on for a time doing what I'm doing now. The pay's good, and —"

"Is that making a future for your child — or for Greta?"

"I can only work for them. What else?"

"Some kind of permanence. Some kind of home. You'd do well to think over my offer. I won't live forever, and when I do go, this house might be turned into a kind of show place, so you wouldn't have to turn out."

"No," he said again. "Don't think I'm not grateful. I am. I can't say much in the way of thank-yous, but Greta and I think you're . . . all right."

"Curiously enough," said Aunt Eddie, "I think you're all right, too. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going along to see Mr. Waybridge."

"About boiling my pot?"

"About having the wedding on Thursday instead of on Saturday. It'll be at three o'clock; I hope you'll be punctual. And before Thursday, I shall arrange one or two meetings between you and Mr. Waybridge. He is seeing about the special license."

"How much?"

"It will be my wedding present to you," said Aunt Eddie and went out.

the bus from the village, the one that goes to Exeter. I get off at Exeter and I take a little green bus called Grey-bridge and District. I get off at Grey-bridge, which is exactly what it sounds like — a little place with a little grey stone bridge. I cross the bridge, and all by itself in a little patch of trees, there's a little tiny house called Bridge Cottage — and that's where she lives. And it's never any use anybody else going to see her about the future, because I'm the only one she tells it to."

"I bet she'd tell me."

But Wally had turned back to his work, and his interest in the matter appeared to have evaporated. He did not turn again until he heard her moving away — and then he looked after her with a speculative gaze.

"If it works," he murmured to himself, "it works. And if it doesn't, the good Lord help her . . ."

WALLY WAS NOT the only one with a look of strain that morning, before the wedding. Allen, studying Jenny when her gaze was elsewhere, thought that she looked pale and out of spirits.

"Daydreaming?" he asked.

She turned and smiled at him. "It's a day for daydreaming."

They were sitting on low cane chairs outside the farmhouse. Even Allen, to whom weather was either hot or cold, wet or dry, had been lured by the unseasonal warmth into a midmorning break. He was drinking beer. Jenny was cradling a glass of cider in her hands and staring out at the sun-drenched fields.

"Dreaming about what, chiefly?" he asked.

"About Anabel, mostly."

He frowned. "She's got under your skin, hasn't she?"

"In a way."

"Didn't you . . ." He hesitated, and then went on, "Didn't you ask for it — if you don't mind my saying so?"

"I don't mind. Yes, I suppose I asked for it."

It was true, she reflected. She had imagined that she could hold her own with Anabel. Something — in heaven's name, what? — had got into her, and she had decided that it would be amusing to try and draw some of Roderick's attention in her own direction. So she had tried. So she had succeeded. So Anabel had struck.

Lightly — but the poison remained. The poison had even spread. From the day on which Anabel had stopped her and laughed her devil's laughter, they had exchanged not a word. But she was aware that wherever she went on the farm, Anabel had watched her — and Anabel was still laughing.

The poison had spread — for Roderick, since that day, had been almost ceaselessly by Anabel's side. The two shared a secret, and the secret was linked in some way with Nancy — and that was what came of challenging Anabel. The happiness she had felt had ended abruptly when Anabel had laughed her out of the game and gathered Roderick to herself. She was certain that in the other woman's glances, brief and contemptuous though they were, there was something more — something waiting to spring.

And though men were not credited with intuition, it seemed that Allen was aware of the charged atmosphere. She wondered whether he could feel the derivative waves that flowed from Anabel, feel that they were lapping round Nancy's feet . . .

"Put it out of your mind," she heard him say.

"Put what out?"

"Whatever's worrying you. Forget it. And if you're worrying about Roderick, don't. He took his eye off Anabel for a time. I almost thought he had it on you

— and perhaps she thought so, too. So she tightened the rope. Put them both out of your mind, and relax. Be happy. Think about the wedding. Tomorrow I'm going to give away in marriage a girl I never saw in my life until she appeared in a black car with a trailer caravan, however many weeks ago it was."

"Are you still wondering whether Wally's shady?"

"There haven't been any more verbal slip-ups. He's been a bit less full of himself for the past day or two, perhaps the wedding's weighing on him. He's going to lose some of the freedom he talks about."

She did not reply. She was looking at Roderick, who was strolling down from

Write to CHATELAINE for these booklets



College Fashions: knitted sweaters and smart fads for young men and women. B-515, 39 cents.

Woolies for Babies: wearable accessories, sweaters and covers. B-115, 29 cents.

Sweaters for the Family: stylish variety for comfort in the house and outdoors. B-110, 29 cents.

Order from Wanda Nelles,
Chatelaine Crafts Editor,
Chatelaine,
481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2.

the building site. He stopped before them and stood looking down, his air thoughtful.

"Funny," Allen grinned up at him, "we were just talking about freedom. Wally's. You seem to have got a day off, too."

"Two days," Roderick said smoothly. "I'm bringing out a drink; want another?"

"Not me." Allen got to his feet and stretched. "Break over—and I shouldn't have had one. You can give Jenny another cider."

HE WENT in the direction of the farm buildings, and Jenny sat watching him. Roderick came out of the house, two glasses in his hands.

"Have you noticed that Wally's looking a bit washed out?"

"If he prowls all night, it's no wonder."

She was doing all she could to keep her voice pleasant — but she knew that her answer was brusque. He had trapped her twice: once into declaring friendship, once into feeling it. She had gone so far as to acknowledge to herself that she liked him — liked his quiet teasing voice, liked his dark teasing eyes, his brown, long thin fingers, his fine head and long lean figure. She had liked him. The process had been gradual, and she had thought that he had been glad to find her feeling for him losing some of its prejudice.

And then he had allowed himself to be swallowed up by Anabel. The only reason he was here now, with time and leisure to pick up the acquaintance where it had so abruptly been severed, was because Anabel was in London. She would return, and he would go back, she told herself with helpless rage filling her. He was a cheat — because he had made her believe he was interested in her, in Allen and Nancy. And worst of all, she was aware that he had known, from the moment of surprising her in tears on the sofa, of her feelings for Allen.

She put her untouched drink on the low table beside her and rose abruptly. He rose beside her, eyebrows raised protestingly. "You can't go yet."

"I'm sorry — I've got to get home. There's a lot to do."

"Seven minutes," he said.

"Seven —?"

"Seven minutes. I always make a note of the time you manage to bring yourself to spend in my company. It's like taming squirrels: you spend endless time and patience trying to gain their confidence, and just as you think you've done it . . . Swoosh! They've gone. Can't I drive you home?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather walk."

"Then I'll walk with you."

She said nothing; there seemed nothing to say. In silence they walked slowly down to the gate, out on to the road.

"Smile," he said suddenly.

She looked up at him. "Why should I smile?"

"Because somebody ought to. It's Wally's wedding day tomorrow, and nobody's rejoicing—and that's a pity. He isn't rejoicing, for reasons I can't fathom. Last night, he was up at the site for so long that I got up, dressed and followed him — and missed him; he'd gone. Allen's not rejoicing because he's got his doubts about Wally and doesn't think he ought to be married to Greta until he's been thoroughly screened. You're not rejoicing because you won't take good advice when it's offered to you, and you're still worried about Nancy."

She came to an abrupt stop and turned to face him.

"What do you know about Nancy, or me, or Allen, or any of us here?" she demanded. "All you ever did was come down a few times when you couldn't think of anywhere else to go. You were too bored for words. You came, you yawned—and you went away again, and that was all."

"I must have stayed long enough to gather some pretty accurate impressions," he said coolly. "I knew, for instance, that Nancy was the showy one — and you were the quiet one. I would have bet on her clearing out and you staying on here. Why didn't you?"

"Because . . ."

She pulled herself up. Whatever she had been going to tell him was useless. He knew why she had gone away. He knew what she felt about Allen. He knew everything about her. He took no account of veils or disguises or screens; he put them calmly aside and looked at the truth.

The truth . . .

"Still running away from hard facts?" he asked quietly.

She looked at him. He was strong, clear-cut . . . clear-thinking. He looked, at that moment, oddly gentle—and for one wild moment she trembled on the verge of pouring out to him the story of her years away from Tallahouse; her years in London, keeping away from Allen, keeping away from the look in his eyes whenever they had rested on Nancy.

There had been nobody to help her. There had been nobody she could tell. But she knew, standing beside this tall quiet man, that she could have told him everything. If he had been there.

But she could not tell him now. Something had happened to cut through the ties that were beginning to form between them. Some of the trust she had begun to feel in him had evaporated—and would not return. Not after having seen him in Anabel Druce's arms.

She had come upon them suddenly and—because she was walking on grass—quietly. They had not seen her. She had turned swiftly, gone away silently.

He was waiting for her to speak—but she found that she could not. She turned abruptly and went on to Tallahouse leaving him where he stood.

And it was not until she saw Aunt Eddie's eyes, and the speculation in them, that she realized that she was crying.

THE WEDDING took place in pouring rain.

In spite of—in many cases, because of—the inclemency of the weather, guests, invited and uninvited, filled the pews. There was really nothing to do but go to the wedding. So Oxtley went to the wedding. The only notable absentees were Anabel Druce, the Petersons and—surprisingly—Beulah.

The most notable absentee of all was the bridegroom.

Greta had entered the church just before the clock struck three. She looked beautiful in the dress that Jenny had worn for her presentation, several years ago. She was on Allen Harvey's arm, and when she had reached the altar and waited for almost ten minutes without there being any sign of the groom, she very sensibly seated herself between Roderick and Allen in the front pew to await his arrival.

"Where the hell's he got to?" Roderick whispered to her.

"He won't be long," Greta assured him. "He had to go and see his Mum."

Wally arrived at twenty past three looking, for the first time in anybody's knowledge of him, almost flustered. Only at the sight of Aunt Eddie's black feathered hat, unseen since the Coronation of King George the Sixth, did his lighthearted air return. He was dressed in a neat blue suit which he told Roderick, in an aside, was his office turnout.

There was a little hesitation after the wedding as the uninvited debated whether they would or would not follow in the wake of the invited to Tallahouse. It was only tea and lemonade, after all; Miss Latimer wouldn't miss an extra bit of either. So eighty-four people made their way into the Great Hall of the house, and Aunt Eddie ordered Dolly to add cold water to the lemonade and hot water to the tea.

There were no speeches, and the bride and bridegroom left early.

"Why didn't Beulah come to the wedding?" Jenny asked Milford Druce. "I would have thought nothing could have kept her away."

"I scarcely saw her this morning," he answered. "She asked for sandwiches instead of lunch, and took them with her when she went out after breakfast."

"Sandwiches—on a day like this."

"It seemed odd—but I never like to ask her what she's doing. Jenny dear—let alone why she's doing it. Did you

notice the way the light caught Greta's hair as she came in? It was really rather striking. Everything went off very well."

Aunt Eddie was of the same opinion, but did not express it until the last guest had gone and the last volunteer had helped to wash plates and glasses and been dismissed with thanks.

"That's that," she said. "He's married, and I wash my hands of him. Dolly—where's Dolly? I want my dinner."

As they finished dinner, there was a telephone message from Milford: Beulah had not returned to Gannets for her supper and he would like to know whether anybody had seen her.

Nobody at Tallhouse had seen her. As the evening wore on it was learned by degrees that nobody had seen her since morning. She had been seen walking toward the village just after nine o'clock: since that time, nothing had been seen or heard of her.

Enquiries began slowly, for it was some time before Milford Druce could recover from the first overwhelming sense of relief that her absence brought. She was gone; it was almost too good to be true. There was nothing to worry about; she had simply decided to go up to London and join her mother.

But Anabel, reached with difficulty after two hours' telephoning, knew nothing of her daughter.

Even after that, anxiety set in only gradually. Nothing brought home to Jenny the fact of Beulah's universal unpopularity so much as the apathy with which the news of her absence was received in the village. But as midnight drew near, search parties were formed under Allen's direction and set off one by one, and disappeared behind the curtains of rain.

Roderick and Allen elected to search the farm; it was here that it was thought most likely that Beulah would be found. It was still felt that she might be sheltering from the storm. Allen chose his men, separated them into two groups and kept one; the other was to work under Roderick's direction.

"We'll take the lower half," he said. "Roderick, you can spread your fellows out along Jenny," he paused to ask in anger, "what d'you think you're doing here?"

"I walked along the road from Tallhouse," she said slowly, "looking along the road, just to see..."

There was silence. Her words brought her hearers face to face, for the first time, with the more serious possibilities. There was still no thought of abduction. Who, in their senses, would saddle themselves with Beulah? But there were other things to consider. Accidents could happen... did happen...

"Let me come with you," she begged Allen. "I won't get in your way."

"Come on," Allen said.

Their first search yielded nothing. The two parties, wet, mud-spattered, met at the appointed place and exchanged reports. Nothing. The place had been combed. The caravan, shuttered and locked, had been forced open to see if Beulah had hidden inside. Nothing.

Just after midnight, Roderick had an idea, and broached it to his brother.

"How about searching the site?" he asked.

"We went there. There was nothing to be seen," Allen told him.

"Did you go as far as Peterson's boundary?"

"We didn't go down to it; we could see it from..." He stopped, staring at Roderick. "You're not suggesting that Peterson..."

"I'm not suggesting anything. But Peterson wasn't at the wedding. Neither was Beulah. There's just a chance that she went up there and..."

They thought of Mr. Peterson and his strong, coarse hands. Jenny was the first to speak.

"He couldn't do anything to her," she said. "Everyone in the village would remember that he'd threatened her. He couldn't risk it."

"Probably not," Allen said. "But if she did go up a tree this afternoon, and he saw her... or if he'd laid a trap..."

They said no more. All three had turned in the direction of Roderick's house. They went at a half-run, slipping, slithering. They seemed to part instinctively, like animals rounding up a quarry. Jenny was left behind; Allen went to the slope beyond which Beulah had spent so many hours.

And then a smothered sound—a shout, came back to Jenny. She began to run in the direction from which it had come, and saw Allen closing in swiftly on the other side.

They met, and stumbled on together until they found Roderick.

He was standing some way below them, on the level of the road. Round him were untidy heaps of building materials, lying piled as they had been tipped from lorries. And in the midst of the piles of stone, cunningly hidden, was Wally's small, shabby black car. Roderick was standing beside it, staring at something lying on the seat beside the driver's.

Beulah's brown mackintosh.

JENNY DID NOT remember afterward whether anybody had spoken; she re-

EVENING AT HOME

*Only the flicker of fire with its
friendly breathing*

Licks at the edge of night.

The lamplight gilds your hair

As you sit there

Across the room...

Your book falls closed.

Then you look up and smile—

*And between us, warm on the
hearth,*

The great gold cat of silence

Stretches,

Purrs.

BY MAUDE RUBIN

called only that her own mind, with supreme disregard for the evidence of her eyes, held nothing but stark disbelief. It was Beulah's mackintosh. It was in Wally's car—but it meant nothing. Nothing that could be brought home to Wally.

But she remembered the sudden tensing of Roderick's body and the speed with which he had suddenly plunged toward the hedge—with Allen and herself behind him. Most clearly of all she remembered the sound that had come to their ears.

A small sound. The cracking of twigs. A moment earlier it would have been impossible to hear it but the rain had stopped with a suddenness that had the quality of a roar.

Allen gave a shout—and on the instant, a figure sprang out from the hedge and fled away, down the slope, across the clearing and down again toward the farmhouse.

In different circumstances, Wally might have eluded them. He was younger than Allen or Roderick—younger and swifter. But he was running in the dark. Their torches kept him in view, but did not illuminate the path along which he was speeding. He stumbled, recovered,

fell and was up again—but the distance had shortened, and shortened again.

Roderick caught him as he passed the farmhouse. He seized him, swung him round, and for some moments there was no sound but that of heavy breathing. Jenny, coming up with Allen, could hear her heart thumping wildly.

Allen spoke first. "Talk," he said to Wally. "Talk, and talk fast."

"Talk?" Wally had got his breath back, but his tone held nothing more than irritation. "Talk? You ruddy well nearly—"

Allen hit him, and he went down—and stayed down. From a full-length position he struggled to a sitting one.

"Get up," directed Allen.

"Not me. Oh no, not me," Wally said firmly. "You go'n take your exercise in a gym. They give you balls to punch."

"Get up," Allen said again. "Get up and talk."

"If I get up, will you keep your hands off me?"

"If I can."

Wally rose slowly. "What's the big idea?" he asked resentfully. "And how the hell did you know where I was? And if you knew, why the hell did you go and shout? You might have bashed the whole thing up."

"Where's Beulah?" Allen asked. "Come on—where is she?"

"Beulah?" Wally's tone was blank with astonishment.

"She's missing. There are search parties out now, all over the place. And you car's hidden, and her mackintosh is in it."

Allen's voice had lost some of its authority. If Wally was acting, it was a performance of outstanding merit. It was some time before he could gather breath enough to speak.

"Well!" he brought out at last. "Now I can die happy. You thought... Of all the... Look. If ever I take to kidnapping, the kid won't be Beulah. Nobody's walzed off with her, you ought to be sorry to hear. Beulah got on the Exeter bus this morning and drove Miller—that's the driver chap who lives in the village—half potty with her questions all the two hours of the way. He... Wally's voice trailed away, and then he put a bewildered question. "But Miller knew. Miller ought to have got back here before six. He could have told you. I saw him when I picked Beulah up at Exeter, and told him to spread the glad tidings that she'd be home in the morning. Why didn't he?"

"One reason would be," Allen told him, "that the Exeter bus left the road—skidded in the mud—fifteen miles out of Exeter on the way back. The driver's waiting there to bring it back. Now you can tell us why you were hiding in the hedge—and why you ran when you saw us."

"I didn't see you—until I ran. I heard you. There was a shout, and suddenly the rain had stopped and sounds were beginning to travel—and I had to get you away. I... look, this is a long story. Do I have to stand out here and tell it?"

THEY WENT INSIDE. Allen poured drinks and handed them round; then he telephoned to Milford Druce and to the village.

"You look as though you'd been lying in mud all night," Roderick told Wally. "Now you can tell us what you were doing tonight, and all the other nights. What were you up to?"

"You mean you've no idea? You mean the only reason you caught me tonight was because you went looking for Beulah?"

"That's all," said Roderick.

"Then that's what called the hand of Fate," Wally said. "Can't we sit down?"

They sat down. Wally sat facing the other three, and they saw that his face,

You feel
so cool,
so clean,
so fresh
with
Tampax



White-dress fresh
and sea-cool!

You feel
immaculate!

That's because
Tampax is worn
internally.

You're never
aware of its
presence.

You can bathe,
swim—keep cool,
clean and dainty.

Odor is prevented
from forming.

You'll call Tampax
the greatest
invention of the
century.

Because you feel
so cool, so clean,
so fresh.

Canadian

TAMPAX

Corporation Limited,
Barrie, Ontario

besides being mud-streaked, was grey with weariness.

"I told you it was a long story," he began. "It's a rum story, too—but it's all true, and when you've heard it, you can take me down to the police and I'll tell it to them and they can take care of all the rest of it."

"It starts off with that job I had in an office. Remember I told you my boss was doing a stretch for embezzlement? Well, I was in this little room off the main office and I had my little canary. And one day, there were the police asking questions. That was the end of the job. The day they told me I could go—without my two weeks' pay I was due—I explained that my canary was in my room. Perhaps they thought I was trying to be funny—all they said was they'd look after the canary. So naturally, that night I went back for it. I heard voices, and recognized them as belonging to the boss's brother—and the brother's wife."

"He was a kind of sleeping partner—or something. He and his wife had been into the office once or twice—they hadn't seen me, but I'd heard them first, and I'd caught sight of them later. I'd heard the other chaps saying that the two brothers, and the wife, didn't in their little nests agree. Perhaps that's what made my boss hurry up and put the dough where the police—and brother—would never be able to find it."

"Well, they went into the office, and I was just creeping out into the corridor when I heard some things that, as you might say, rooted me to the spot."

"She was doing most of the talking. She was telling him that the money'd got to be somewhere in a place both the brothers must have known about. The brother in jug, she pointed out, wouldn't have walked into just any old field and dug a hole and buried the loot. He would have picked a place he knew wouldn't be tampered with."

"And then she put him through a sort of third degree. Where, where, where had they lived in the past?"

"Well, in several places—but none of them seemed likely hide-outs for thirty thousand quid. She'd almost given up when he remembered something important. Once when they were boys, they'd stayed at this—"

"Ravenscroft," brought out Allen slowly. "My God!"

"Ravenscroft," Wally said. "In a village called Oxtley in Devon. There, in that garden which nobody had ever looked after, they'd played cops and robbers in the undergrowth. And so they arranged to go there. And so did I."

"You followed them?" Allen asked.

"Yes. I was out of a job, and two weeks' pay was in the money that was missing."

"Why didn't you go to the police?" Roderick asked.

"Because it sounded a silly yarn—at that stage. I talked to Greta, and I got hold of a caravan and we came down here—just to take a look. And then what? Everything in my lap. No sleuth, in the history of sleuthing, ever had it easier. There were the tenants, already in. There was the news, straight from the horse Beulah's mouth, that digging operations had begun. All I had to do was wait till they located the dough—if they located the dough—and go to the police and tell them about my two weeks' pay."

"And then things began to gum up a bit. Beulah had to be stopped from spying. Well, at last it looked as though she'd stopped—and that's where I made my big mistake. The night before the wedding I discovered why she wasn't climbing trees any more; she'd discovered the hole I'd made in the hedge, and she was busy trying to burrow her way right through into the garden."

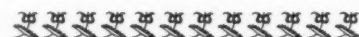
"I'd hacked the hole almost through

—but not quite. I took it to all but a foot. Then I'd crawl in, curl up, and I could see next door—and hear next door. And just after I'd found out that Beulah'd been at work on the hole, I found out something else: They'd found the dough."

"I was scared—see? Everything would be all right if only Beulah could be got out of the way. I'd tip off the police, take 'em down to the hedge, and as soon as the dough was lifted out, we'd all break through. Me, with the police behind me."

"So I had to think. If Beulah showed her face to the Petersons again she'd be for it. A chap like him doesn't play games with little girls when they get in the way of him putting his hands on thirty thousand quid. So I had to get her out of the way while I watched the last act—and I did it by spinning her a yarn about my Mum being a sort of witch who'd got second sight. When I saw she was hooked, I gave her the address and travel instructions, and I drove out to the main road on my wedding morning and sure enough, there she was in the Exeter bus, off to see the wizard—I mean the witch."

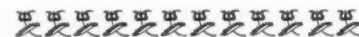
"That meant that I had to get to my Mum and tell her the story. But no



LIKE TO LOOK TALLER?

Wear one color, or shades of one color, head to toe. If you like separates, see that the colors blend rather than contrast. If you yearn for accent, have it in your handbag or your jewelry, never in your belt.

Visian Wilcox
Chatelaine Fashion Editor



phone, and no way of sending a message as complicated as this one, so Greta said I'd have to go over and explain what it was all about, and tell Mum that whatever happened, she was to keep Beulah there for the night. I picked Beulah up off the Exeter bus and drove her the rest of the way to my Mum's and I took Miller aside and gave him a message to bring back here. And all that made me late for my wedding."

"After the wedding I drove Greta halfway to Exeter and she finished the journey by bus. I came back here and crawled into that hole and lay there watching those two slithering in the mud, dig, dig, digging away to fetch up my two weeks' pay. And it was coming . . . it was coming up, slowly, slowly, and I was preparing to run for the police, when what happens? Somebody yells. I couldn't believe my ears—but I knew I'd have to get away from that boundary hedge before the Petersons knew that anybody was around."

He got to his feet, and the others rose and stood looking at him as he studied Allen and Roderick in turn.

"You," he said to Allen at last, "better be the one to come to the police with me. You're a householder and a good, solid, weighty citizen. Will you come?"

Allen was on his way to the front door.

"Take Jenny home," he called to Roderick. "And then you'd better come down to the village."

THEY WENT OUTSIDE. The clouds had parted and a watery moon lit a watery scene. Wally climbed into Allen's car and they drove away—and then Roderick led Jenny back into the house.

"If you don't need another drink," he said, "I do."

They did not sit down. He poured himself a drink; she refused one for herself and watched him as he drank.

"Tired?" he asked.

"No. I'm only sorry, in a way, not to see the end. Not that I want to be there when the Petersons—"

"You'll hear about it in the morning—and in the meantime we can go and tell Aunt Eddie what's been going on. And in the morning, too, we'll ask Wally about a few other little mysteries—but I don't doubt he'll have an answer for them."

She turned toward the door and he opened it for her. But as she went out, he caught her arm gently.

"Jenny."

"Yes?"

"Nothing. Only . . . this."

She was in his arms. She thought that he had been gentle, but she knew that he was holding her with a strength that would have prevented her from moving—if she had wanted to.

If she had wanted to . . .

His lips were on hers, and she refused to think—of anything. She was in his arms, and she was at peace, and she could tell herself that this was nothing more than a natural end to the excitement of the night. This was a release of tension. This was Roderick's way—a good way—of bringing a fantastic night to a fantastic close.

Neither of them heard the approach of a car. Neither of them heard it stop outside. They did not hear footsteps. It was not until the footsteps stopped close to them that they parted slowly—and turned to find Anabel Druce's blazing eyes on them.

There was a moment's dead silence.

"Finished?" she asked, and the question was addressed to Jenny. "Or haven't you begun?"

"Take me home, Roderick," Jenny said.

"He will. But not yet," Anabel said, and her voice burned with hatred. "You'll hear what I've got to say first. You'd have heard it before if I hadn't been a—"

"Shut up, Anabel," broke in Roderick quietly.

"Not any more. I was a fool not to have said it before. If there's one thing I hate, it's hypocrisy! When I look at this hands-off character, and think of her sister—"

Jenny made an attempt to pass, but the other woman blocked her way.

"It won't take long," she said, "and you'll hear it, even if I have to scream it out loud while Roderick tries to stop me. It's this: I went to London to check, but I was sure before. And I'm willing to bet you were sure, too—but innocence was always your line. Don't tell me that you didn't know what Nancy was doing in Seville. She wasn't with the Navarretes. She was with Carlos Navarrete. She—"

Jenny made a swift movement to try and get past, but this time it was Roderick who put out a hand and grasped her arm. Drawing her to him, he held her and spoke quietly.

"Hear it out," he said. "It's the worst way, and it's my fault, but . . . hear it out."

"Yes, hear it out," jeered Anabel. "Nancy was living with Carlos Navarrete before she came back here. She went back because she found Allen pretty slow going after Carlos and his crew. She met him in Madrid and he took her down to Seville—the way he took me down, and others before me. And a week ago, he left her—the way

he left me. It makes me laugh to think of Nancy, Nancy Marsh the unattainable, taking on Carlos after I'd done with him! You both belong with the rest of us, and—"

But Jenny had torn her arm from Roderick's hold and was running down the corridor, out of the house. Behind her was the laughter that had haunted her for so long—but now she knew why Anabel was laughing.

Somewhere on the road to Tallahouse, in the faint light that may have been the moon or may have been the dawn, she heard Roderick's car stop beside her, felt his hand drawing her in beside him. They spoke no word, either of them then or when he left her at the door of the house. He seemed to sense that she was no longer near enough to be able to hear what he said.

She knew that Aunt Eddie was in her room, watching her silently as she went swiftly, feverishly about her preparations. She was aware that things were handed to her, and she took them, and put them away . . .

The village awoke to the sensation of the arrest of the Petersons. A small crowd watched the police cars drive away, and Oxtley was left to talk over the greatest excitement it had known for years.

But by that time, Jenny was thirty thousand feet up, air-borne, on her way to Nancy.

SHE FLEW to Madrid and drove straight to Nancy's studio to find it closed and shuttered. She went on to Seville, took a room at a hotel and made her way to the palace of the Navarretes.

Her first visit proved futile. Nobody, she was told, was at home. No, there was no English lady. There was nobody.

She tried again—that day and the next—and the next. And it was then that she encountered the little boy with huge brown eyes and the enchanting smile, and understood from his gestures that he wished her to follow him.

He signalled a taxi and put her into it, taking his own place by the driver.

They got out in a little flower-enclosed plaza and the taxi was told to wait, and the little boy led her to a tall doorway that opened on to a cool half-hidden courtyard.

A white staircase curved up to a wide white landing. And at one of the doors the little boy stopped and pointed. Jenny knocked—the door opened and Nancy stood before her.

There seemed no need for words. The two met—and the last few weeks fell away. There seemed nothing, at first, to say; nothing to do but pay the little boy and send him smiling away.

"This is a sort of hotel," Nancy said, as they stood looking at one another. "I came here when Carlos left me."

It was said in one sentence.

"I should have known—but I didn't," Jenny said. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I? It was one thing to live with a man because you loved him; it was another thing to be drawn back to a man you didn't love, simply because you wanted something that Allen couldn't satisfy. How could you have understood?"

"I could have helped, perhaps. I could have . . . been around while you got over it."

"I came down here with Carlos, but it was dead. And that was the worst part; trying to find out what I'd really wanted. I knew I'd lost my bearings and that isn't . . . it isn't a pleasant feeling. I was frightened for a time—and then I realized that you have to choose, and if you choose wrongly, there's nothing you can do about it."

"Come back with me."

"No." Nancy's voice was quiet. "There are some things you can't re-

Continued on page 68

BY CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR *Homeland Recipes*

BY CANADIAN MEASURES

Many of our readers who have brought treasured family recipes from Europe and Great Britain have had difficulty changing the quantities to Canadian measure. The following table will help convert these weights to their Canadian equivalents.

Food	Weight of 1 cup	Measure in	
		Ounces	Grams
Butter	8 oz	1 oz = 2 tbs	10 gm = 2¼ tsp
Cocoa	4½ oz.	1 oz = 3½ tbs	10 gm = 3¾ tsp
Cornstarch		1 oz = 3 tbs	10 gm = 1 tbs
Gelatine		1 oz = 3 tbs	10 gm = 1 tbs
Flour, all-purpose, sifted ...	4½ oz.	8 oz = 1½ cups	100 gm = ¾ cup
Flour, pastry, sifted	3½ oz	8 oz = 2¼ cups	100 gm = 1 cup
Flour, whole-wheat	4 1/3 oz	8 oz = 1 5/6 cups	100 gm = ¾ cup
Rice	8 oz	8 oz = 1 cup	100 gm = ¾ cup
Rolled oats	2 2/3 oz	8 oz = 3 cups	100 gm = 1 1/3 cup
Sugar, brown, lightly packed	5 1/3 oz	8 oz = 1½ cups	100 gm = 2/3 cup
Sugar, granulated	7 oz.	8 oz = 1½ cups	100 gm = ½ cup
Sugar, icing, sifted	3¾ oz.	8 oz = 2½ cups	100 gm = 1½ cup
Shortening	7 oz.	8 oz = 1½ cups	100 gm = ½ cup

1 soup spoon = 1 tablespoon = 3 teaspoons

1 dessert spoon = 2 teaspoons

Measures (In Terms of 8-oz Standard Measuring Cup)

1 Imperial (Canadian) quart = 40 fluid ounces (5 cups)

1 Imperial (Canadian) pint = 20 fluid ounces (2½ cups)

1 litre = 35 fluid ounces

1 gill = ⅝ cup

2 decilitres = ⅞ cup

1 breakfastcup = 1 cup

1 teacup = ⅞ cup

Food Terms

BRITISH	CANADIAN EQUIVALENT	BRITISH	CANADIAN EQUIVALENT
Castor sugar	Fine granulated (fruit) sugar	Corn flour	Cornstarch
Demerara sugar	Yellow sugar	Semolina	Fine wheat cereal (farina)
Treacle	Table molasses (approx.)	Double cream	Whipping cream (35%)
Black treacle	Dark molasses	Lemon curd or cheese	Cooked mixture of butter, egg yolks, sugar, lemon juice and rind.
Plain flour	All-purpose or bread flour		
Whole-meal flour	Whole-wheat flour		

DRAWING BY GERRY SEVIER

Continued from page 66
build. When I left Allen, I did something I . . . I can't undo."

Nancy was at the window, staring out as she had stared out on the morning she had come to the Mews flat . . . how long ago? Her back was to Jenny, and she did not turn as Jenny put a desperate question.

"Nancy—don't you want to come back, ever?"

She could see, beyond Nancy, all that was outside: beauty, color, warmth, all that had charmed and dazzled the artist's eye. The garden shimmered in the heat.

"Don't you want to come back—ever?" she asked again.

And then Nancy turned and faced her, ashen-faced and with a look of bitter hopelessness in her eyes.

"Go away, Jenny—please." It was an appeal not to be refused. "Go away—go back, and leave me alone. I can't bear it—not yet. Please, please, go . . ."

Jenny turned and went blindly out of the room. She went downstairs and, through a mist, saw the taxi and got into it. She got her key from the desk and went up to her room. Only in the cool dimness of the corridor did she feel the tears that poured down her face. She stood before the door of her room struggling to insert the key in the lock.

And then a hand—a man's hand—took the key from her and opened the door. An arm came around her shoulders and urged her gently inside. She heard the door close.

Into her hand Roderick put a large white handkerchief.

"I've got another one if you need it," he said.

"BUT I DON'T SEE—" began Jenny for the twentieth time.

"Quiet," said Roderick. "Why do women talk so much? Lean back and just let me drive and tell you in my own way—and in my own time."

"Where are we?" she asked.

"You may well ask. You've shown no sign of being anywhere up to now. We're about thirty kilometres south of a place called Cáceres, on the way to Salamanca and places north. We're not hurrying, as you observe. When I say observe, I speak figuratively, because you haven't observed one single point on the landscape since we left Seville. I feel—"

"But—"

"—that however painful the circumstances which brought you to Spain, your mind is now sufficiently at rest to allow you to make the most of your return trip. But I daresay, you're now busy wondering what Aunt Eddie'll say about your cruising around with me, unchaperoned. I'm glad to note that you've stopped crying. Do you know that you're the only woman I've ever driven in this part of the world who couldn't appreciate the Roman theatre at Mérida? But you hadn't stopped crying then. I'm rather sorry I didn't decide to stay another night there—but you'd only have spent it as you did the other one, weeping in your room."

"Roderick, do please answer my questions."

"Only if you're ready to put them sensibly and listen dry-eyed to the answers."

"All right. Why did you come?"

"I've told you. To take you home. Why didn't I come out by air, like you? Allen was crazy to fly out but I got him, finally, to agree to driving out with me. It gave you time to talk to Nancy; it gave me time to talk to Allen. There was a lot to be said—by everybody—before we met."

"Did you tell Allen everything?"

"I think so. I told him things that nobody but myself could have told him;

notably, that Nancy merely fell under the same spell as I did. When you meet people like the Navarretes, you stop thinking rationally. You're so dazzled you can only see the brightness. Then the spell breaks, or you get used to the light, and you begin to see the surroundings. I never imagined, when I brought Nancy into the circle, that she'd be in any danger. She was going back, eventually, to marry Allen; she told me so. I wanted Nancy to widen her knowledge, widen her experience . . . but not to the extent she did."

"When she got engaged to Allen, and then said she wouldn't marry him, and came back to Spain, did you—"

"—realize what had happened? No. I didn't tie Carlos into it until you told me that she was staying with the Navarretes in Seville. I knew that Milagros was in London—Anabel had met her there, so what you said made me uneasy. I rang up friends of mine in London, and learned that Nancy was with Carlos in Seville—and learned from Anabel that Nancy and Carlos had been living together in Madrid. If I'd had your gift for weeping, I'd have wept then. I wanted to go to Allen and tell him the whole story—but there you were, complicating things. It was a terrible risk. There you were, imagining yourself in love with Allen and—"

"Imagining? For eight years?"

"Don't start crying again. It was nearer nine. You weren't much more than sixteen when I came back to Farhills and saw your faithful little heart in your eyes every time you looked at him. But when I walked into the room that evening and saw you crumpled up on the sofa, crying your heart out, and saw the look in your eyes when I told you that Allen was coming in, I marveled. All those years . . ."

"You don't stop loving people just because—"

"—just because they happen to be in love with someone else? Unfortunately not. What you can do is grow out of a girlish infatuation and survey the landscape in order to pick out another candidate on whom you can fix your attention. But surveying the landscape, as I've found out since I brought you from Seville, isn't one of your habits."

"When did Allen tell you he was coming out to Nancy?"

"About three seconds after I'd told him of Nancy's sin-and-shame. All that meekness, all that patience and that resolve to let Providence decide whether she came back to him or didn't come back to him . . . all that went straight out of the window. He became, all at once, an extremely happy man."

"Happy?"

"Of course. He saw that at last there was something he could do something about. Something he could fight. Nobody can argue with a woman when she's handing out all that nebulous stuff that Nancy brought back to England. But when he understands that a girl of Nancy's background and upbringing has got herself into a mess, then he knows exactly what to do: take her by the hair and drag her back to sanity."

"So we went to Seville, and to the Navarretes, and your little boy with the eyes told us where you were, so we drove there—and Allen wanted to go up, but I thought we ought to wait until you'd had your say. And then out you came, too stricken to see us, and climbed into your tumbrel and drove away. I left Allen flying up the stairs, and I followed you back to your hotel and if I hadn't let you into your room, you'd still have been standing there, howling, and looking for the keyhole."

"I would have liked to see Nancy again."

"You will—when Allen brings her home. If she'd wanted to see you, she'd have said so—but it'll be a long time before she gets her mind off Allen. I daresay she'll always think of him as a nice noble fellow, whereas all he is, and was, is a sound sensible man who could have saved her a lot of trouble if only she'd had the sense to put him into the picture from the beginning."

"What beats me is why you missed seeing how wrong you would have been for him. Everything about him—his quietness, his steadiness, cried out for a partner like Nancy. You were much, much too steady for him. Together you'd have grown into a dull couple indeed. If only you'd allowed yourself to think, you would have realized that I was the one who needed a woman like you. It'll dawn on you one day, and in the meantime, God grant me patience."

"And here's Cáceres, and I know a place nobody else knows about where they give you *vino fino* that trickles down very, very sweetly. And tomorrow morning we'll get organized; early breakfast, and a tour round the little shops to buy a picnic lunch. Have you any ideas?"

"Bread, cheese, butter. Fruit."

"And a foot or so of that garlic-laced sausage."

"You like it?"

"So will you when you get to know it. I'll buy a knife and a corkscrew and some wine."

"In a wicker basket."

"If you like." He glanced at her. "That's it. Smile. Be happy. You're on the open road, in a comfortable car, with a reliable escort. Sunny days ahead, warm nights; lunch by the wayside, dinner on a vine-hung terrace."

SHE SAT LOOKING out at the warm countryside and presently found peace stealing over her. Roderick drove steadily and it seemed to her tirelessly. The open road; ahead, places she had never seen. Perfect weather, and a man beside her who was rather more than a reliable escort: informed, experienced, never at a loss. And patient—and kind.

More than anything, she came to look forward to their midday halts for lunch. Roderick would do nothing but spread a rug and wait. Jenny laid out the food and then they ate, and he stretched himself, declared himself wine-drugged, and slept. She sat beside him in the shady seclusion, watching the long strong figure, and grew to understand, in the quiet hour that followed, how much he had done for her in the past few weeks. But she had not yet learned all.

"Salamanca next," he told her.

"We're not traveling very fast, are we?"

"You're in a hurry?"

"No, but—"

"But what?"

"Money. If you'd let them make out separate bills, so that I could—"

"Now that illustrates what I was trying to tell you about the unsuitability of you and Allen as a couple. When they go home, Nancy'll concentrate on enjoying herself while Allen gets out his little book and dots down what they spent at the last hotel. You and he together would have spent the entire trip adding up columns and wondering whether they overcharged you for the wine. What makes you such a worrying woman?"

"I wasn't worrying."

"You'll grow out of it. After all, I've learned to wait. I've known you, man and boy, watched you go through various phases, watched you—"

"When," she asked curiously, "did you first see me?"

NOW!

SEND ADVANCE ORDERS FOR CHATELAINE CRAFTS NEW FALL CATALOGUE

Our newest and most popular craft items will be included in the enlarged Chatelaine Crafts Catalogue to be released in September. Sprinkled among such exclusive features as Chatelaine's Canadian Floral Emblem Quilt, Upper Canada Village Tapestry and scores of gift items will be tips on every phase of sewing and needlework.

From the catalogue you can order instructions for knitted, embroidered, crocheted, sewn and other needlework items. Also shown are kits that include both instructions and materials for a variety of personal and household needlework items.

Advance orders received now will be filled in September.

Fill out the coupon below and enclose 10 cents for your copy of the new Chatelaine Crafts Catalogue.

ORDER FROM WANDA NELLES, CHATELAINE CRAFTS EDITOR,
CHATELAINE, 181 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2.

Please send me the new Chatelaine Crafts Catalogue.

Name

Street

City Province

Reminder: enclose 10 cents with the coupon.

His answer was prompt. "When I found you howling on the sofa. I noticed several interesting things. Want to know?"

"Yes."

"Your eyes, for a start. Wet, but still beautiful. Your silly little nose. The way your hair fell all by itself into its own disorderly order. Other things, too; the fact that you were crying because Nancy had thrown away something you felt she ought to have prized; crying because Allen was hurt. It seemed to me extraordinary that you should have been sitting there shedding tears for two other people."

"Two people I loved."

"Perhaps that was it. Perhaps there was love in that room when I walked in—and I caught it. From that moment, d'you know something? I felt as though I'd arrived. I didn't know quite where I'd got to, but I had the peaceful satisfied feeling one gets after a long hard walk. I was home. Funny, wasn't it? Just to fall in love like that."

"You didn't stay in long."

He gave her a sidelong glance. "Meaning?"

"Meaning that shortly afterward I saw you kissing Anabel Druce."

He studied her for some time in silence. "And when you saw us," he asked at last, "what did you think? No"—he corrected himself—"what did you feel?"

"Surprised—I don't know why."

"What else did you feel?"

"Is it important?"

"Yes, it's important. Quite vitally important, in fact."

"I felt angry."

"Nothing else?"

"I felt . . . humiliated, I think, in some odd way. Everything had seemed to be going well, and then—"

"And then the illusion was shattered."

"I was never under any illusions about you. From my earliest years, everybody's been only too ready to tell me how different you were from Allen."

"So I am. Did you put me down as a philanderer? Did you think I was? You needn't answer, because you didn't think of me at all—until lately. And I wouldn't have held out any hope to myself that you'd ever think about me at all—if you hadn't told me just now that you didn't like my kissing Anabel Druce."

"Kissing? You were holding her in a—"

"Wrong. She was holding me."

"You didn't seem to mind."

"I didn't. I succeeded in getting out of her something I wanted very much."

"That's exactly what it looked like."

"And so you wrote me off?"

"No. Somehow . . . I don't know how . . . there seemed to be something wrong with the picture. But how can you ignore the evidence of your own eyes?"

"By working out that if I'd wanted to make love to Anabel, I could have done it, and welcome, any time during the past ten years. By working out that until I heard from you where Nancy was, and learned what Nancy was doing, I'd been finding it quite easy to keep Anabel at arm's length. But after that it became necessary to persuade Anabel to keep her mouth shut, and I did it in the only way I knew would be successful. What I did, I did for you. That embrace was suffered on your behalf. Do you or don't you owe me an apology?"

"I'm sorry. Next time I see you with a beautiful woman in your arms I'll go straight up and thank you. I'll—"

His lips, resting on hers, checked further speech. Their touch was light and fleeting, and then he drew away and looked at her.

"The first of many," he said gently.

"Jenny will you marry me when we're both old and grey and when you've had

time to absorb the fact that you never, after the impressionable age of sixteen, loved my brother? Will you marry me in the dim and distant future, when I've at last convinced you that what you loved was Farhills?"

"Will you marry me when I've made you at long, long last understand that the happiness you always felt at Farhills had to have a centre; a core. So you fixed on Allen. At sixteen, you undoubtedly loved him. And after that, you never stopped to take out your emotions, give them a brisk shake and get the moths out of them. If Allen had shown signs of falling in love with you, you would have been forced to face the problem of whether you wanted him or not—but he loved Nancy, and your feelings, instead of being demoted, were laid gently in lavender and kept sweet and fresh."

"You and Allen had nothing to give one another. You and I have everything. I need you and you need me. I need your stick-in-the-muddiness and you need my more volatile qualities." He bent and kissed her, this time lingeringly. "Will you love me one day, Jenny?"

There was a long, long silence. At the end of it she spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"Salamanca," she said, "is the capital of the province of the same name and is a bishopric and a famous old university town."

"Just as you say," said Roderick, and drove on.

"VALLADOLID," she said, two days and some two hundred kilometres later, "is the city where Columbus died . . ."

"Mm?"

He was lying on his back, drowsy, content, his eyes on her as she sat with her back against a tree. The remains of their picnic were spread out between them.

"Do you realize that when we started on this journey, you were going to act as guide? All you've done—"

"We can come back and look at all the cathedrals when we're married. We'll bring the children and shepherd them round and—"

"It's time we went on."

"Where to? Shall we turn and go back to Seville and do it all over again? Shall we, Jenny?"

She hesitated, and he sat up and in a swift movement caught her arm and repeated his question. "Shall we, Jenny?"

She raised her eyes and met his.

"No," she said. "I don't want to go back. I want to go home."

"With me, Jenny? Do you want to go home?"

She had no answer to make, and he did not press her. He might, she thought, have read the answer in her eyes.

Home—with Roderick.

"IT WAS A BOY," Aunt Eddie said. "Eight pounds six ounces, with eyelashes a yard long. Greta came out of hospital yesterday. Today, they're moving out of Farhills and going to look for a house on the other side of Oxtley."

"He wouldn't stay here?" Jenny asked.

Something went out of Aunt Eddie's face—a light, a glow.

"No. I pointed out the advantages of that great garden for a growing child—but he wouldn't stay. He . . . Who's that driving up?"

"Roderick."

"Oh. Well, I suppose I shall have to get used to it. What does he want, I wonder?"

Roderick wanted them to go and say good-by to Greta and Wally.

They went in the little caravan one

by one; Aunt Eddie, Jenny, Greta, Roderick—and Wally came last to do the honors. Aunt Eddie took the baby and cradled it with awkward gentleness.

"Spick and span, no?" Wally asked with pride. "Sorry to be giving it up, in a way. Never thought I'd be settling so soon. Came here not knowing a soul, and now, look: we've won the love 'n' trust of all."

"Speaking of trust," Roderick said, "there are one or two points you could clear up for me."

"Name them," Wally invited.

"Why did you say that your mother was dead, and then say that she was a nurse and—"

"Easy," Wally said. "Too easy. My mother is dead. Died when I was born. My mother turned up at the nursing home my Mum was working in. No marriage lines and no dough and nobody coming forward when she died to say they'd like to have me. And that was where my Mum came in. She took me and the nursing home was glad to have an awkward situation ironed out so nicely. My Mum took me, but she always thought I ought to call my mother, mother, when I talked about her."

"Didn't you ever learn anything more about her—or about your father?" asked Roderick.

"Only what my Mum heard from my mother in what you might call the chatty intervals of having me. She told my Mum that the picture she gave her was my father."

"Picture?" repeated Roderick.

"The oil-on-canvas sort, same as the ones in that gallery at Tallahouse—but no gilt frame, natch. There he is over my bunk. I always keep him there. I'm yours, you old buzzard, I say to him every night: I'm yours, even if you did dodge as we might say the issue."

He picked up the unframed portrait and looked at it thoughtfully. "Not much resemblance, till you look at the eyes—and the mouth. My mother painted it; called herself Luisa and said she came from Brazil. What those ships are doing behind my Papa, I can't tell you. Maybe he was a seafaring chap—but the ships look like those old tubs that Drake used to drive around in. See? Still, I suppose . . ."

His voice trailed away. Looking round at his audience, he had become aware that something was amiss. Roderick was looking at Jenny who, white-faced, was staring at Aunt Eddie. Aunt Eddie's face was grey. She was trembling—so much, that Wally held out his arms for the baby.

"Gimme," he said gently. "It's hot in here for you. I'll open . . ."

Once more he stopped. Aunt Eddie, refusing to hand him the baby, was standing looking down at it with tears pouring down her cheeks. But in spite of the trembling and the tears, the voice in which she addressed Wally was firm.

"Your picture," she told him, "would have been hanging in the Tallahouse gallery—if I hadn't allowed your mother to go away without selling it to me after his death. The sketch of the portrait is in my possession at Tallahouse."

There was a silence that seemed to last indefinitely. Nobody seemed to have anything to say. Then Wally shook himself from what appeared to be a not-too-happy dream.

"The baby," he said, with all the fortitude he could muster, "is going to be called Wally. And—"

"The baby," said Aunt Eddie, "is going to be called Hugh Bertrand Latimer."

"And," proceeded Wally dazedly, "I'm going to find a house in—"

"You and Greta and the baby," Aunt Eddie said, turning toward the door, "are coming home."

END

Jean's WRETCHED



MENSTRUAL PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



Please Accept 29c PACKAGE

Mrs. Helen Graham, Dept. B-81
Sterling Drug Ltd.
Aurora, Ontario

Please send me (in plain wrapper) one 29c package of MIDOL. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

Offer expires Dec. 31, 1961

A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS

Continued from page 33

to get over sometime this afternoon."

But she had to stay and help Mr. Mangano with his luncheon guests, and not till later did she manage to draw him aside and tell him about taking a few hours off.

"Must it be today, when you know I need you?" he asked querulously.

When she was firm, he said, "Go, take as much time as you have to."

SHE TOOK a taxi to Mr. Stone's office, wishing that Jack could be here to go with her, which was a little unusual in itself. Not that she didn't always miss Jack, or wish that he didn't have to travel so far away so often, but she simply didn't need him: she was a self-reliant girl who could manage quite nicely by herself and was adjusted to his absences. But all of a sudden she was uneasy: she had a strange presentiment about the coming interview, that things would never be the same afterward. Maybe it was because up to this time she had almost nothing to do with lawyers, and in her mind they were associated with unpleasant and incontrovertible things, like death, for instance. It couldn't be too important: common sense told her that the Brenners had probably left them something, not much because the Brenners didn't have very much, but something personal, a memento of their friendship and of that wonderful first year together, a year that for her and Jack anyway had never been matched since.

Mr. Stone was now free to see her: he seated her, he offered her cigarettes, he seemed to be scrupulously observing every detail of her good suit (bought wholesale through Mangano Ltd.), of her fur jacket (saved for out of her own salary), her hair styled smoothly in the latest fashion (Mr. Mangano expected her to look as up-to-the-minute as a Vogue photograph). He opened a typed document in front of him and said, "You're familiar with the Brenner will, I imagine."

"I remember talking about it," she said. "It's so long ago. The Brenners left Montreal seven years ago and I guess I hadn't thought about them much since then."

"You and Mr. Garland have no children," he said carefully.

"No," she said.

"You're young," he said, smiling precisely. "And having too good a time, no doubt, to stop for a family."

That was what everyone said. Lucky, they thought a little enviously about the Garlands who seemed to have and to do everything, skiing weekends in the Laurentians, flying vacations to the Rockies and to Europe, a handsomely decorated apartment in which they entertained handsomely (one of the young-homemaking magazines had even photographed them in the kitchen preparing a casserole supper for eight). Children would come later. Jack Garland had risen unprecedentedly in his huge and conservative company. He was young and bright and energetic and exceptionally absorbed in his job, and you could tell at a glance he wasn't being battered by a life geared to the needs of children, the house that was more than he could afford, the commutation, the chores, the dissatisfied wife. His wife was young and bright, too, and the right-hand man of Mr. Mangano, and earning enough on her own to buy them the frills that went with the Good Life. True, she had gone to the doctor after they had been married a few years, but he had only laughed at her. "I don't think you're really ready for children," he had said. "When you're sure you want them, I think you'll have them."

But they hadn't had them. "How large a family did Harriet and Will have?" she asked.

"One child," said Mr. Stone. "James. Going on seven."

James. Of course. Harriet had insisted on naming the baby James after her father: he was not to be nicknamed Jimmy or Jim. Whenever she referred to him in her cards or thank-you notes it was always James. The idea of a tiny baby named James seemed very funny, but not to Harriet, who was stubborn that way. "Is James all right?"

Mr. Stone said, "He was thrown clear, only bruised. And shocked. But he's fine now, and ready to leave the hospital. Mrs. Garland," he said, "you *did* agree to become guardian of this child?"

She stared at him, stricken with astonishment, and then she remembered. "Guardian," she repeated numbly. But it had seemed so impossibly remote at the time: talk of wills and guardians when the baby wasn't even born, when you were married only a few months and life stretched ahead long and glossy and exciting. Harriet had said, "You'd be the sort of parents

I'd want for him if anything happened to us. I'd want him to have parents who were young, and happy, like you and Jack. It seems so unfair to think of a baby growing up with someone like my father, for instance, who's old and not feeling well, or even like Will's sister who has children of her own and has to pack up and travel around the country with her husband so often."

It had all seemed improbable and even ridiculous at the time, but naturally she and Jack had agreed, to humor Harriet. Jack had said privately that he thought the Brenners were being a little stuffy and morbid but he supposed it was practical. If the matter ever crossed her or Jack's mind since, it would be to assume that the Brenners had changed the clause since they were no longer close friends, but the Brenners had evidently neglected to do so.

Mr. Stone was reading "... I appoint my good friends John and Jenny Garland guardians of the person and property of my unborn child if he should be a minor at the time of my death and if my wife should predecease me..." He stopped, and closed the will. "I hope it's convenient for you to take the child now."

She said, still stunned, "I'd like to speak to Jack. He's in Japan now and won't be back till next week. I could call—"

"Call, by all means," he said. "There's no doubt in the mind of the doctors that it would be better for the child to go directly to his permanent home rather than be taken in to friends' houses, although many of the Brenners' friends have offered to take him. He seems to be cheerful enough but then you never know in such a young child, and he certainly will need all the love and security he can get. It's too bad you haven't kept in touch," he said. "It would have made it easier for you both."

All the love he can get. For the first time she thought of the child, bewildered and uncomprehending, among strangers, and no Harriet to answer when he called. She said in a low voice, "He should be taken home at once."

"I was hoping you would feel that way," said Mr. Stone.

SHE WENT back to the office and told Mr. Mangano. He looked unhappy about her not coming into the office tomorrow but she promised to stay late tonight and set things up for one of the girls to take over for her.

The first thing she did when she reached her apartment was to put in a call to Tokyo. It would be nine in the morning there but she might still catch him in his hotel room if she were lucky. But she wasn't. The clerk told the operator that Mr. Garland had left for Kyoto and would be there until Sunday, the operator would put the call through again for her at that time.

So she was on her own in this. Even if she had managed to reach Jack, he couldn't suggest that she act otherwise. To leave a seven-year-old child alone in a strange hospital, not knowing what was happening to him—it was cruel, it was unthinkable. She and Jack had promised to be his guardians: no matter what their frame of mind when they had made the promise, no matter how the relationship between them and the Brenners had altered over the years, they had promised. They were morally bound as well.

She moved about the apartment restlessly. It seemed such an unlikely place to bring a little boy to, when you looked at it, with its white walls and sleek walnut furniture, the sharp touches of brass, the brilliant abstraction they had splurged on last year that almost covered the wall above the sofa. It was a self-conscious room, if you could call it that, a room designed for an effect rather than to be lived in.

A little like our marriage, she thought, with a sense of shock, and put the thought out of her mind at once. She had promised Kitty she would stop in this evening, but she didn't want to go. She didn't want to have to tell about James just yet, she wasn't in the mood to answer the kidding about being trapped at last into motherhood, and can you imagine Jenny cooking oatmeal and supervising homework?

Before she left for the plane in the morning she made up Jack's bed for James. He could sleep in it until Jack came home, and then they would have to work out some arrangement.

She stopped to study herself in the mirror as she put on her hat. There must have been something to Jack and herself if the Brenners had been ready to trust their child to them. Maybe they had been different that first year, that heart-stopping, wonderful first year before life became well, so busy, and that extra-special quality went out of it. Maybe it was a mistake to think that extra-special quality should be enduring as well. It wasn't glamour, because their life still had that. Gla-

mour was being able to afford that abstraction over the sofa, and the cabin in the Laurentians and the two glorious days on the slopes, it was Venice or Copenhagen or Paris on your two-week vacations. It was something else . . . but whatever it was, it was gone.

She leaned closer to the glass. How would she look to a small boy? Her reflection did not reassure her. She was long-legged and slender and with that mobile wind-swept look you find in an Avedon photograph, which may have been fine for Jack, but she was also nervous and restless and toggled out like a clotheshorse, and not like Harriet Brenner at all. Harriet, she remembered, had had soft round cheeks, and serene eyes, and a happy expression.

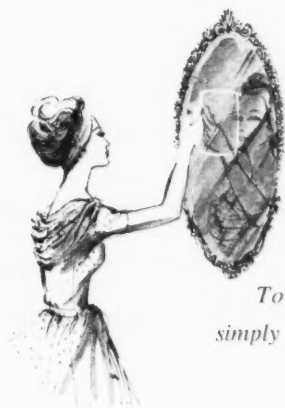
I don't have a happy expression, she thought, searching for it with dismay. She actually had not thought of herself as not being happy; there wasn't much time to stop and think of herself at all. Or her marriage, but then maybe she hadn't ever wanted to, maybe she had begun to be a little afraid of thinking too much about their marriage. When they were working they were too busy, and too absorbed, and when they were on their holidays they always did so many

things so vigorously, almost as if they were afraid of idleness. Maybe the doubts only came up when they were apart, like now. Did Jack have doubts, too? Was that why he generally returned from his trips subdued, and it took him a day sometimes before he was his old self?

TWO YEARS ago they had gone to an adoption agency, not really sure it was what they wanted to do, but after all they had been married six years and it was time to consider all possibilities. The woman there had questioned them thoroughly, and then she had sat back, regarding them. "How would you describe your married life?" she had said.

Jenny had answered her promptly. "Busy," she had said. "We're active people with lots of friends, and there are lots of things we like doing." She had glanced up at Jack for affirmation, and noted with surprise that his mouth looked hard, and he flushed. "We have everything we could want," she had said, "except children. That's why we're here."

"I somehow expected you might use the word 'happy,'" said the woman. When Jenny stared at her, startled, she had gone on, rather gently, "We are anxious to place our babies in



FACE SHAPE IS BASIC TO BEAUTY

*To discover your own face shape
simply draw your reflection in
a mirror with a cake of soap*

Your face shape determines the hair style, fashions and make-up most flattering to you. To find your face shape, stand arm's length from your mirror. With a piece of soap, trace your facial reflection — then study it. Is it round, square, angular, oblong or oval? Whatever your face shape, Chatelaine's Beauty Clinic will recommend a hair style and make-up technique especially flattering to you. Your personal beauty analysis includes notes and illustrations on hair care and styling, beauty products, perfume pointers, exercise routines and other personal beauty advice.

WRITE TO Chatelaine Beauty Clinic, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, for a detailed beauty questionnaire. Complete it and return it to us with \$1, and personal beauty analysis will be sent you.



cream cheese gets around!

**crunchy pinwheels
broiled, wrapped
in crisp bacon!**

For a sandwich with a decided difference in shape and flavor, remove lower crust from 1 loaf unsliced white bread. Cut 4 thin lengthwise slices and trim crusts. Spread each slice with "Philly" cream cheese, softened at room temperature. Roll up like jelly roll, cut each roll in half crosswise, and wrap a slice of bacon around each pinwheel, securing with 2 toothpicks. Toast pinwheels under broiler, turning often to cook bacon. Serve hot. Makes eight pinwheels.



happy homes. And we don't believe that babies will make a home happy, if it isn't happy to begin with."

Jack's voice had sounded angry and defensive. "Maybe we don't go around in a state of bliss," Jack had said. "Who does? Every couple has problems. Ours is a reasonably happy marriage."

Neither of them had mentioned the word love. Had the interviewer noticed? She herself hadn't realized it till now. At any rate their application had been turned down, and neither of them had referred to it again. She stared at herself troubledly, and then on impulse she snatched off her fur shako and put on something small and soft, the kind of hat Harriet might wear.

IT WAS SNOWING in Edmonton when her plane landed; the taxi drove slowly over icy streets and left her off in front of a large grey building where lights were already burning even though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon. Her heart had begun to beat very fast and unevenly as she waited in the reception room, the way it had before she was interviewed for her job at Mangano's, when she had told herself, he'll never hire you. But he *had* hired her, and she *had* achieved most of the things she wanted out of life. Why should she have so many doubts just now?

A young blond nurse was approaching, holding a valise in one hand and a small boy by the other, a small boy with brown hair that was a little too long and a red mackinaw that was a little too big. "Mrs. Garland? This is James. Not Jimmy, he's warned us. James." She swung James's hand. "This is Mrs. Garland, James, who's going to take you home. He knows all about you, about your knowing about him even before he was born," she said to Jenny. "Mr. Stone spoke to him for quite a while last night over the telephone."

"Hello," she said and put out her hand before she realized she should kiss him. She did so, a little awkwardly, on the cheek. He ducked his head and concentrated on something just beyond her middle.

"He's a little confused yet," said the nurse, mouthing the words silently above his head. "So much happening to him. Good-by, James," she said out loud. "Be sure and write me all about your new home."

"Good-by," he said huskily, not turning around.

The valise was transferred to Jenny. She took his hand which he submitted

docilely. "Don't you have mittens, or something?"

He pulled them out of his pocket. When she tried to help him he backed away. "I can put my mittens on myself," he said.

"You'll have to put up with me, James," she said. "I've never known a boy going on seven, not for a long time, and I don't know how much you can do. Is it all right if I button your hood for you?"

He permitted her. "That button is hard," he said, explaining.

He spoke very little on the plane to Montreal, staring out the window most of the time. "Have you ever been on a plane before?" she asked.

"We go everywhere in our car," he said. "In our family we like cars."

She said, "We have a white sports car."

He lifted his eyes to her for the first time. They were brown and very clear, deer's eyes, she thought. "Yon do?" he said huskily. "What kind?"

She told him. "That has only two bucket seats," he said.

She was taken aback. "We'll have to get a larger one, now that you're coming to live with us."

"But that's just the kind of car I like," he said. "Maybe there could still be room for me if I stand up." He considered. "Anyway, maybe I won't stay. I might go and live with my aunt in Halifax."

His words filled her obscurely with coldness. She made herself smile and say lightly, "I hope you'll stay, James. I have a hunch you're going to like it with us."

While the stewardess brought her coffee, and a glass of milk for him, she could feel his eyes on her, covertly.

"Where do you keep the car?" he said shyly.

INSTINCTIVELY she discarded her original plan to take him to a restaurant for dinner. There was some food home, but not much. With Jack away she took most of her meals in restaurants or with friends, shunning her slick and empty kitchen. "What's your favorite food?" she asked James rashly, putting an apron over her dress, making a show of rolling up her sleeves.

"I like corn flakes," he said gravely.

"Corn flakes," she said. "Just what I was thinking of having myself. And do you like toast and jam?" He nodded. She began to put out bowls and spoons and napkins on the tiny table

in the kitchen. "Shouldn't you wash your hands first?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "Everyone knows that."

Why, he's actually being condescending, she thought, as he slid past her to wash at the sink. The paper towels were too high for him to reach. Jack would have to lower the rack. She tweaked down a towel and left it unobtrusively where he could find it.

After supper he asked her if she had a television set, and she showed him how you pressed a button and a panel slid back and there it was. He looked impressed in spite of himself. While he sat down seriously in front of it and watched the cartoons she straightened up the kitchen. So far so good, she thought, with a brief flash

QUICK TRICK

To cover a small hole in a window screen brush the area lightly with colorless nail polish. When dry, repeat. This is effective and not conspicuous.

Mrs. C. A. E. Church,
Toronto.

of exhilaration. Now, when shall I tell him it's time to go to sleep?

But he settled that himself. At eight he stood up and switched off the set and found the button and slid the panel across. "I have to be in bed at eight o'clock," he said. "My teacher makes my mother write that in a note every day, because my mother has trouble getting me to go." An expression flickered across his face. Bewilderment? Understanding? There would be no notes, another teacher, another . . .

"Eight o'clock is a good time for bed," she said hurriedly. "Besides, we have lots to talk about in the morning. Isn't it lucky it's Saturday tomorrow and we have the whole weekend?"

She showed him where he was to sleep. She turned down the covers while he undressed, and found the pyjamas in the valise that one of the Brenner's friends must have hastily packed for him. He obviously expected her to be with him in the bathroom while he washed, waiting a little im-

patiently for her to take his cue and help him with his neck and ears. Unconsciously he had set up in her mind an image of Harriet supervising these bedtime rites, an image that made her feel stiff and clumsy and cold.

She arranged his blanket, she kissed him good night, she might have lingered and hugged him against her but she was afraid of breaking his own control as well as hers, she asked him briskly if he were warm enough and he was, and if he wanted a drink, and he did, and then she left the door ajar and the hall light burning for him and went into the living room.

Alone, she succumbed to the racing thoughts she had not had time for till now. She would enter him in school on Monday, that would be nine to three, or was it? The school system in Montreal was something she had not given any heed to before. Someone would have to be home when he was; perhaps Mrs. Marchik would come afternoons instead of mornings. They would have to work out a place for him to sleep—not in the living room, they stayed up too late for that. They would have to give him their room, and put up some sort of convertible bed for themselves in the living room.

Or move to a larger apartment, give up this perfect place with its view of the city, but strangely that bothered her not at all, even with its new broadloom cut to fit. How nice that they were close to a park! There must be a playground in it somewhere, she and James would go looking for it tomorrow, but even if there weren't, it would be nice just to take walks in, she and James and Jack, on Sunday mornings.

And there was a skating pond, and James must know how to skate, coming from the west. How long since she and Jack had gone skating at Beaver Lake? She had almost forgotten, but they had used to go, that first year . . .

He was such a thin little boy, such bony arms and knobby knees, and such sharp shoulder blades. Perhaps he had grown thin in the hospital. He could use the kind of breakfasts she used to make for Jack in the apartment on Tupper Street, wheat cakes and sausage, sitting in the sun and drinking coffee and reading the paper together, feeling lazy and wonderful, and the whole glorious day ahead for each other . . . When had it all ended. Why?

THE TELEPHONE rang, exploding her thoughts. She took the call on the

kitchen extension, closing the door so as not to disturb James.

"Tokyo calling Mrs. John Garland."

"Go ahead," she said, oddly shaky, cradling the phone against her cheek. "Jenny?"

"Jack! They said you wouldn't be back till Sunday!"

"I have an appointment this afternoon, so I had to come back. Everything all right? They told me you called."

"Jack, an awful lot has happened. Do you remember Will and Harriet Brenner?"

"Will and Harriet," he said, and it seemed to her as if his voice had flattened. He said impatiently, "What about them?"

She told him.

There was a long pause, during which the telephone lines roared like the ocean between them. And then he said, "Don't do anything about the boy till I get back."

The breath was knocked out of her. She managed to say, "I couldn't leave him alone in the hospital."

"There must be someone who's closer to the Brenners than we are," he said.

"Jack," she said. "He's here now, with me."

There was another roaring silence. He said, "You could have put Stone off till I came home."

"We promised," she said.

"When we promised, everything was different," he said slowly. "All right," he said, "he's there with you now and there's nothing we can settle over the phone. I'll try to cut the trip short and be home early in the week."

He said good-by, and so did she. He didn't say I love you, which was the way he always ended their telephone conversations at one time, no matter how hurried and expensive they were, but this her mind noted mechanically and passed over. He didn't want James.

Her legs felt unsteady under her. She went back into the living room and sat down, staring at the bedroom door behind which James slept. A little boy slept in their home, had eaten their food, and washed in their bathroom, and now lay between their sheets.

When she was twelve her father had given her a watch, but it was put away in the desk drawer for the occasions when she could wear it, and sometimes she would stop at the desk, and listen, and hear it ticking away inside the drawer like something alive. And she would exult with the wonder

of this live ticking thing that belonged to her. Strange how she remembered that now. Only Jack didn't want the child.

She stood up and listened near the door. How quietly he breathed—perhaps she would take just a small glimpse of him while he slept. When she was twelve she would open the desk and look down at the little gold watch in its velvet-lined case, joy swelling unbearably inside her.

She pushed the door open a little. In the light she could see that his eyes were open, dark and shining. "You still up, James?" she said happily, and went in and sat on the bed beside him. "You know something?" she said. "Of all the seven-year-old boys I remember, you are the least noisy."

He turned his head to survey her. "I'm not like this at home," he said. "It's because I don't know you. I'm different when I'm used to people."

"Well, I wish you would hurry up and start acting as if you knew me," she said. "I don't mind a noisy boy. I was a very noisy girl when I was your age."

He thought, and then he said a trifle shortly, "When I can't sleep my mother turns my pillow."

She turned his pillow.

"When people die," he said, "don't they ever come back? Even in a long time, like when I'm grown up?"

"No, James," she said. "I wish it didn't have to be that way, too," she said. If he cried now she would not know what to say, how to act. If only she could console him, but how could you make death acceptable to a seven-year-old, when it had taken away from him the people he loved best? Unconsciously her hand had begun to stroke his shoulder, softly, lightly. She was afraid he might shrug it off.

"We're going to have some good times together," she said, her voice hushed. "As soon as Jack comes home we're all going out for a ride in the sports car, and we'll put a pillow between the seats for you to sit on. As soon as the weather gets warm enough we'll take lunch and have a picnic. Do you like to swim? We like to drive to North Hatley and swim there. And you know something? Sometimes we go out and sleep in a little tent in the woods. And sometimes we sleep right outside if it's hot. We'll spread out a blanket for you right between us..."

He had fallen asleep. His face looked absorbed, and a little sad. She could not leave him. She lay down on her own bed and propped herself on her arm to watch him.

She felt as if she had been wrenched inside out, and a new untouched malleable part of her was exposed. It was almost unbearable, this feeling she had, she wanted to laugh, and to cry.

She had to get up and walk about; she went into the living room and leaned out of the window. The city was black and studded with flecks of light; traffic alternately raced and crawled to a stop in the street below; a taxi halted and a man and a girl got out, and the man drew the girl to him and kissed her before they went inside.

Jenny pressed her cheek to the cold glass. Where had they gone wrong? She had loved Jack, and he had loved her. Maybe they still did, but it was like a train that had moved imperceptibly off onto a siding. They hadn't noticed when the change began, or why, but they were somewhere far different than where they should have been, or where they had every right and expectation to be.

She wanted him near her, she wanted to touch him, and feel his arms holding her. How long since she had felt this way? She couldn't remember. Oh, they made love, and they made love well, but this was different, this was as wide and as deep as all of love, this was being turned inside out, and made new.

ON SATURDAY James explored the apartment, unobtrusively, not letting on that he was interested. After lunch they found the merry-go-round, which was a very good basis for friendship since James was very fond of merry-go-rounds.

They went shopping for their dinner that night, and for Sunday, too, since he said he liked to eat in her kitchen which was much smaller than theirs at home but nice and he liked to put dishes into the dishwasher.

On Sunday she experimented with wheat cakes and sausage, successfully. He began to talk about having a dog or a fish tank, and asked if he might borrow her keys for a game he was playing.

On Monday she took him to school, and registered him. She got to the office on time but she asked Mr. Mangano if she could leave early so as to pick up James at school at three-thirty, since it was his first day. "Jenny, Jenny," said Mr. Mangano indulgently, letting her.

James came out of school carrying books; there was no time for a walk in the park, he had homework to do,



Why 2-cup tea drinkers love Lipton Instant



Second cup perfect as first!
No over-steeped cups! No drippy bags to dump! Has true tea flavour and aroma because it's...

100% Pure Tea

Made from quantities of hot, fresh Lipton Tea, brewed by experts. Then concentrated into tiny flavour crystals. Makes a refreshing change of pace from other instant beverages. Just add water to get real *fresh tea* enjoyment! Delicious hot or iced. New, fast, *fun!*



LOOK! FREE POSTAGE STAMPS in every jar!



Science Now Shrinks Piles Without Pain or Discomfort

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain And Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

Toronto, Ont. (Special) — For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain and itching. Thousands have been relieved with this inexpensive substance right in the privacy of their own home without any discomfort or inconvenience.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne)—discovery of a famous scientific institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

Woman Relieved of Agonizing ITCH

"I nearly itched to death for 7 years. Then I found a new wonder-working creme. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. P. Ramsay of L.A. Calif.

Here's blessed relief from torture of agonizing itch in women, chafing, hemorrhoids, rash and eczema with an amazing new scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists.



Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at drug counters everywhere.

and a program on television to watch. They were established.

That night the operator called and read her a cable from Jack. "Arriving Dorval Flight Twenty Tuesday Eleven A.M. Love," the operator said. She telephoned Mr. Mangano at home that night, and asked him if it would be all right if she took the day.

"Don't take advantage of my good nature, Jenny," Mr. Mangano said. "You know I need you."

"I'll cut my vacation short by one day," she said. "Mr. Mangano, tomorrow is a very important day for me."

It was more than that: it was critical.

HE WAS COMING through the waiting room darrying his grip and a brief case; he didn't see her at first, and he was deep in thought and frowning over it. When she called him, he looked up and saw her, and was surprised.

"How come you're here?" he said, kissing her briefly. "Out of a job?"

"Mr. Mangano let me take the day off," she said. They were outside, and the February day was bright and unexpectedly warm. "The car's over here," she said, leading the way. "I had the garage send the car over early, and I drove James to school in it. Was he impressed?" She couldn't help but laugh, remembering his excitement when she let him turn on the ignition.

Jack paused in the act of putting his luggage in the trunk and stared at her. "Jack," she said hurriedly, "we have to talk."

"They expect me in the office," he began.

"Just for a little while," she said. "Before you meet James."

He got into the driver's seat and drove out of the parking lot and into Montreal and parked the car on a small side street in front of some battered frame houses. Two old ladies sitting in the sun craned to see if they were anyone they knew and then settled back on their bench. "Well?" he said, looking at her.

And how were you to say it? That everything was different, she was different, and he would be different, and she wanted to rip off and crumple the years since that first one and start back at the beginning when they had such promise as husband and wife?

"Jenny," he said. "You can't talk it away, or make believe it doesn't exist. We just don't have the kind of

marriage you bring children into. We have a good working arrangement, you're a very pretty girl, Jenny, but what have we got besides that we can offer a kid?"

How were you to say it? The words she had planned on using were beginning to sound slushy and sentimental and false even to her.

"Jenny," he said, "it wasn't important enough to either of us to be interested in each other, and we loved each other in the beginning. When are we going to find time to be interested in a kid? Between six and eight on weekdays? Between noon when we get up and cocktail time on weekends? Why should we succeed with a kid, when we failed with ourselves?"

It's different. But she could not say it.

"Jenny," he said, "I don't want to sound mean and heartless. But I'm looking ahead. Maybe we just got careless, or maybe we weren't much to start with, maybe we were just superficial people that were ready to settle for the flashier aspects of life. But suppose one day one of us decides it isn't enough, one of us meets someone and begins to think of another kind of life, a rich one, a deep one. And we break up. And we break up this child's life for him a second time. You wouldn't want that."

I'm thinking of another kind of life now, a rich, a deep one. It's possible, it's possible. But she could not say it, because he would never believe her.

He leaned forward and took her shoulders in his hands. The two old women leaned forward, too; this was the most interesting thing they had seen today. "This is a young life we've been handed," he said. "It deserves the best. Can we give it the best, Jenny?"

"Yes," she said, and began to cry out of futility, because she didn't know how to make him believe they could give James the best. The two old women looked concerned at her tears; let them look, they were old, and what she was feeling was nothing new to them.

He looked disturbed at her tears — she didn't cry often, and almost never when he would see. He sat back and stared through the windshield. "Remember that woman in the adoption agency, Jenny? Remember what she said? Children don't make a marriage good. It's got to be good to start with, and children can't make the difference."

"But she was wrong!" She must

have said it too loudly, because one of the old women gave a little start. Jack was startled too. He stared at her as if he didn't quite know her like this, her face tear-streaked, practically shouting.

"Well, she was wrong," she said, not so loudly this time but just as desperately. "Children make all the difference in the world! Maybe they don't make a marriage better, but they do . . . something to a person, sometimes, and that can be something to a marriage. It's like . . ."

But there the spurt of words dried up again, and she tried to make him see what she meant with a gesture of both hands, an expansive gesture, like leaves unfolding and opening wide. She bit her lip with the effort, she gestured again, searching in his face for his response and finding only perplexity.

"Oh!" she cried out in futility, and gave up, subsiding against the seat.

The silence lengthened. What was the use? She stared down the street where a little girl stopped wheeling her carriage to tuck a blanket more securely around her doll. She thought of James, and that new feeling started to rise and swell within her; in spite of the tightness in her throat she had to smile.

He said in an odd voice, "What are you smiling about?"

She said, "I was just thinking." She met his eyes. "About James. Having him with me this weekend. It was . . ." But this was not her day for words. "It was . . . nice. I kept wishing you could have been there."

"You did?" he said.

"He likes my wheat cakes," she said, and found herself smiling again.

"He does?" he said. "I used to like them myself. Remember Tupper Street?"

She nodded. "I went out with him and we bought some flour and some maple syrup. I thought that this weekend when you were home, and James didn't have to go to school . . ." She couldn't bring herself to finish; she had conjured up an unbearably sunny picture of things as they might have been.

He reached over and rubbed her cheek with the back of his hand. "And who are you?" he said. "You don't sound like the Jenny I know."

She turned up a face grown transcendently bright. "It's what I've been trying to tell you!"

On their sun-baked bench the two old women watched. "Love," said one of them, and sighed. END



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

Continued from page 31

hundred friends. I had asked my guests to wear either black, red or white as a complement to the colors used in the design of the book's jacket, and the entire party was planned around this theme so that even the hors d'œuvres were made up in those colors.

I invited the Oliviers, and when Lady Olivier accepted, I made to her what turned out to be a very rash proposal. I hoped that Sir Laurence would consent to read aloud at the party that verse in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* from which the title of my book had been taken. She promised to make my request, but in the late afternoon of the day of the party I had a telephone call from Sir Laurence. He told me in a pleasant but very firm voice that it would be utterly unthinkable for him to give such a reading with three hundred guests milling about, and I realized immediately that it was an unrealistic proposal.

"Say it if you like"

After this rather shattering beginning, I was particularly pleased later in the evening when Sir Laurence not only came with Lady Olivier to the reception, but was particularly gracious to me and my friends. I didn't realize how unusual it was for him even to attend until many months later when, knowing him more intimately, I discovered that he dislikes large parties of any kind, especially those of a formal nature.

In fact, a year ago last autumn,

when Olivier was in New York for his performance in the television production of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon And Sixpence*, I told him I'd like to give a party so that some of my friends could meet him, and asked if I could say it was in his honor. "You can say that if you like," he told me, "but there's a very good chance I won't appear." I took courage and planned the evening in my New York studio, and Sir Laurence did come. But he arrived half an hour early and left a short while after the party began, before some of the guests — who included Danish author Isak Dinesen, comedienne Hermione Gingold, well-known art patron Peggy Guggenheim, film star Zachary Scott and his actress wife Ruth Ford — had even arrived. By doing this, he saved my face beautifully but managed at the same time to assert his own independence.

By then I knew him quite well. We had met for the second time in Rome, a few months after the launching of my book in London. This is how that meeting — and our first intimate conversation — came about.

Lady Olivier, who was having a holiday on the Continent that summer, promised to visit me in Rome. She planned to drive her car from Lago di Garda with her mother as a companion. Because of road conditions, her arrival was delayed continuously and finally, after planning dinner parties to welcome her on three different evenings, I reluctantly gave up and went out to visit some friends.

When I came home at one in the morning, I found her surrounded by luggage in my penthouse, with her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Hartley, ravenously eating peanut-butter sandwiches, and not a little irritated that I

hadn't been there to greet her. Unfortunately, shortly after Lady Olivier received an urgent call to return to her role in *Duel of Angels* in London. Ann Todd, who had been playing the part, had fallen ill. I had to drive my guest to the airport at five in the morning. On her request we passed St. Peter's where she reverently knelt alone in the great piazza since it was the very night the late pope was dying.

A few weeks later Sir Laurence arrived in Rome to retrieve the car she'd left behind and to discuss a film project. He asked me to dinner with English actor Jack Hawkins and his wife. We had a wonderful roaring evening together which ended when Olivier and I returned to my apartment and talked together on the terrace overlooking the moonlit Tiber until early morning.

Sir Laurence was gay and very relaxed. He talked frankly about his plans and about himself. I'll never forget the moment when he rose to make his exit at four a.m. He started down the stairs happily, then turned for a moment and with a wink and a swagger that came straight from his role as the seedy song-and-dance man Archie Rice in *The Entertainer*, he did a quick tap dance, gave a wave and ran off down the stairs. He had asked me previously to call him Larry (which he prefers to the formality of Sir Laurence) but it wasn't until that brief performance, given for my eyes only, that I could really think of him by this name.

Low points and highlights

Since then I've seen him many times, in London, Paris and New York, in Stratford-on-Avon, in Spain and Italy, backstage in theatres, at the homes of his friends, in my apartments in Rome and New York and at dinner together. I've watched his performance in *Coriolanus*, *The Entertainer*, *The Moon And Sixpence*, *Rhi-*

noceros and in the Broadway production of Anouilh's *Becket*. I've stayed at their eleventh-century country house, Notley Abbey, in Buckinghamshire and shared certain low points and highlights in his life. I was with him when he received news of his brother's death from leukemia, and we were having dinner together at Stratford when someone brought him a New York paper announcing that Olivier had won the Emmy Award for the best television performance of the year for his role in *The Moon And Sixpence*.

What is he really like?

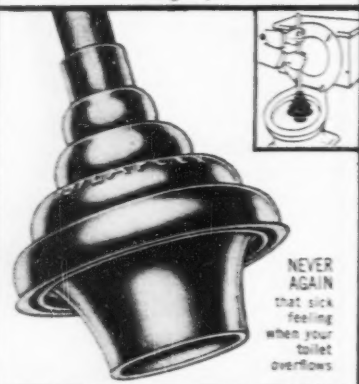
The more I see of him, the more impressive is his talent and the more endearing is his friendship. But to give an easy answer to the question of just what Sir Laurence is really like becomes more and more difficult as time goes on.

When he is first encountered in person his physical appearance is something of a surprise. On stage he has the fantastic ability to seem smaller, taller, thinner, fatter, hunchbacked like Richard III, or small and jaunty like Archie Rice. He acts with his whole body and can create a character by changing the slope of one shoulder. As a result, when you see him first as himself it's a little strange to realize that he's of ordinary proportions and medium height.

He never wastes any time in egocentric attempts to strengthen the "great actor" myth. Unlike many theatre people I've known, he doesn't make his clothes a hobby, but dresses quietly in tweed topcoats and grey-flannel suits. Once we were lunching together in an always-crowded restaurant on top of 666 Fifth Avenue in New York. Sir Laurence was in street clothes, of course, and wearing spectacles. The waitress was harried and a little cross and it wasn't until he took off his glasses and began to speak that she recognized him. She melted



POWERFUL NEW PLUNGER CLEARS CLOGGED TOILETS in a jiffy!



'TOILAFLEX'
Toilet **ALL-ANGLE** Plunger

- DOUBLE-SIZE CUP, DOUBLE-PRESSURE
- DESIGNED TO FLEX AT ANY ANGLE
- CENTERS ITSELF, CAN'T SKID AROUND
- TAPERED TAIL GIVES AIR-TIGHT FIT

\$3.49 fully guaranteed

AT MOST HARDWARE STORES

Earn EXTRA DOLLARS In Your SPARE TIME!

If you are energetic, ambitious and like meeting people, you can earn \$40, \$60 or more each month in your spare time. You need no previous experience, you make no investment. We supply everything you need to service orders for CHATELAINE and other magazines, for your friends and neighbors.

Clip, complete and mail the coupon below TODAY. We will send you full details on our extra income plan.

MR. J. B. McNEIL
MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE,
TORONTO 2, CANADA

Please rush me full particulars on your extra income plan. I understand that I will be under no obligation to you for this information.

NAME

ADDRESS

City or Town Prov.

LASTS 100% LONGER

This super durable clear finish in GLOSS and SATIN outperforms all others on wood — interior, exterior, marine.



Write for free folder, name of dealer:
PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
Dept. CB, 75 Tanswanee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

instantly and our Martinis were twice the size.

This warm reaction to his famous voice is almost universal, especially since Sir Laurence, in any kind of gathering, has the unique ability to put people completely at their ease by making them seem like the important presence. In fact, off stage the most obvious quality about Sir Laurence is his relaxation and lack of tension. The only time he loses this relaxed feeling is in front of the still camera which he hates, probably because he is essentially a man in movement who unconsciously must direct.

I work in my stocking feet

One of the reasons I think the photographs shown here successfully project various facets of Olivier is that he was unaware that they were being taken. I invited him to meet Philip Johnson, the distinguished American architect, in his office on the thirty-sixth floor of the Seagram building in downtown New York. I had chosen the office deliberately because I wanted to photograph him in a neutral setting, divorced from the world of theatre.

Philip Johnson's office is magnificent, with a Picasso tapestry on the wall, Barcelona chairs designed by Mies van der Rohe, the famous German-born American architect, and with an overwhelming view of Manhattan which made a vast amphitheatre of New York. The two men talked together with wit and vivacity for almost an hour about the structural aspects of the Seagram building, about Johnson's plans for one of the auditoriums in the projected Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, on which Olivier gave expert advice as to acoustics and so on. While this heated and brilliant discussion was in progress, I was leaping about in my stocking feet taking photographs. (I work without shoes as I feel this makes me less obtrusive.) Finally, Olivier turned to me and said, "Well, Wilfie, let's get these damned pictures done with." It was much to his pleasure when I told him I was finished and highly satisfied with the results.

I was to photograph him again a few months later in Stratford, England, during his rehearsals in the title role of Shakespeare's Coriolanus. At

that time I came to realize even more strongly how completely his engrossment in his work in the theatre supercedes any interest in public adulation. After his first performance in the play the crowd was cheering wildly with admiration. But when he came off stage his first interest was not in this adulation, but in getting a typewritten list of fluffs he had made during the play. He thought only of how to improve his performance.

A few nights later, having seen the play again, I was waiting for him backstage, overcome with emotion at the brilliance of his performance. I had been living in Italy for a number of years and was used to the Italians' extroverted manner of expressing approval. When he received me in his dressing room he was just fresh out of the shower. I rushed forward to kiss him on both cheeks and, to my chagrin, stepped squarely on his bare toes. He gave a yowl of pain, then exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Wilfie, try to control your emotions and your clumsy feet and relax until I've gathered myself together. Have a Scotch, old boy."

Several months earlier when he found out that my given name was Wilfred, he had asked me why I wanted to abandon such a solid Anglo-Saxon name for Roloff. I explained to him that when I was a child, Wilfred had seemed more like a name for a rabbit than for an artist. He thought my reasoning unfounded and ever since has called me Wilfie.

He winked audaciously

In his calmly introverted reticence Sir Laurence is very different from his former wife, Vivien Leigh, who is gregarious and highly strung. The saddest aspect of my friendship with both of them was to see their marriage dissolved last year. Soon after I first met him, Sir Laurence told me this break-up was inevitable. But in all the time I have known him, he has been, and still is, constantly concerned about her in the most human way possible. When she was in New York last season, playing in *Duel of Angels*, I was touched to see that he had filled her hotel suite with trees of orchids. Until the last he tried to remain her greatest friend as well as her mentor, and I feel that this won't ever change.



My most recent encounter with Sir Laurence was backstage at the Royale in New York in March of this year. He seemed jauntier and younger than ever even though he had done a matinee and evening performance of *Becket*. When I inquired about future plans he only winked audaciously. [On March 17, in Wilton, Connecticut, Olivier married twenty-eight-year-old Joan Plowright, star of *A Taste of Honey*.]

He proves two points

When back in London last week I was being taught to play Russian patience by Vivien Leigh, still the most beautiful woman I ever hope to meet, during a break in the filming of *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*. She said she had just received a long exciting letter from Sir Laurence saying that he was taking *Becket* on the road and this time playing Henry II rather than the Archbishop. So he again proved two points: that they are still the greatest of professional friends, and the personal point that he made to me several years ago when he said, "At fifty-odd I begin to feel the pressure of time. There are only a limited number of years left to do the great roles I want to interpret."

END



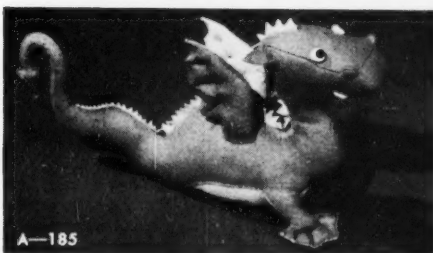
CHATELAINÉ CRAFTS

A bonanza
of original
bazaar items
to make

By WANDA NELLES
Chatelaine Crafts Editor



A-187



A-185



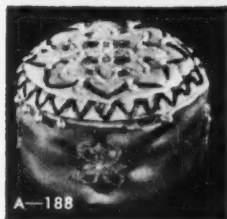
A-186



A-189



A-190



A-188

Baby-doll knitted layette fits popular 14-inch doll. Bonnet, booties, dress and bottle cover. A-187. Instructions, 35 cents.

Friendly dragon is 12 inches long, 6 inches high, with sewn-on wings. Make it of bright felt pieces, to sell on the toy table. A-185. Instructions, 25 cents.

Saucy squirrel stands 8 inches high, in felt, with a jaunty hat and knapsack (fill it with peanuts). A-186. Instructions, 25 cents.

Huck guest towel with African violet embroidery cross-stitch pattern. Size: 14 by 27 inches. Kit includes stamped white huck linen, embroidery threads and instructions. (Please state pink or violet threads for African violet petals.) A-189. Kit, \$1.50.

Swedish weaving repeat design decorates the border of this huck linen apron. Instructions, A-190, 35 cents.

Boutique jewel case for travel or home. Lining has elastic-topped pockets for earrings, pins. Jeweled cover zips closed. Make it in crisp silk, velveteen or brocade, with Pellon interlining. A-188. Design and instructions, 35 cents.

Order from Wanda Nelles, Chatelaine Crafts Editor,
Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Enclosed is \$..... for item No.

Name

Address

City Province

These Are Our 7 DEADLY ENEMIES!

Men are rightly afraid today of the rising tide of evil and uncertainty that sweeps the world.

We tremble at the menacing danger of the atomic bomb. We live in dread of another full-scale war... the remembered shadow of economic depression... the wide-spread prevalence of crime and immorality. We see these and other evils as threats to our peace and security, but we do not see them for what they truly are. And we overlook our most dangerous enemies.

Actually, the evils which afflict us are only symptoms of what ails us—only the results of causes which we allow to exist within ourselves. Back of them all is a basic human failure which many men choose to ignore, which others hold too lightly, and which some even try to glorify.

This basic failure is described in a single, simple and ugly word—sin.

It is, seemingly, a reality which all of us should understand—a human failure which everyone should be able readily to evaluate. Unfortunately, however, many overlook the fact that the external acts of sinning are but the completion of offenses against God already committed internally.

These offenses are the sins of Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust... the Seven Capital Sins—our seven deadliest enemies.

Pride and covetousness prompt men to seek vast power over their fellowmen. Greed and covetousness lead often to thievery of many sorts. Murder may be the product of anger, greed, pride, lust, envy or covetousness. Sloth begets religious indifference and low moral standards. Every sinful act may be traced to one of the Seven Capital Sins.

God dignified man with free will...



the ability to choose God's way or his own—and Catholics, of course, encounter the same occasions of sinning as anyone else. But we have in the Church the means by which we can, with God's help, easily avoid the occasions of sin and conquer temptations before they conquer us.

The Catholic attitude on this question will be of great interest to you, even though you are not a Catholic. This information, based upon the nearly 2,000 years of experience of the Catholic Church, will be helpful to you in your own daily search for piety and peace of mind.

A pamphlet explaining the nature of the 7 Capital Sins... the situations to which they apply... how some things you think sins may not be sinful at all... how you can quickly appraise and effectively combat the tendency to sin... will be sent you free on request. It will come to you in a plain wrapper—and nobody will call on you. Write today—ask for Pamphlet No. CH-34.

FREE—Mail Coupon Today

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 Sherbourne St.,
Toronto 5, Ont., Canada

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled:
"These Are Our 7 Deadly Enemies" CH-34

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PROV.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

582 SHERBOURNE ST.

TORONTO 5, ONT., CANADA

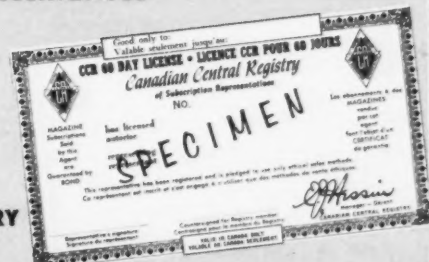


Bonded Magazine Representatives Carry this License

ask to see it!

It is your guarantee of
subscription fulfillment.

CANADIAN CENTRAL REGISTRY
OF SUBSCRIPTION REPRESENTATIVES



MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN AUGUST

Timely Tips

Fresh fruit kebabs are colorful and tasty stirrers for summer beverages.

Marinate cubed potatoes in garlic or wine dressing for several hours, then add mayonnaise, chopped hard-cooked eggs and sliced water chestnuts for a specially good potato salad.

Serve sliced fresh peaches with a sprinkling of sugar and chopped candied ginger. Half cover with ginger ale just before serving.

Quick 'n' cool banana cream pie: Blend 1 package instant vanilla pudding powder with 1 cup milk and 1 cup commercial sour cream. Beat 1 minute. Add sliced bananas and pour into baked pie shell. Chill.

For a pretty melon cup appetizer, combine honeydew, cantaloupe and watermelon balls with toasted slivered almonds. Flavor and sweeten with limeade and garnish with coconut.



Recipe of the Month

Outdoor Mixed Grill

**Chicken legs, lamb chops,
lamb kidneys, tomato halves**
Rindless side bacon
1/2 cup Italian-style dressing
1 tbs table molasses
1/2 tsp barbecue seasoning

Allow one of a kind per person. Soak kidneys in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain and dry, then slice in half lengthwise. Brush the chicken legs, lamb chops and sliced kidneys with a mixture of the dressing, molasses and seasoning. Grill over the hot coals of your barbecue, allowing 25 to 30 minutes for the chicken, about 15 minutes for the lamb chops, 10 minutes for kidneys and 5 minutes for tomato halves and bacon. Start grilling the chicken first, then add remaining items according to their cooking time. Turn and brush with the dressing several times during the cooking.

DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 Italian Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Celery and Ripe Olives Crusty Rolls Pear Compote	2 Tomato Consommé Cold Cuts Corn on the Cob Green Salad Fresh Blueberries	3 Savory Meat Loaf Mushroom Sauce Noodle Ring Glazed Carrots Cherry Sundae	4 Creamed Sea Food Parsley Rice Sliced Tomatoes Lemon Sherbet Marble Cake	5 Cook-out Barbecued Chicken Roast Corn Potato Salad Fresh Fruit Bowl
6 Glazed Ham Beans with Mushrooms Parsley Potatoes Spiced Peaches Strawberry Torte	7 Braised Liver with Bacon Curls Creamed Cauliflower Marinated Tomatoes Peaches and Cream	8 Corn Chowder Ham Salad in a Bun Pineapple Kebabs Cucumbers in Sour Cream Watermelon Slices	9 Veal Birds Celery Sauce Tiny Onions and Peas Tomato Wedges Cream Puffs	10 Minute Steaks Creamed Carrots Celery Sticks Herb Buttered Rolls Cold Lemon Soufflé	11 Salmon Mousse Cucumber Dressing Potato Salad Carrot Curls Hot Blueberry Crisp	12 Tomato and Cheese Soufflé Savory Herb Sauce Vegetable Jellied Salad Brownies Peaches
13 Roast Lamb Minted Peas Roast New Potatoes Perfection Salad Peach-Berry Shortcake	14 Sweet 'n' Sour Pork Baked Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Tomato-Onion Salad Fruit Ambrosia	15 Curried Lamb Poppy Seed Noodles Raisin Chutney Coconut Carrot Salad Coffee Bavarian	16 Corned Beef Hash Corn Relish New Cabbage Baked Tomato Strawberry Cream Roll	17 Stuffed Baked Tomato Cold Cuts Succotash Brown 'n' Serve Rolls Brandied Peaches	18 Chilled Consommé Tuna Casserole Cucumber Sticks Sesame Seed Rolls Fruit Salad	19 Frankfurter Kebabs Potatoes au Gratin Asparagus in Aspic French Stick Ice Cream Pie
20 Chicken à la King Browned Rice Tomato Slices Dill Sauce Blueberry Tarts	21 Vichyssoise Ham Roll Ups Lettuce Wedges Cheese-Herb Dressing Apricot Crisp	22 Beef Shortcake Fried Potatoes Green Beans Tomato Aspic Coconut Melon Balls	23 Farmer Style Sausage Spanish Rice Coleslaw Peach Sundae	24 Braised Short Ribs Whipped Potatoes Buttered Zucchini Cottage Cheese Salad Lemon Cake Pudding	25 Patio Picnic Hot Tomato Juice Assorted Sandwiches Relish and Cheese Tray Raspberry Chiffon Pie	26 Curried Chicken Livers Rice Crusty Rolls Fresh Fruit Kebabs
27 Spicy Pot Roast Baked Potato Broccoli Marinated Tomatoes Cherry Pie	28 Clam Chowder Cold Meat Plate Macaroni Salad Fresh Peaches Jelly Roll	29 Chili Con Carne Corn on the Cob Cucumber Salad Ring Minted Pear Cup Chocolate Cake	30 Mixed Fruit Cup Scalloped Ham and Potatoes Beet Salad Lemon Cheesecake	31 Ham and Potato Croquettes Broiled Tomatoes Green Salad Cantaloupe		

BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Raspberry Fruit Cup Corn Fritters Maple Syrup Canadian Bacon Tea Chocolate Milk	Prune Juice Puffed Rice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Date-bran Muffins Coffee Milk	Apricot Nectar Shredded Wheat with Blueberries Cinnamon Coffeecake Tea Cocoa	Melon Wedge Scrambled Eggs Toast Cherry Jam Coffee Milk	Grapefruit Half Omelet English Muffins Honey Tea Chocolate Milk	Sliced Peaches Whole Grain Cereal Sweet Rolls Peanut Butter or Jelly Coffee Milk	Orange Juice French Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Crisp Bacon Tea Cocoa
Lunch	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Creamed Eggs and Mushrooms Toast Points Celery Sticks Fresh Fruit and Cheese	Vegetable Soup Tuna Salad Sandwich Cucumber Fingers Apricot Whip Peanut Butter Cookies	Barbecued Beef in a Bun Relish Tray Potato Chips Grapes and Plums	Sliced Ham Potato Salad Radish Roses Rye Bread Jelly Date Squares	Fruit Bowl Cottage Cheese Mold Hot Crusty Rolls Fudge Sundae Spongecake	Deviled Eggs Buttered Noodles with Creole Sauce Lime Salad Ring Chocolate Squares	Sandwich Smorgasbord Cheese-stuffed Celery Watermelon Pickle Pineapple Cream Gingersnaps

Show your colors!

Serve these luscious Fruit Salads

The salad-maker is in her glory now... with such beautiful fresh fruits to choose from! And the light liveliness of Miracle Whip goes so well with delicate-tasting fruit. You'll find it is your very best buy, because it has so much more flavor than other dressings! Keep Miracle Whip handy, always.



DELICIOUS KRAFT MAYONNAISE IS SO ECONOMICAL

to spread on bread for sandwiches! Pure lemon juice, beaten in by Kraft, gives just the right whisper of zest to this tastefully different mayonnaise. See how it makes sandwiches more tempting!



MELON PEACH FIESTA SALAD

Leaf lettuce
Peeled honeydew melon slices
Peeled cantaloupe slices
Fresh peach halves
Plums, cut into wedges
Fresh mint
Blueberries
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
Lemon juice

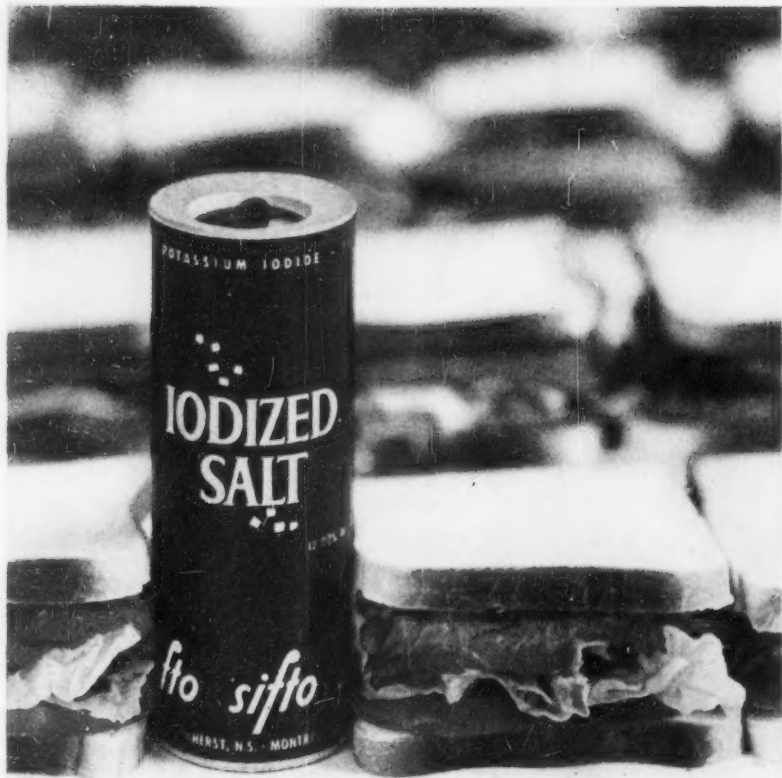
For each serving, arrange lettuce on a salad plate. Place a honeydew slice on the lettuce; top it with a cantaloupe slice. Add a peach half, cut-side up, first dipping it in lemon juice to prevent darkening. Arrange plum wedges on the lettuce against the honeydew. Garnish the honeydew with mint and the cantaloupe with blueberries. Fill center of peach half with Miracle Whip.

PEAR AND RASPBERRY SALAD

Pear halves
Lettuce
Red raspberries
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

This recipe is the kind you can adapt to your own taste—use whatever berries you like best, and use peaches instead of pears, if you wish. Place pear halves on lettuce-covered platter, and fill with berries. Serve with creamy-smooth Miracle Whip—and your salad's a sure success!

SERVE A SALAD EVERY DAY



New Sifto table shaker salts 1,000 sandwiches

Even the best sandwich tastes better with proper seasoning and Sifto's new table shaker makes it that much easier. Its new aluminum foil wrapper is not only a delight to the eye but so useful, too. Carry it (it's handsized) . . . store it anywhere (foil protected against moisture) . . . keeps your salt flowing freely. Why not place a few around the house . . . they look beautiful on kitchen, lunch or dinner table.

IT FLOWS
IT POURS
IT SHAKES



sifto

SIFTO SALT LIMITED

WANT A VERSATILE SWEETENER

for either table use or cooking?

Try PURE BARBADOS Fancy Molasses, a mellow-flavored, smooth-flowing product of the sunny South. A good source of carbohydrates and iron, it can be used as a spread, in cooking, or as an ingredient in infant's formulas (under your doctor's direction of course).

**PURE BARBADOS
Fancy MOLASSES**
A PRODUCT OF
THE BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES CO. LTD.
BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS, W.I.



BUT — to be sure of obtaining our product, make certain that the label on the container, (no matter what brand of Fancy molasses you purchase) bears these words
PURE BARBADOS



BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES CO. LTD.
P. O. BOX 145, HALIFAX, CANADA.

Please send me your
FREE RECIPE BOOK.

NAME

ADDRESS

73W-2

(Please PRINT clearly)

HERE'S TO SANDWICHES *Continued from page 39*

Cheddar Beerburgers

1 pkg dehydrated onion soup
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
1 cup beer
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese

1½ lbs minced beef OR
half pork, half beef
Crushed cereal flakes
8 Kaiser rolls

Soak the soup and crumbs in the beer for about 10 minutes, then mix in the cheese and meat. Form into 8 flat patties lightly packed and dip in cereal flakes. Fry or broil on both sides until medium-well done. Top each with a large slice of fresh tomato and serve in heated or toasted rolls with relish. Makes 8 burgers.

Note: For a heartier snack, spoon hot chili con carne over the patties after they are placed in the rolls, and serve with dill pickles.

Beerburgers are a man's dish, so serve with plenty of hot strong coffee or cold well-flavored fizzing beverages.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: \$1.42. Calories: 350.

Waffled Sandwiches

8 slices white bread
4 slices nippy cheese OR
½ cup peanut butter

Red currant OR crab-apple jelly
Crisp bacon curls OR
browned sausages

Make four sandwiches of the bread and cheese slices, or peanut butter. Spread the outside of the sandwiches with soft butter or margarine. Bake in a waffle iron at medium heat until light brown. Serve with jelly and crisp bacon curls. Makes 4.

Note: Dip sandwiches in a waffle batter if you have the time and bake on a waffle iron until light brown. Spread with butter and serve with maple or corn syrup. Serve with iced coffee.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: 63 cents. Calories: 400.

Deviled Ham and Gruyère Roll Ups

1 small can deviled ham OR pâté
½ cup chopped cooked chicken
2 triangles Gruyère cheese, grated
Pinch dry mustard

Mayonnaise
6 slices trimmed enriched white OR
brown loaf
Cress

Mix the ham, chicken, cheese and mustard together, then add enough mayonnaise to moisten. Cover the bread slices evenly to the edges with this mixture, then cut the slices diagonally. Arrange a small bunch of cress in the centre of each triangle and overlap the opposite corners. Secure with toothpicks and top picks with melon balls, stuffed olives or watermelon pickle. Makes 12 easy, but dainty sandwiches. Serve with cups of good hot tea.

HOT TEA: Make your best cup of tea and pour over 2 or 3 rose petals in each china cup. Pass thin lime slices instead of lemon for a change.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 60 cents. Calories: 125.

Open-Face Danish Prize Winners

If you can't decide what style of sandwiches to serve, set out the makings for open-face Danish and let your guests concoct their own. Offer a small prize for the most spectacular and reward the gift only if the winner consumes his entry to the last crumb. Here are some suggestions for a Danish sandwich buffet:

Platters of cold meats: Polish or summer sausage, Dutch loaf, meat loaf, roast beef, veal and ham.

Dishes of sardines, crab meat, salmon or egg salad, sliced pickled eggs, Gouda, Cheddar and Danish blue cheese.

Sliced pickled beets, thin onion slices in vinegar, lettuce leaves, tomato and cucumber slices, coleslaw or pickled red cabbage, dill pickles, tiny pickled corncobs.

Small bowls of mustard relish, horse-radish, tartare sauce or mayonnaise.

Tray or baskets holding large slices buttered rye bread, French bread or scone loaf.

Serve with tall glasses of Fruit Punch.

Preparation time: 30 minutes. Cost: \$5. Calories: It depends on the appetite.

Continued on page 82



100 foot roll wraps
100 sandwiches —
yet Handi-Wrap is
economically priced!

Clear new Handi-Wrap keeps sandwiches fresh up to three times longer than ordinary wrap — now you can make sandwiches the night before! Handi-Wrap won't leak, stays put, yet it's so easy to handle. You get 100 feet — and Handi-Wrap costs so little!



a product of Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited



Continued from page 80

Fruit Punch for Eight

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 (12-oz) can frozen tangerine OR orange juice | 1 or 2 bottles dry white wine, ginger ale or soda water |
| 2 cans apricot OR pineapple juice | Ice block or cubes |
| 1 cup raspberry syrup | Lime slices or orange wedges, pineapple spears, maraschino cherries |

Mix the frozen juice in a blender with 1 can of the apricot juice, then add second can of juice. Just before serving, dilute with white wine and pour over an ice block, then add the fruit.

Note: Add unsweetened lemon or lime juice to taste.

Stuffed Poppy-seed Rolls

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 6 or 8 short, stout poppy-seed rolls | ¼ cup diced celery and green pepper mixed |
| 1 small pkg relish cream cheese | ¼ cup chopped olives, optional |
| 1 cup flaked tuna, salmon or minced ham | Onion juice, salt and pepper |
| 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped | |

Cut a hole in both ends of each roll and pull out some of the bread. Mix the next five ingredients together and flavor with onion juice and salt and pepper. Moisten with mayonnaise or sour cream. Stuff the rolls full, and dip each end in chopped parsley. Chill until serving time. Serve with hot consommé or tall Ginger Mint Juleps.

GINGER MINT JULEP: Moisten the rims of 6 glasses, and dip in fine sugar. Chill in the freezer until needed. Chop a large handful of mint leaves and sprinkle with 2 or 3 tablespoons fine sugar. Stir and crush with the back of a spoon, then add cracked ice and ginger ale. Serve in tall glasses garnished with mint leaves and mint-flavored pineapple cubes. For a stronger mint flavor, add a drop or two of mint flavoring or crème de menthe syrup.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.65. Calories: 465.



TRY THIS...

To arrange flowers evenly within an ice ring for a punch bowl I half-fill a mold with water. When ice freezes to ½ inch I push flowers through roomy holes chopped in the ice to places under unbroken surface. Then I fill the mold to the top with water and freeze it solid.

Gamie Gilbert

Director Chatelaine Institute

Sandwich Shish Kebabs for Eight

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 small can sardines | ¾ cup moist chopped ham or tongue filling |
| Lemon juice and mayonnaise | Spinach leaves |
| Pimento cream cheese | Asparagus rolls, optional |
| 8 slices enriched whole-wheat bread, buttered | Cherry tomatoes, stuffed olives, pickled white onions, cubes of fresh cucumber |
| 6 slices enriched white bread, buttered | |

Drain and mash sardines with lemon juice and mayonnaise to flavor and moisten. Spread half the whole-wheat slices with the cream cheese and half with the sardine mixture. Put slices together and cut diagonally. Make white bread sandwiches with the ham filling and add a few crisp spinach leaves for interest. Trim the crusts and cut in four. Alternate individual small sandwiches and asparagus rolls on skewers with tomatoes, olives, onions and cucumber. Makes 8 or more servings. Serve with hot cups of chicken-vegetable soup.

Note: Use any of your favorite moist fillings for Shish Kebab Sandwiches. Preparation time: 30 minutes. Cost: \$1.45. Calories: 350.

Peanut Beef Sticks

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1 lb ground beef | ½ cup milk |
| ¼ cup peanut butter | Crushed corn flakes |
| 1 tsp salt | 6 finger rolls |
| 2 tbs grated onion | |

Mix the first five ingredients together. Turn over on a board sprinkled with crushed corn flakes and form into a rectangle 10x6 inches. Cut with a wet knife into 6 fingers 5x2 inches each. Brush with oil and fry or broil on both sides until crispy on the outside and mostly cooked inside. Serve in heated finger rolls with relish or mustard. Pass tall glasses of milk or Maple Shakes.

MAPLE SHAKES: For each shake, blend 1 cup milk with 3 tablespoons maple syrup, ¼ banana and ½ scoop ice cream.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 82 cents. Calories: 675.

Barbecued Frankfurters

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6 wieners, sliced lengthwise | 6 warm bacon buns OR finger rolls |
| ¾ cup barbecue sauce | Spread-style cheese |

Heat the wieners in the barbecue sauce. Spread the warm buns with the cheese and insert two halves of wieners and a spoon of the sauce in each bun. Serve with Double Malted.

DOUBLE MALTED: For each serving, blend a cup of milk with 1 or 2 heaping tablespoons each malted-milk powder and chocolate-drink powder or 2 or 3 heaping tablespoons malt-flavor chocolate powder. Add a scoop of ice cream and blend until foamy.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: \$1.25. Calories: 513.

Broiled Chicken Au Vin

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 6 thick slices toasted French bread | Sliced, cooked chicken or turkey (white meat) |
| Tartare sauce | 1 can mushroom soup |
| 1 (20-oz) can asparagus tips OR | 2 tbs each, cream and sherry |
| 4 to 5 servings broccoli, cooked | Parmesan cheese |

Place the buttered toast on a cooky sheet and spread with tartare sauce. Cover with well-drained asparagus, then with thin slices of chicken. Top each with a smooth mixture of the soup, cream and sherry. Sprinkle with cheese and broil slowly until sauce bubbles and browns. Garnish with broiled or fried mushrooms. Serves 6.

QUICK ALTERNATIVE: Flavor canned or frozen chicken à la king with sherry and spread over the asparagus. Sprinkle with cheese and broil slowly until brown. Serve with jellied consommé or chilled spiced tomato juice.

Preparation time: 25 minutes. Cost: \$1.89. Calories: 375.

David's Energy

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Enriched white bread, buttered | Sliced bologna |
| Apple jelly | Peanut butter |

David, a six-year-old, has simple tastes in food, but when he's left alone to make a sandwich he likes to put all his favorite fillings between two slices of bread. He spreads half the bread slices with apple jelly then covers it with slices of bologna. The remaining bread is spread with peanut butter and turned upside down on the bologna. David doesn't cut his sandwiches and if no one is looking he manages to eat all the centre and leave the crusts. Fortunately, his beverage favorite is fairly plain — milk and plenty of it.

Preparation time: 5 minutes. Cost: 16 cents. Calories: 581.

Bouillabaisse Tower Sandwich

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 (3½-oz) can crab meat | Tartare sauce or mayonnaise |
| 1 (medium size) can salmon or tuna fish | Crisp lettuce leaves |
| 3 tbs French dressing | Peeled and sliced tomatoes |
| 4 thick slices toasted and buttered French bread | Sliced stuffed olives |
| | Hard-cooked egg slices |

Drain and mash crab meat and salmon. Moisten with French dressing and season with salt and black pepper. Spread freshly made buttered toast slices with tartare sauce and cover each with a mixture of lettuce, thin slices of tomato and a scoop of the sea-food mixture. Garnish with sliced olives and eggs. Arrange each on a serving plate with crispy celery and cucumber sticks, and a handful of waffle-style potato chips. Serve with hot or cold spiced tomato juice.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: \$1.55. Calories: 350.

END

ENTER CHATELAINE'S TWELFTH FAMILY FAVORITE RECIPE CONTEST

\$150

TOTAL GRAND PRIZE

FIVE MORE \$50 FIRST PRIZES

PLUS \$5 FOR OTHER RECIPES PRINTED

There's a first prize of \$50 for each of the categories.
The best of these will be awarded the additional
\$100 GRAND PRIZE

For the second time we have a special category for
teen-agers to enter, with its own \$50 first prize.

HERE ARE THE CATEGORIES

desserts breads meat and fish
supper and casserole dishes
teen favorites cakes and cookies

A WORD OF WARNING: in past years some entries have been
disqualified because they were:

ILLEGIBLE — so make yours easy to read.

DUPLICATIONS — heed Rule 1.

JUMBLED — different categories on one page — see Rule 3.

INDEFINITE — follow Rule 4 carefully.

INCOMPLETE — if a cake is to be iced, include the icing; if a ham
is to be glazed, include the glaze.

FOLLOW THESE RULES

1 Your recipe must be different: attach a signed statement declaring
the recipe to be completely your own, or stating how you have
adapted a recipe to make it original (if so, state where the recipe
came from in the first place). In the case of duplication, the first
entry received will be the one considered.

2 Ingredients must be generally available.

3 Write, print or type your entry — a separate page for each recipe
submitted — with your name (Mrs. Miss or Mr.) and your address
at the top right corner of each sheet. Teen-agers: please state age.
In the top left corner of each sheet write the category of your recipe.

4 For the recipe itself, be specific. For instance, if flour is called for,
merely listing one cup flour is not clear enough — say what kind of
flour (cake, pastry or all-purpose), and whether it is to be measured
before or after sifting. Give clear instructions for method. Include
baking- or cooking-dish size, time and temperature for cooking,
and the yield.

5 Pictures of winners will be required. Do not send pictures with
your entry; winners will be asked for them when judging is completed.

6 Any recipes submitted may be used or published by Chatelaine in
any manner. We cannot return entries — be sure to keep a copy of
yours. Entrants must be residents of Canada.

Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1961. The
Family Favorites will appear in our February issue.

SEND YOUR ENTRY TO:
FAMILY FAVORITES, CHATELAINE INSTITUTE,
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE,
TORONTO 2.



on
CALORIES



THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY FROM COAST TO COAST

LOW CALORIE SPREADS

Made Without Sugar — Sucaryl Added

11 Varieties — Apricot, Black Currant, Black
Raspberry, Blueberry, Damson, Grape, Orange,
Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry, Three Fruit

Ask your grocer to-day

105

More people
buy
HP sauce

than any other
thick sauce
in the world.

Adds flavour
to meat, fish,
eggs, macaroni,
soups and
barbeques.



By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of HP Sauce



CANADA'S FAVOURITE SAUCE



Look for the Chatelaine Seal of Approval

This Seal is your assurance of value and quality when
you buy. It is only granted when the high standards set
by Chatelaine are met.

When you see this Seal, you know that the claims made
have been thoroughly and independently checked and
that the product has been used in the Institute **exactly**
as you will use it.

You can buy with confidence whenever you see the
Chatelaine Seal of Approval. Be sure and
look for it when you shop.



August is Sandwich Time

WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR?

Continued from page 52

a heart-shaped face and a wide smile faintly reminiscent of Debbie Reynolds. Conversation comes easily to her and she has a trick of tilting her head to one side as she ponders a question and then gesticulating freely with her hands as she talks. At school she belongs to a closely knit group of five girls but she has a wide number of other friends drawn from an assortment of extracurricular activities. Academically, she ranks with the top five in her grade.

What does the word "popularity" mean? Carolyn says shrewdly that it is a term often applied to the girl who is most copied by her contemporaries. Your view of popularity may differ from that held by the girl at the next desk even though both of you formulated your separate opinions within the same framework of general standards. In fact, popularity isn't any one thing. Rather, it is those qualities possessed by you that endear you to other people.

How necessary is it to the teen-ager to enjoy this elusive approval of the people in general?

Here is what Mrs. Davis says: "Popularity as an end in itself is not particularly desirable," she says. "The important thing is not to be disliked and it is more important to have two or three intimate friends than to be liked by everyone in the school. Having a close friend of your own age on whom you can lean is one of the ways you emancipate yourself from your parents."

Experts agree that it is difficult to be truly happy unless you have a close friend or confidante, someone who cares for you and will support you even when you are depressed and blue. A wide range of acquaintances is not a satisfactory substitute for the security of a close friendship.

Believe in people

Carolyn expresses the same idea a little differently. "I want people to like me and I think that most of my friends want to be liked, too. But I'd feel a lot worse about it if one of my best friends suddenly stopped liking me than if someone I didn't know very well took a dislike to me."

In her book, *A Girl Grows Up*, psychologist Ruth Fedder says:

"Everyone needs to feel happy, comfortable, wanted and secure in her knowledge that she is worthwhile because someone cares about her. Your liking for another person must be genuine for the relationship to be meaningful. You must try honestly to understand people and to believe in them. They in turn will like you because your belief in them has helped them to acquire that confidence."

The "inner spark" that popular people invariably seem to possess is not a secret ingredient bestowed only on a favored few. It is more apt to be a combination of attractiveness,

yourself before you can get along with others. The more time you spend worrying about yourself and imagining that you are unattractive, the less time you have to spare for others, and your overtures of friendliness become surface gestures.

A leader is envied

But if you are interested in a person, you will more than likely help bring him or her along. People will manifest their liking for you by showing their friendliness. They can do this in a variety of ways, such as seek-

comment: "I don't think you can get onto things just because you're liked. Sure, you have to be reasonably well liked. But this sometimes has very little to do with it. People believe that you can do a certain job or are particularly enthusiastic about it."

Mrs. Davis feels that although training in leadership is an important part of growing up, learning to be a good contributor is even more vital. If you play your part in a team effort cheerfully and willingly the chances are you will be invited back again. The prestige of leadership pales in comparison with the warmth of participation in a group effort.

Every phase of your behavior affects your relationships with other people—the depth of your friendliness, the degree of your self-confidence, and your attractiveness to others. What about attractiveness? Does it mean that good looks will make you popular?

Certainly, if you are reasonably happy with your face and figure, the resulting self-confidence will help you be more at ease with others. But virtually all teen-age girls are plagued with misgivings about their appearance and you are not alone in your fears. In fact, you are probably more affected by your appearance than is anyone else.

Pluck up your courage

Carolyn will agree that neatness is a major steppingstone to an attractive appearance. "Sure, you get noticed more if you're pretty," she says. "But people get used to a pretty face. The plainest girl can be attractive if she's neat and comfortable in the clothes she's wearing. You never see a popular girl who's an untidy mess."

If you feel that you are ugly, do something about it. Mrs. Davis stresses this point. Pluck up your courage for a visit to a really good hairdresser, explain that you just don't know how to handle your hair simply and attractively, and let him go to work. He won't expect you to be a sophisticated adult so don't try to behave like one.

You will be amazed at how a problem will begin to fade when you pluck up the courage to tackle it. As Mrs. Davis points out, "Actually doing something is part of the cure. You feel better because you've made the attempt and this increases your confidence."

This is advice you can apply also to the making of friends. If you are alone and feeling lost at a dance, seek out

TEEN TEMPO

RECIPE CONTEST

\$50

FIRST PRIZE

plus additional \$5 prizes
for other recipes printed

Teen cooks, compete in the section that's just for you in Chatelaine's Family Favorite Recipe Contest. See the rules page 83.

Winners of the Teen Favorites in last year's contest, when teen entries were invited for the first time, were: First prize of fifty dollars to: Miss Pat Twomey, 15, of Norwood, Man., with her Chocolate Chip Date Cake. Prizes of five dollars each went to: Miss Penny Morrison, 12, of Ottawa for her Any Time Cookies, and Miss Lynn Hilgendorff, 17, of Val Des Bois, Que., for her Salmon Ring. Their recipes appeared in February.

self-confidence and friendliness toward others, and it can take several forms.

Some of the best-liked people often possess a serenity that inspires a relaxed and easy response; others derive such enjoyment from life that their bounce is infectious and people are happy in their presence; some see humor in every situation and people are instinctively drawn to them in search of laughter; still others are generous in their willingness to extend friendship and people sense this warmth.

But you need to get along with

ing out the seat next to you or offering to help you with school notes.

Sometimes they can do it by casting a ballot for you in an election of some kind. However, many overanxious teen-agers wrongly assume that holding office in a great many clubs, or constantly being asked to organize committees, automatically ensures popularity. In practice, the leader is sometimes more envied than liked by the others.

To this, Carolyn, who was elected to the students' council at Runnymede for three years in a row, adds this

another girl who looks equally bewildered and team up with her. (Burying your way into the middle of a crowd is the coward's way out.) Your self-consciousness will lessen if you can strike up a conversation with one other girl. Concentrate on drawing her out rather than just sticking to her for protective camouflage. If you succeed in doing this both of you will begin to perk up. At the same time, you can keep an eye on the crowd, and a friendly smile is the best way of saying that you would be happy to dance.

Carolyn says that belonging to several different groups has immeasurably increased her ability to make friends. Earlier on in high school she was active in an interschool religious group. At various times she has belonged to the school band and orchestra and has sung in the glee club. Her years on the students' council

popularity is a shifting quality, always subject to the fickle whims of you and your friends. The girl who is very popular now may no longer be so next year. She changes, the rest of you change, and your concepts of popularity change along with you.

The constant stress on popularity in our society can make life a little difficult. In some cases parents, particularly those with daughters, emphasize popularity to the point where it becomes a burden to the girl.

Only one can be first

Here's what Mrs. Davis says about this emphasis: "Out of thirty students in a class only one can be the most popular. It follows that the other twenty-nine will be a little less popular than the most popular one. If you lay undue stress on popularity this very natural state of affairs can cause you unnecessary worry."

However desirable popularity seems, it does have its hazards. There can be a price for living up to the commonly accepted requirements of popularity. That price, for the girl who has many assets and is considered popular by her classmates, is often the envy of some of them and this envy easily becomes dislike. An envious minority is usually more vociferous than the more placid majority.

What do the people close to Carolyn think? "Everyone who knows her is extremely fond of her," says Lynda Britton, a close friend of Carolyn and herself a popular student. "But there are people who envy her success. Everything she does is talked about and when this happens it is easy for an envious person to find something to criticize."

"She's good in school," says a boy who has known Carolyn since grade nine. "I know a guy who always groans when she asks a question or gives an answer in class, but I also know that he's asked her out. I think there are people—especially boys—who would have you believe they don't like the more popular and successful students when they really do."

Carolyn usually has a date three weekends out of four but likes to spend one evening of the weekend at home. Her favorite dates are of the informal nature and revolve around movies and casual get-togethers. A special date might be for dinner downtown and a live stage show. She went "steadily" with one boy for more than a year but now finds there is more fun in playing the field—even if it



TAKE AN HONEST LOOK AT YOUR HAIR

After summer, hair can really look sun-beaten, swim-worn and just plain straggly. Before you go back to class, it's a good time to visit a beauty salon for a fresh hair cutting and style. Choose one that's smart, easy to manage and keep. Ask the hairdresser to help you select a style that is right for you.

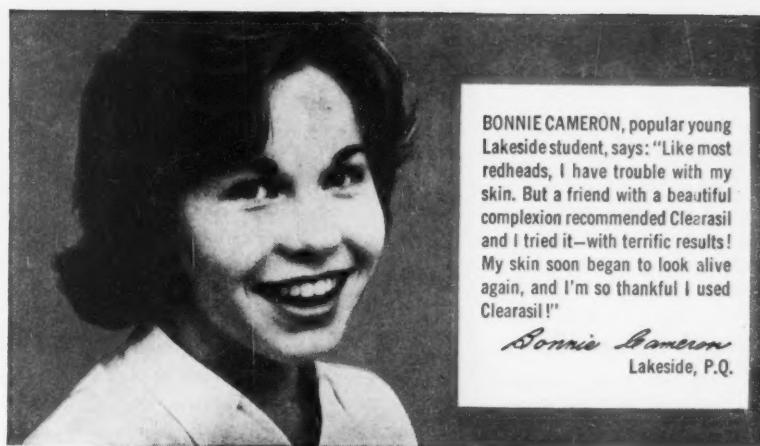
— By Gayle Quinn



widened her interests still further. And now recently she has been a cheer leader, president of the drama club, and a member of a city-wide organization, sponsored by a department store, to which school representatives are elected annually.

The girls who are popular only with other girls are often the ones who lack the curiosity to develop new interests. These are the girls who complain that boys can't think of anything but cars and sports. Again Mrs. Davis' advice is good: do something about it. Find out about cars, find out about hockey and football.

However hard you try, there will be days when the future looks very black and the girl next door seems infinitely more popular than you. At this point it is wise to remember that



BONNIE CAMERON, popular young Lakeside student, says: "Like most redheads, I have trouble with my skin. But a friend with a beautiful complexion recommended Clearasil and I tried it—with terrific results! My skin soon began to look alive again, and I'm so thankful I used Clearasil!"

Bonnie Cameron
Lakeside, P.Q.

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

CLEAR PIMPLES!

SKIN-COLOURED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is an entirely new type of scientific medication especially for pimples. CLEARASIL really works because it gives you the effective medications often used by skin specialists in costly preparations. CLEARASIL can help you to gain clear skin and a more appealing personality.

HOW CLEARASIL CLEARS PIMPLES FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** 'Keratolytic' action gently dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. **Clears pimples.** Oil-absorbing action clear pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples!

'FLOATS' OUT BLACKHEADS. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing.



CLEARASIL . . . CANADA'S LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

Quick, easy, pleasant to use. Leave CLEARASIL on day and night for uninterrupted medication. Discover how much more poise and self-confidence you can have, when your complexion is CLEARASIL-clear! CLEARASIL will work for you as in clinical tests or your money back. Get CLEARASIL today—only 69¢ (economy size \$1.19). At all drug counters.

Special Offer: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL. Mail to CLEARASIL, Dept. C-14, P.O. Box 5, Weston, Ontario. (Offer expires Oct. 15, 1961)

FIT FAT FAD



VALUES IN EDUCATION
HOW TO KEEP FIT

KEEP FIT! LOSE FAT!

These are two suggestions for teen-agers stressed in *Fit! Fat! Fad!* one of the leaflets in Sun Life's Values in Education series. This leaflet attempts to encourage an awareness of the importance of keeping fit. It outlines a program of exercises, sensible diet habits and health practices. This and other leaflets in Sun Life's Values in Education series are available without charge or obligation merely by using the coupon below.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

218 Sun Life Building, Montreal.

Please send me a copy of the leaflets checked:

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FIT! FAT! FAD! | <input type="checkbox"/> HOW TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF SCHOOL | <input type="checkbox"/> SPORTS TIPS FOR TEEN-AGERS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES | <input type="checkbox"/> THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION | <input type="checkbox"/> WHY STAY IN SCHOOL? |

NAME..... (Please print)

ADDRESS.....

sometimes means dating a little less.

Whether you go steady or play the field, the handling of a physical relationship with a boy is going to come up somewhere in your dating career. "Kids have terrible struggles over sex," says Mrs. Davis. "There is no ready answer. The only solution I can offer is to take a good long look ahead before you leap into a situation that could have unpleasant consequences. The kind of person you are now determines the kind of person you are going to be."

Exploring your own personality is part of learning what kind of person you are and what kind of person you are going to be. It's fun to sit back and watch yourself in different situations, and there is no hypocrisy in

adopting a social presence to suit the occasion.

When you are with studious people it is courteous to join in their interests; the same courtesy applies when the situation calls for frivolity. In this way you gradually find out what kind of person you are and you will learn to wear your personality comfortably—rather like a favorite dress.

Teen-agers are still not quite grown up, says Mrs. Davis. "You can look back and remember what kind of child you were but you are not sure what sort of adult you are. As a result most teen-agers try to be like everyone else—only more so. By being like the others they hope to earn approval."

One step to earning approval in-

volves finding out what your faults are. Long cozy gab sessions are one way of doing this. Gossip, suggests Mrs. Davis, is a seeking of your own virtues and faults. By learning what your friends think of each other you often find out indirectly what they think of you. A remark to the effect that someone has oily hair will make you wonder about the state of your own hair. You find out something about yourself.

Get to know yourself

Gossip at the same time can earn you a reputation as a poor confidante for secrets and this can be a real pitfall on the road to popularity. Being able to keep a secret or confidence

is an important part of being well liked.

Being popular can occupy such a large part of your mind that its importance is easily exaggerated. When this happens popularity becomes a vague conglomeration of all the things you would like to be but aren't yet. You are falling into a trap if you allow popularity to become your favorite yardstick for success.

There is no easy formula for popularity. If you are genuinely fond of people, are sensitive to their ideas and interests, and make an honest effort to be pleasing to them, they will inevitably warm to you. But the surest road to getting along with others is to work hard at getting along with yourself.

END

CONNIE FRANCIS

Continued from page 51

plete famine of good new female singers for several years. And the established female stars—Kay Starr, Patti Page and the others—weren't selling either. There may have been something in the fact that people always seem to go for the underdog. I started singing sad songs and people would write to me and say, "You sound so sad. I am having troubles with my boy friend, too," and that sort of thing. It was the same thing with the movie *Where The Boys Are*. I played a real loser in that and people seemed to like it. I loved it. I had never acted before, although in a sense I've been acting all my life—I'm a real hambone sometimes. But in the movie I was playing a girl who couldn't seem to find a boy and a lot of people identified with that.

DO YOU SING THESE UNHAPPY SONGS AND PLAY THESE UNHAPPY PARTS BECAUSE YOU'RE REALLY SAD? No, I'm not sad. I'm very happy. Life to me is one big party. I love doing all the things I do and I only wish there were more hours in every day.

ARE YOU GOING TO CONTINUE SINGING THE SAME KIND OF SONGS? I've sung all kinds of songs—rock and roll, rhythm and blues, Italian songs, Jewish songs. I love blues, especially. One thing I do know is that I'll never abandon teen-age tastes. Teen-agers

are the people who are responsible for my success. But on the other hand, I'm not going to be a pathfinder for them. I'll sing what they want me to sing. That is, on singles—seventy-five percent of singles are bought by the eleven-to-sixteen age group. On albums I'm not going to try to please anybody but myself.

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC *don't* YOU LIKE? Jazz. I don't understand it.

LET ME ASK ABOUT SOME OF YOUR OTHER TASTES. WHAT KIND OF FOOD DO YOU LIKE? All of it. High spots of my day are breakfast, lunch and dinner.

PLAYS? Rarely see any. No time.

MOVIES? I could live there. Sometimes I don't get to a movie for weeks, then I go to five in one day.

CLOTHES? I don't like to get dressed up. I like casual clothes.

"I don't like wild things"

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE DO YOU LIKE? I don't like people who are artificial because that forces me to be unnatural, too. I don't like wild people—or wild things—either. I don't like night clubs and drunks and any situation that I don't feel I can be in command of. I suppose that, as I'm being interviewed, I ought to tell you that I love art and playing tennis and so on, and then you'd say, "Ah now, there's a well-rounded girl." But I have to be frank with you and say that there are lots of things that I like that I don't have time for. I would like to go to a foreign country and relax and try its

restaurants and inspect its museums, but for three years I have done almost nothing except work—sing—and by now I have come to an acceptance of my role. However, one day . . .

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR SPARE TIME—WHEN YOU HAVE ANY? I think I get more pleasure from going to a drive-in movie and eating a hot dog than anything else, but that's a rare treat. I spend a lot of time reading much of my fan mail. I get about eight thousand letters a week. I find it relaxing. Today there was a letter from a boy in Hong Kong. Some of my mail comes from behind the iron curtain. They carry a program of mine over Radio Luxembourg every Friday night and that is heard in many iron curtain countries. I had a letter from a little girl in Eastern Germany, asking me for a picture. She told me not to send it to her address because she wouldn't receive it, but to her aunt in West Berlin. I also collect things—stuffed animals, souvenirs from various countries. And I read a lot—two books each week at least—especially when I'm traveling: best sellers and philosophy and books on languages. I carry language records about with me and play them at odd moments. So far I've lost three phonographs while traveling.

WHAT ABOUT THE RUMOR THAT YOU WERE GOING TO PLAY JUDY GARLAND IN A MOVIE BASED ON HER LIFE? I'd love to have done it but she won't give her permission. You can't blame her, of course. Under similar circumstances I wouldn't give away my life story to make some young twenty-two-year-old famous.

DO YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED? When I'm really in love, yes. Some day I'd love to be married and have twelve children but I know how badly marriage and show business mix. I have thirteen aunts and twelve uncles and there's not a divorce among them. I'd hate to be the first in the family to produce a broken marriage. When I was younger I used to spend some time with a boy who lived nearby—Robert Cassotto—who wrote songs, but my parents never liked him and we drifted apart. Later he changed his name to Bobby Darin and made it as a singer, too. We're still good friends. Bobby and I would have broken up anyway because our personalities were too similar. There has to be a dominant personality in a relationship and we clashed because we were both trying to be dominant.

WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO NEXT? South America in August and the Orient later in the year.

DON'T YOU GET TIRED? You only get tired when you don't enjoy what you're doing. I do occasionally get homesick and make fabulously expensive phone calls while I'm under the hair dryer in London beauty parlors to friends back home.

DO YOU GET BOTHERED BY FANS WHEN YOU'RE AT HOME? Not *bothered*, but they do drive past the house and occasionally one knocks at the door. We don't have a regular cleaning woman and one of them once asked mother, "Are you the maid?" Mother was furious. Said she was going to put a lock on the gate, but she never did. END

Fashion on a shoestring!

*Here's a fashion favorite you can make
in only ninety minutes for a price
that will barely dent your allowance*

MATERIALS:

¼ yard uncut fabric (enough for two belts, but you need this amount to cut bias strips of usable size) or leftover fabric;
2 yards soft cotton cord—the thickest you can buy in a notions department, or 2½ yards cord if the belt is to have Chinese-button ends;
matching thread, pins, scissors, ruler or tape measure, small safety pin and liquid mending cement.

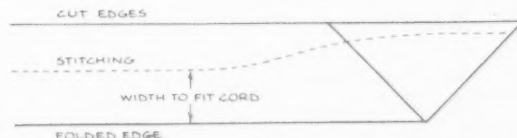
1.

Cut true-bias strips 1½ inches wide, as in sketch 1.



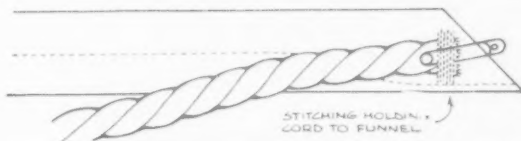
3.

Begin stitching by making a funnel at one end, as shown in sketch 3. (This provides turning room for the cord.) Stitch evenly the length of the tubing (a seam guide on your sewing machine is a great help). Trim seam allowance to about ¼ inch. A little fabric cement applied outside the stitching with a toothpick will prevent fraying of any fabric.



4.

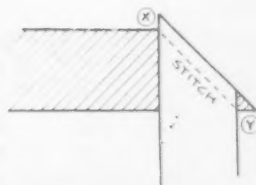
Machine-stitch the end of the cord to the underside of the funnel, as in sketch 4. Attach a small safety pin, also shown in sketch 4. Turn the pin into the funnel and ease it through the tubing, turning the belt. Trim both ends. For a neat finish, leave fabric ½ inch longer than cording, turn in and blind-stitch closed.



2.

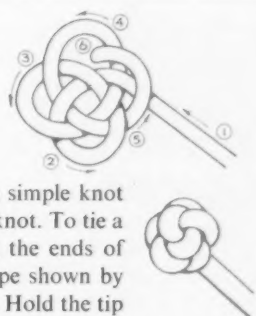
Join bias strips, right sides together, at right angles to each other, as in sketch 2.

Continue joining strips until you have 2 yards (or 2½ yards if you plan to finish ends with Chinese buttons). Press seams open. Trim tips off. Fold the bias strip around the cord so the cord will slip back and forth easily. This will show you how deep to make your seam—likely a bit more or less than ⅜ inch, depending on weight of fabric and thickness of cord. Remove cord and measure the width of the seam from the fold (edges could be slightly uneven). Fold bias strip with wrong side out. Pin or baste.



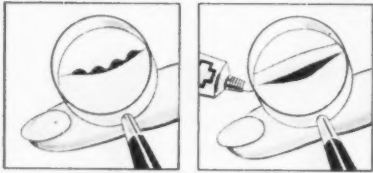
5.

Finish ends with a simple knot or with a Chinese knot. To tie a Chinese knot turn the ends of the belt in the shape shown by arrows in sketch 5. Hold the tip firmly and pull the knot tight toward the tip (at number 6 in sketch 5).



By Gerdine
Crawford

UNGUENTINE® **BOOSTS NATURE'S** **HEALING POWER** **as no plain antiseptic can!**



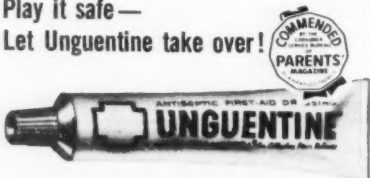
1. Nature sends its healing serum to the surface of a skin injury. But tension may keep serum droplets apart. As germs get through, healing slows down!

2. Unguentine instantly spreads this healing serum, creates a protective blanket to "lock out" germs and to promote healing more effectively than nature itself!

Gives instant aid to everyday cuts, scrapes, scratches, as well as burns

Relieves pain, fights germs, promotes healing and forms a protective antiseptic dressing as no cream or liquid can! Nothing's safer for all kinds of everyday skin injuries, painful sunburn, too!

Play it safe —
 Let Unguentine take over!



TRICKLING ... NOISY?
TOILET
 GET THE GENUINE
WATER MASTER
 America's Largest Selling
TOILET TANK BALL

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

98c at hardware stores EVERYWHERE

Cash's WOVEN NAMES
 — are essential
 at school

Clothing and equipment should be marked the easy, permanent way. Sew on, or use CASH'S NO-SO CEMENT. ORDER EARLY - AVOID RUSH. From department stores and other dealers, or **CASH'S - BELLEVILLE 7 - ONTARIO**

Cash's **NO-SO CEMENT 35c TUBE**

PRICES:
 3 doz. \$1.80 9 doz. \$3.00
 6 doz. \$2.40 12 doz. \$3.50

HOW YOU'D IMPROVE MATERNITY CARE

Continued from page 20

fault for having gotten pregnant in the first place.

MRS. AUDREY FORD, OTTAWA.

The nurse should be tactful. Should I tell you about the time the doctor was trying without success to turn my baby, as his bad position was making labor difficult? Finally, the nurse looked up at him sweetly and said, "Do you suppose the baby is dead, doctor?" — NOVA SCOTIA.

Husbands and babies

Our first son was born in San Francisco. My husband and I together attended prenatal classes; he was by my side for the entire duration of labor, played his guitar to me, rubbed my back and held my hand. When the time came to go to the delivery room he was handed a gown and mask and helped wheel me in. Together with everyone else he exhorted me to push, and kept telling me how wonderfully I was doing.

Together we watched our son enter the world; together we heard his first cry; together we counted his fingers and toes and admired his eyelashes. We look upon this as the most thrilling event of our life together.

Our second son was born recently in Canada. Although my husband was with me throughout the first stage of labor, he was not allowed to be in the delivery room. We feel we were denied one of our rights as parents.

MRS. BRIDGET HOUGH, TORONTO.

To me, now expecting my fourth child, the greatest cause of distress is the brusque separation shortly after the birth, the feeling that the baby belongs more to the hospital than to me. There is something dreadfully wrong about this thrusting of babies into their mothers' arms for short feeding periods, the brisk removal after thirty minutes, whether satisfied or not, the mothers' anxiety about the babies screaming in the nursery behind the glass screen, which is forbidden territory. Mothers who prefer it should have the rooming-in plan.

MRS. OLIVE WEHRSTEIN,
 SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

With my first baby, who was born at noon, I spent the whole afternoon questioning my husband and my parents about his appearance. At one point, when I was pressing for details, my husband went back to the nursery to study the baby more closely. Surely once the mother is settled in her room a nurse could bring the baby just for a visit.

MRS. LOUISE PLUMB,
 DORCHESTER, ONT.

The old wives' tale

Is there any way we can banish the biggest bogey of all — the old wives' tale, and its teller?

I have been in the obstetrics field for five years and have seen young women coming into hospital, having had relaxation classes, talks with their doctor and all the help modern obstetrics can offer. Yet they're tense with fright because some awful woman (in many cases the girl's own mother) has been stuffing them with old wives' tales.

One otherwise sensible young woman blurted out, "Nurse, is it true that if you raise your arms above your head to hang your washing, your baby's cord gets twisted around its neck and strangles it?" Her dear mama had caught her hanging washing and had told her this.

I asked the girl gently if her mother had suggested any other ways of dressing and undressing and doing her hair, among other chores.

MRS. NORMA H. WATSON, EX-MIDWIFE,
 CALGARY.

Other changes you'd make

Do away with the — as far as childbirth is concerned — obsolete hospital bed and have a squatting bed designed . . . With the turn of a lever this bed could be changed to two or three positions. In the very last stages of labor it could be quickly lowered.

MRS. ETTA WEJN, ENDERBY, B.C.

My most dismal memories of pregnancy have been those dreadful maternity clothes! I would like to see lots of well-designed clothes available to all prospective mothers, and an issue of coupons (not money — that would go to the new baby) with which to "buy" them.

MRS. J. CURTIS,
 SHAWNIGAN LAKE, B.C.

My suggestion: a cup of hot — I mean *hot* — tea available. When my last baby was born during the

normal breakfast hour (ha! who says breakfast hour is normal in hospitals?) I was wheeled back to bed, triumphant, happy and hungry, and asked for a cup of tea. The shocked nurse regarded me coldly and replied, "But, madam, breakfast is over." I eventually got a cold strong pot left over from breakfast.

MRS. THELMA GORDON, CALGARY.

Why not have electrically heated labor beds and delivery table? I was never so cold in my life as on the delivery table . . . Warmth aids relaxation and helps the mother conserve her energy for the actual birth.

MRS. STEPHANIE BORESKY,
 SELKIRK, MAN.

I found to try and read was impossible but I would have given anything to hear some good music.

MRS. R. CURTIS, RIVERSIDE, ONT.

Each hospital should put out a pamphlet to be distributed to the mother-to-be by her doctor. It should outline, simply, exercises for relaxation; include pictures and drawings of the sections of the hospital relevant to the mother; explain in layman's terms the various procedures involved in birth.

MRS. THOMAS G. CRAIG, TILBURY, ONT.

A young mother experiences the real fear and loneliness on the first night she has her baby home. Every hospital should have a going-out room. The night before the young mother leaves the hospital should be spent in this room with her baby. She can then hear all the funny little noises a new baby makes in a comforting atmosphere where expert help is available to explain away her fears.

MRS. JOHN MCGOWAN,
 SMITHS FALLS, ONT.

The time following release from hospital until the mother has regained her strength is the most neglected part of maternity care. Couldn't care be extended to include a "mother figure" who for at least two weeks would take over the heavy chores, meals, dishes, floors, and leave the mother free to introduce the baby to the rest of the family without unnecessary fatigue.

This help should become a part of postnatal care, just as the six-week checkup is (which means the cost is included and the person provided by the health plan).

MRS. W. W. ROSS,
 LLOYDMINSTER, SASK.

END

Homemaker's Diary

By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE



What can we do now, Mummy?

How about making pomanders? Sit the children in the shade and give each child a small orange and a box of cloves. The trick is to press the cloves into the orange rind at fairly even intervals until almost nothing but cloves can be seen. Then roll the cloved oranges in a mixture of powdered cinnamon and orris-root, which cost very little at any drugstore. Let the pomanders dry in an airy place, then use them to perfume drawers and linen closets. Tie with ribbon for hanging in closets, or if you're afraid the powder may shed, wrap lightly in tissue paper, then tie with a ribbon. These make good bazaar items as well as small Christmas gifts.

Scent sends flies

If flies bother your children as they eat in the garden, put a spot of oil of lavender on their wrists and ankles. The children will love the smell — but the flies won't. Most drugstores can supply this from stock.



Picnic spots

Spills, spatters and splashes can be expected at carefree barbecues and picnics. Either the fire makes soot stains or the chocolate ice-cream cones make a mess. But with a little patience all the marks can be removed.

To clean the soot, first brush off all the loose particles. Then rub with salt or corn meal to absorb more of the soot. Finish off by laundering washable clothes or sponging the nonwashables with a grease solvent.

Those chocolate ice-cream stains can be removed by first sponging with a dry-cleaning fluid, then cool water. If the garment is washable,

launder in hot water and detergent.

If the stain persists, apply a diluted solution of bleach — usually one tablespoon chlorine per cup of water on white or colorfast cottons; two tablespoons of three-percent hydrogen peroxide per cup of water on silk, wool, rayon and delicate synthetics. Send nonwashables to the cleaners with a note telling what caused the stain.

For taking or keeping

An egg carton is a handy disposable container for hard-cooked or deviled eggs, small juice fruits, such as apricots, plums and tomatoes, that may ooze if they're crushed.



Peaches and cream of tartar

Peaches are so delicious right now, but the better they are the more juice there is to be dribbled. If you are faced with a peach stain on washables, wet the stained fabric, cover with cream of tartar and spread in the sun. Or sprinkle the stain with pure glycerin, leave it for thirty minutes, then wash in clear water. Send nonwashables to a reliable cleaner with an explanation of the mark.

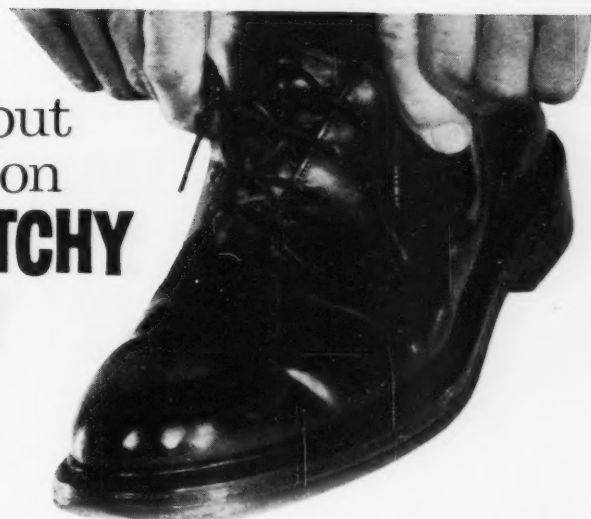
Pine-cone harvest

When you picnic near pine woods let the children collect pine cones. Brush the cones free from any soil and then let the children paint them with pine oil and attach ribbons. (Most drugstores sell pine oil.) The finished cones make fine sachets for clothes closets and sell well at autumn bazaars.

Lasso to barbecue

When barbecuing a chicken on a spit, tie the chicken legs and wings to the body with a twisted "rope" made of strips of aluminum foil as string will burn. END

Don't put shoes on HOT, ITCHY FEET!



Unless Absorbine Jr.

with YG-7* — a penetrating fungicide for Athlete's Foot

Why suffer the torment of itching cracks between the toes this summer? Rub on Absorbine Jr. with penetrating fungicide YG-7 (*chloroxylonol).

Liquid Absorbine Jr. works fast to relieve that hot tormenting itch — fights Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. There's nothing quite like it for foot comfort.

Buy Absorbine Jr. today in the new Pres-O-Matic Applicator or in regular 4-oz. or 12-oz. bottles.



NEW Applicator
Convenient
Easy — No Waste

Canada's Number One Athlete's Foot Relief
W. F. YOUNG, INC. MONTREAL 19, P.Q.

Corns

Remove corns the safe, easy way. Use liquid FREEZONE. Soothing FREEZONE quickly goes to work to relieve pain and form a protective cushion over the corn. Corns lift off easily in just a few days — without painful cutting or bulky bandages. Get FREEZONE today.



EM61-2E

Now a special hygienic powder

Destroys odor on sanitary napkins



Women use the special deodorant QUEST to destroy odors on sanitary napkins. But women also have a day in, day out problem that calls for QUEST where underarm deodorants aren't suitable and may be unsafe.

For intimate daily use QUEST is gentle, bland — non-irritating to sensitive tissues. QUEST contains a most effective deodorizer that clings and protects for hours.

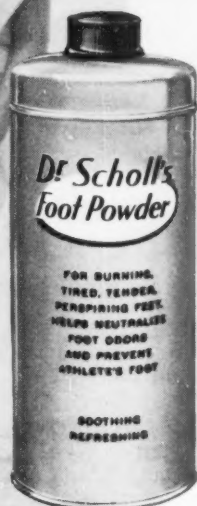
For use on sanitary napkins, QUEST is soft, absorbent. It is drying — relieves irritation, chafing and itching. And it's neat to use. Use QUEST before going out — on certain days and every day — at all drug and toiletry counters.



Step from your bath

FEET FIRST

into all-day
protection!



To the lady who demands complete protection, a deodorant foot powder is essential. That's why more and more women rely on Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder.

Dust your doubts away! Enjoy the certainty of cool, comfortable, bath-fresh feet all day... with Dr. Scholl's deodorant Foot Powder.

Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder now at any drug, shoe, Foot Comfort Shop, variety or department store—and walk in confidence!

Now Also
Dr. Scholl's **SPRAY-ON**
Foot Powder

Dr. Scholl's

The Finest in Foot Care... The World Over

Married women
are sharing
this secret...



... the new, easier, surer protection
for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms

eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert — no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 for \$1.65 and 24 for \$2.75. Introductory package 6 for \$1.00.

Mail the coupon TODAY

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Dept. CH61-8 Norwich Pharmacal Co.,
36 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Send me the explanatory Norforms booklet in a plain envelope.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street.....

City..... Province.....

Tested by
doctors...
Trusted by women

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES



A NORWICH PRODUCT

YOUR CHILD BEHAVIOR



Is your child ready to start school?

• What can parents do to give a child the very best foundation for his first year at school? What do we teachers expect of the five- or six-year-old? These are questions that I hear repeatedly from parents of children about to start school.

When they ask me, "Do you like a child to know his letters?" (or counting, or printing), I seldom go into the theories pro and con. I just say, "Of course, we do. The more a child can do, the readier he is for school."

But it is not for ability with letters, numbers or printing that your child will be tested during those first few days at school. As parents your responsibility lies in another field—here are five things your child should know.

First, has he confidence in himself? Will he come to the teacher happy in his relationship to her, or will you have to drag him to school? Have you taught him that the teacher is his friend, or has he heard only that age-old bogey, "Just wait till the teacher gets hold of you — she'll take that out of you." Once it took me two full weeks to coax a recalcitrant beginner to so much as step inside my room. By then the other children had caught on to schoolroom procedures and this poor flounderer was out of his depth for the rest of the year. He ended by spending another year in grade one.

Similar difficulties await the child whose lack of training at home leaves him unable, or unwilling, to speak to anyone. He will not answer the teacher, will hang back and mumble, or will just stare till the teacher's time limit forces her to go on with more co-operative pupils. If your child is not anxious to go to school, and if he will not answer when spoken to, he is not ready for school.

Second, what is your child's attitude toward other children? We teachers can look over a group of laughing active kiddies and we know our future troubles do not lie there; our misgivings centre upon the stony-faced child standing alone. Your child is off to a poor start if he is too shy to join in, too selfish to share or too afraid to compete.

There is also the child who wants to hog all the limelight. That child, too, has to be taught his relationship to the group, but he is at least easier to handle than is the one who will not respond to any suggestion.

Third, we are concerned about how

Continued on page 92

By BELLE CRAMTON
Grade one teacher
Strome, Alberta.



Couldn't be more convenient! Couldn't be more complete! And this tested baby formula has Vitamins C and D added.

New Farmer's Wife Prepared Formula **takes the fuss out of feeding your baby**

Imagine a formula that's all ready for your baby's bottle, with the one simple addition of boiled water. That's complete new Farmer's Wife Prepared Formula—with the baby sugar already in it!

Farmer's Wife Prepared Formula is the only product of its type with added Vitamin C, to help protect baby from scurvy. Its Vitamin D content helps prevent rickets, helps build strong bones and teeth.

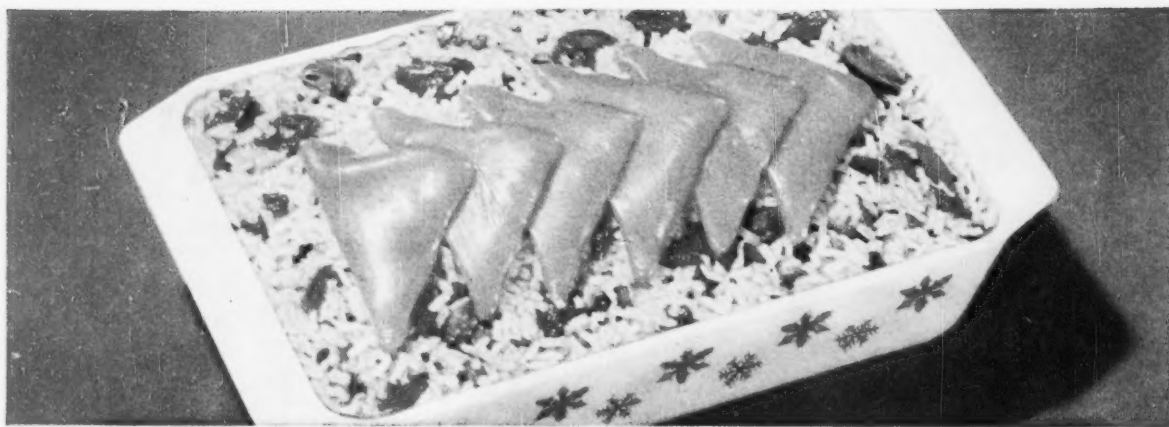
For years, doctors have prescribed the three other Farmer's Wife Baby Milks, for steady weight gains and few feeding upsets. Consult **your** doctor now about the newest Farmer's Wife feeding for your baby. Ask him to prescribe convenient, complete Prepared Formula!

Prepared Formula Red Band
(Whole Milk)

Prepared Formula Blue Band
(Partly Skimmed Milk)

NEW!
Farmer's Wife
PREPARED FORMULA





Easy, thrifty meal he'll love: Golden Rice Casserole. Combine 3 cups of cooked rice with 1 15-oz. can of whole tomatoes, 1 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained, 2 tbsps. each of chopped green pepper and chopped onion; salt and pepper. Arrange rice mixture in casserole with alternate layers of Velveeta cut from a 2-lb. loaf. (Remember, just 2 ounces of Kraft's famous

pasteurized process cheese, Velveeta, helps to supply milk protein, calcium, phosphorus, riboflavin and vitamin A. That's why it's such a good source of food energy — why it makes such a good *snack* for the youngsters.) Top off the casserole with golden triangles of Velveeta, and bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

HOW VELVEETA CAN HELP YOU IN

THE BIG JOB OF BEING A MOTHER



VELVEETA
by KRAFT

is full of health from milk
— extra good for youngsters
and young mothers



When the busy mother is a hostess

she counts on Kraft Cream Cheese in Hostess glasses! Set out a serve-yourself tray with crackers and glasses of Kraft Cream Cheese in any of these flavors: Plain, Pineapple, Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Relish.

The re-usable Hostess glasses are crystal-clear, elegantly simple in design. Or, for a fancy tray: fill celery stalks with Olive-Pimento Kraft Cream Cheese. Top crackers with Pineapple Cream Cheese, softened, pressed through a pastry tube. Spread thin slices of white bread with Relish Cream Cheese, top with brown bread, cut in quarters. When the cheese is gone, the Hostess glasses are ideal for beverages. Collect a whole set, in 4-oz. and 8-oz. sizes, and enjoy the 5 popular flavors of Kraft Cream Cheese!

Continued from page 90

well your child can look after himself. For two years, at least, he should have been acquiring the ability to dress himself — to button and unbutton, zip and unzip, tie and untie — to eat without smearing food and to wipe his nose when necessary.

We teachers wish to be motherly. We want to be friendly and kind. But we find ourselves completely overwhelmed each September with about a third of the children in our classes whose parents have simply shirked their responsibilities in many of these respects.

If I did not have to teach handkerchief- and toilet-training I could get on more quickly with the three Rs. I tie gym shoes for about a month. After that I leave little ones sitting unaided on the floor at the side of the gymnasium, helplessly and hopelessly tangled in their shoelaces. It does not take long — they seldom miss out on more than one gym period. But it is a hard lesson for them, the blame for which lies at your door, mother, not at mine.

Fourth, can your child *do* things? The cheerful atmosphere of the schoolroom, the satisfaction of the child and the efficiency of his training in school depend on his ability to pass out books, collect exercises, water plants and undertake other small responsibilities.

Has he been prepared for these responsibilities at home? Can he feed the chickens, match socks on wash-day, know where his things belong, and put them there? Can he put the right number of plates on the table?

There will be five children, maybe more, in my room in September whose belongings will spill all over the aisle every time they sit down at, or get up from, their desks. They will slop water every time they water the plants; they will drop the books when it is their turn to pass them; they will simply stare at me if I ask them to answer the door.

This irresponsibility has a direct carry-over into schoolwork. The child who has not been taught to do things cannot fold paper, tack up pictures, make a ring around this or a line under that. The resulting confusions slow down the class and strain the teacher's patience. But the greatest harm is to the poor child himself. His clumsiness will cause him embarrassment and tears. By the time he has conquered his awkwardness the rest of the class will have forged on to other

accomplishments. He will be left behind, still disappointed, still discouraged.

Fifth comes the only academic requirement we make for the preschool-age child. Can he pay attention? If you attempt to talk to your children, or perhaps read to them, while they are bouncing up and down, fiddling with toys, half-listening to the radio, you are allowing them to develop habits of inattention that will cost a teacher months of effort to remedy.

Try an experiment something like this: Send your youngster to the basement for a can of peas. Does he call back to you from the bottom of the stairs, "What shall I get?" and when you have irritably reminded him, "Didn't I say peas?" does he then show up with beans?

Can he *do* things?

Of course it would be much simpler for you to do these little chores yourself, but children have to be taught to pay attention and then to carry out instructions. During his very first day of school your child will be told something like this:

"Each of you may come to this little table and take a pair of scissors, a piece of blue paper and a piece of red paper back to your desk." The teacher will observe and carefully list the children as capable, mature; or as inattentive, immature.

The child will be expected to sit for a few minutes with his hands folded and listen to a story; to drink in the situation that is read to him, and tell afterward why Little Red Ridinghood was sent across the woods with the basket of food. He should have had three years of increasingly satisfying experiences in listening and paying attention to stories and instructions. If he has had them he will make excellent progress at school; if he has not had them, he has ahead of him woe-ful experience of frustrations and disappointments.

So, parents, before the first of September set *yourselves* a preparation program.

Teach your beginner some confidence in himself and in his ability to meet the new and strange situations he is about to face. Teach him to play and share with other children. Teach him to look after himself and his belongings. Teach him to do things. Teach him to pay attention.

And when he has learned all these, then, by all means, teach him the ABCs.

END

These are the smoothest, the easiest-to-mix of all baby cereals

To take full advantage of the ingenious Heinz "flaking" process, pour formula or milk into the dish and then gradually add cereal. You'll be delighted by the smooth, speedy difference in mixing.

Your baby will adore the creamy evenness of these perfected cereals. The flavours are delicate and natural, as babies prefer them. Exceptionally nutritious, too... as they must be, from Heinz. Start this week with several of the 6 Heinz Baby Cereals. Alternate them—a baby need never tire of cereal nourishment.

The good they do your baby now—lasts a lifetime



HEINZ BABY FOODS

57 every meal...every day





new
Curity*

**S-T-R-E-T-C-H
WEAVE DIAPERS**
now...a diaper that
goes a long way!

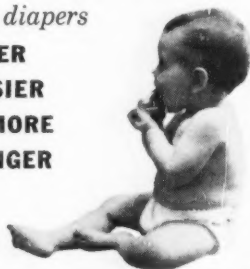
The new Curity gauze diaper "grows" as your baby grows. Its stretchy ways are woven into the cotton gauze...no rubber or special chemicals are used. And this stretch-and-return action bounces back, stronger than ever, after every washing. New convenient size is easier to fold for more absorbency where most needed. Conforms readily to all size babies, gives smoother, softer fit without irritating hems.

**no binding • no gapping
easier pinning • no seat sag**

New Curity stretch-weave cotton gauze diapers are available at leading department and infants' wear stores. Try Curity's dress-up and double-duty night diapers, too.

all Curity diapers

**DRY FASTER
WASH EASIER
ABSORB MORE
WEAR LONGER**



THE KENDALL COMPANY
(CANADA) LIMITED
6 Curity Avenue, Toronto 16, Ontario

Enclosed is 25¢ (coins only) for a new Curity Stretch-Weave Gauze Diaper. Print Clearly. Only one to a family, please.

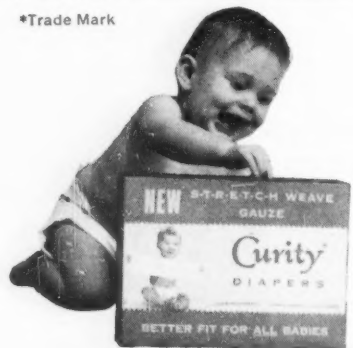
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

Offer good in Canada only

*Trade Mark



PATRON OF MODERN ART — THE QUEEN

Continued from page 36

and Frith's Ramsgate Sands. The choicest masterpieces were friends of her early teens, from Dou's roguish Maidservant Cleaning A Pan — six inches square and the smallest gem of the royal collection — to the hundred square feet of Van Dyck's vast Charles I On a White Horse.

The most romantic years of her life, during Prince Philip's courtship, were also marked by the return of all her old favorites from wartime storage in an air-conditioned Somerset cavern: the flirtatious Watteaus, the delightful Hoppners with their bright-eyed princesses, the lively Dutch village revels of Jan Steen and the supreme Fra Angelico Virgin And Child, to name only a few.

The Queen bought her first picture, one of John Piper's elegant pen-and-wash drawings, when she was nineteen, and she has quietly made purchases ever since. For years she kept a ballet group by Oliver Messel in front of her working desk, only to learn later that the artist's nephew was one Antony Armstrong-Jones.

In today's world of fluctuating art prices, the royal collection is so large that it cannot be valued. Five hundred and six pictures were valued for insurance at \$5,540,000 in 1946 when George VI allowed the nucleus of his collection to go on temporary exhibition at London's Burlington House. Guesses at the value of the rest have ranged as high as one hundred million dollars.

The Queen lends her art

Collectors have paid as much as \$350,000 in the saleroom for a Gainsborough, and the Queen has thirty Gainsboroughs, besides a dozen Rembrandts, a score of Van Dycks and an unrivaled collection of Leonardo da Vinci drawings. A Canaletto can fetch \$14,000, and the Queen has at least fifty. Some of his best Venetian scenes have been rearranged in a Windsor corridor and, after a dinner party, the Queen likes to stroll with her guests, pointing out the intriguing detail.

Again, a Rubens has sold for \$770,000 and the Queen has at least five of equal quality. Proud of these ancestral prizes, she recently had them rehung against flattering walls of yellow silk damask in a special room at Windsor.

Though royal pictures are never sold, fademarks on palace walls often have to be camouflaged by lesser works when masterpieces are loaned to art exhibitions. Ever since George III revived art interests, commissioning his Gainsboroughs direct from the artist, kings and queens have tended to hold fast to their canvases. But Queen Elizabeth, no art miser, loaned six important pictures to New York's Columbia University last year, saw four of her Blake pictures at the National Gallery when she was last in Washington, likes to share her art.

"We can't always tell offhand where a picture is," a royal secretary confesses. "They are always being lent or else perhaps hung at the Queen's wish in a fresh position." As the Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, art professor Sir Anthony Blunt keeps track of these pilgrimages and ensures careful maintenance. Practically every canvas has been cleaned since the war. Sometimes a picture is away from the palace only a day or two, to be X-rayed to help scholars appraise original work

that may have been painted out by Victorian restorers.

When President Theodor Heuss of West Germany stayed at Buckingham Palace in 1958, he teased his hostess for having no Holbeins. The Queen said nothing, but instantly had her magnificent collection of twenty Holbeins and Dürers transported from Windsor. Then she led her guest into the hall where a display had been staged. The president was delighted.

Rival bids took her prize

Though an avid collector, the Queen buys with care and never pays fancy prices. Seeking more impressionists to fill gaps in her collection, she popped in for an after-hours view at Sotheby's auction room where a private collection was being dispersed. The next day a Monet that had caught her interest went up for sale. She authorized bids so high, no higher. Rival bids topped hers; the painting went to someone else.

Apart from Manly Macdonald's

WHERE-TO-BUY teen tempo fashions

pages 41-47

Page 41, her shoes, his suit from Simpson's, Toronto.

Page 41, Juniorite blouson and skirt: Norman & Fils, Quebec City; Gagnon & Frères, Chicoutimi, Que.; Morgan's and Simpson's, Montreal; Shaffer's, Ottawa; Eaton's, Toronto; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Perlman's Ladies Wear, Regina; McArthur's Ladies Wear, Edmonton; Career Girl, Calgary; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver.

Lady Anne sweater: R. T. Holman, Charlottetown; Paquettes, Quebec City; Morgan's, Montreal; Fairweather's and Northway's, Toronto; The Right House, Hamilton; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Edmonton; Woodward's, Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton. *Glenayr Kitten sweater:* Eaton's, Toronto; London, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver; Morgan's, Toronto and Hamilton; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver; Macy's, Saskatoon; Simpson's, Montreal, Toronto and London; C. Wallace, London and St. Catharines, Ont.; Woodward's, Edmonton and Vancouver.

Parkhurst sweater: Jade, Reg., Quebec City; Morgan's, Montreal; Rosanne's, Niagara Falls; Simpson's, Toronto and Montreal; Eaton's, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria; Aaron's, Saskatoon; Woodward's, Calgary, Vancouver; Hudson's Bay, Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary; Ashton's, Penticton, B.C.

Jantzen sweater: Gordon Battah, Joliette, Que.; Lingerie Betty, Montreal; Robinson's, Hamilton; Hollywood Shoppe, Sudbury; Susan's Sportswear, Winnipeg; Modern Miss, Regina; Dayton's Fashions, Calgary; Eaton's, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Trail, Vancouver.

Lansae sweater: Parson's & Seymour, Fredericton; Mills Bros., Halifax; Pollacks, Quebec City; Morgan's, Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton; Eaton's, Toronto and Hamilton; Leeds, London, Ont.; Chatham Linen & Wools, Chatham and Sarnia; La Vogue

Ladies' Wear, Kitchener; Virene's, Sault Ste. Marie; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver, Edmonton and Calgary; Laurie's, Vancouver.

Tommy Common's sweaters: Simpson's, Toronto.

Juniorite cardigan and culotte: Norman & Fils, Quebec City; Gagnon & Frères, Chicoutimi, Que.; Morgan's and Simpson's, Montreal; Shaffer's, Ottawa; Eaton's, Toronto; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Perlman's Ladies Wear, Regina; McArthur's Ladies Wear, Edmonton; Career Girl, Calgary; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver.

Teena Paige dress: Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Saint John, N.B.; Paquette's, Quebec City; Eaton's in Halifax, Hamilton, London, Toronto, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon, Vancouver and Victoria; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria.

Both Lou Larry sports outfits: The Arcade, Halifax; Holt-Renfrew, Quebec City; Elizabeth Hager and Morgan's, Montreal; Shaffer's, Ottawa; Simpson's, London, Toronto and Regina; Robinson's, Hamilton; Eaton's, Toronto and Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg and Calgary; Johnstone-Walker and Walk-Rite, Edmonton; Dayton's Ladies Wear, Calgary; Woodward's and Laurie's, Vancouver.

Casual Togs jumper and matching blouse: Pollack's, Quebec City; Ogilvie's and Morgan's, Montreal; Eaton's and Morgan's, Toronto; C. Wallace & Co., St. Catharines; Eaton's, Hamilton; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Walk-Rite, Edmonton; Career Girl, Calgary.

Val Hughes sweater and skirt: Mills Bros., Halifax; Calps, Saint John, N.B.; Pollack's, Quebec City; Morgan's, Montreal; Ogilvie's and Freeman's, Ottawa; Morgan's and Joy Frocks, Toronto; Robinson's, Hamilton; Hazel's Sportswear, London; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton; Eaton's, Vancouver and Victoria.

painting of the city skyline presented when she visited Toronto two years ago. Canadian art is conspicuously absent in the Queen's collection. (Instead of being rushed round a sugar refinery, the Queen would probably have preferred to explore Toronto's galleries.)

Prince Philip often shops for the Queen and seldom visits a modern-art exhibition without purchasing at least one picture at catalogue prices. Once, at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, he scooped up fourteen paintings in an afternoon, mainly the works of young Scottish artists of promise. Landscapes, including slag heaps and industrial scenes that the artist's eye had invested with significance, flower pieces, still lifes — one uninvitingly entitled *Hake in Enamel Dish*—they hang today in the private apartments of the Scottish Palace of Holyroodhouse.

Philip is himself an amateur painter, somewhat in the Churchill manner, and has taken tips from Annigoni, the Italian portraitist. But as an art buyer he is liable to come home with an eccentric modern lithograph, a seascape or two, or caricature statuettes of celebrities by the Apap brothers of Malta.

Frequently, he visits an art exhibition as a "taster" for his wife. There was the time when he officially visited a Picasso show for thirty minutes; then he returned with the Queen after closing time for an intent tour lasting more than two hours. Lord Plunket, one of the Queen's younger equerries, also scouts the new shows at the galleries and advises the Queen what is worth seeing.

With a personal penchant for impressionism, the Queen Mother often consults her daughter on other schools. Both mother and daughter hurried to Marlborough House recently when, under twenty layers of dark paint on a staircase wall, restorers discovered a colorful battle mural that had been hidden and unsuspected for

at least one hundred and fifty years.

None of the Landseers, the old Edwardian family portraits by Von Angeli or other current unfashionables have been relegated to the royal attics. As a royal secretary comments, despite ampler rearrangement there's still plenty of wall space. But the royal residences are steadily filling up with a tide of drawings, water colors and oils by Rowland Hilder, Wilson Steer, Paul Nash, Sidney Casner, Kenneth Rowntree, Barbara Hepworth and many later, more extreme experimentalists.

Cows eating refuse: \$150

That most of these artists are English, and some now over forty, does not lessen the briskness of the new wind in the royal galleries. Perhaps as a gift to the Queen, Prince Philip recently commissioned two pictures from Australia's controversial William Dobell, giving the artist freedom to paint whatever he liked, although Dobell's distorted and brutal portraits have sometimes resulted in legal action. Visiting a contemporary art exhibition laid on by her hosts in India this year, the Queen selected from the twelve hundred exhibits a picture of cows eating refuse in a backyard, and paid one hundred and fifty dollars for it.

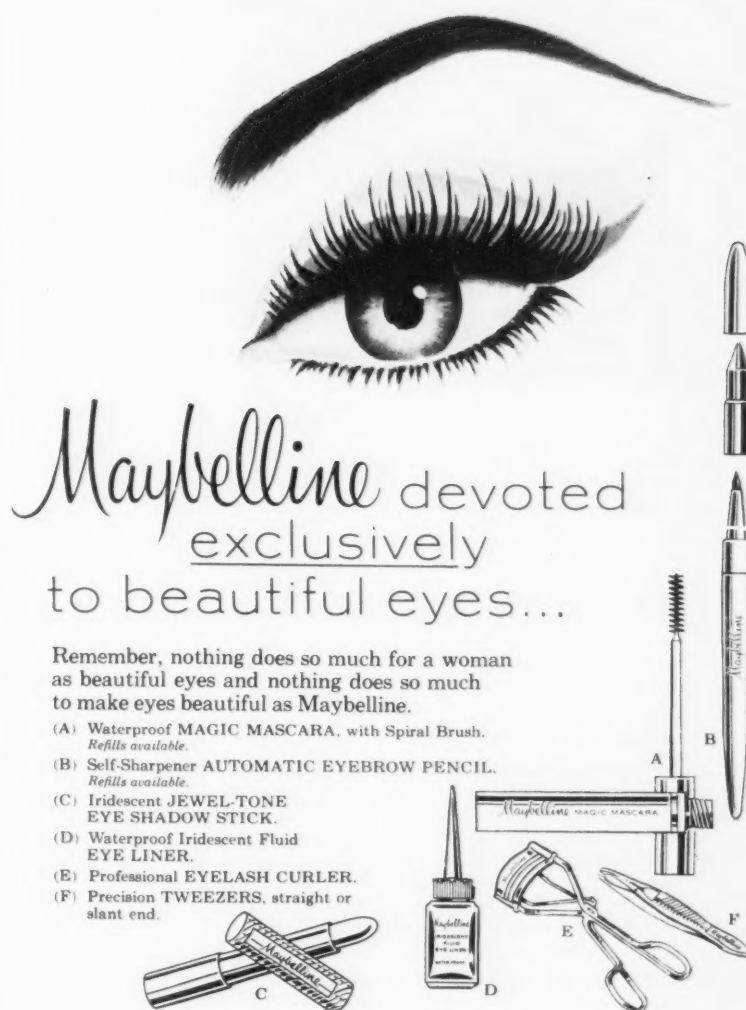
No one had even heard of Bisawanath Mukerji, the young painter, whom she thus honored. But then, few people had ever heard of Pietro Annigoni when the Queen first admired his work at a portrait exhibition eight years ago.

In art, as in other things, the Queen knows her own mind. It's characteristic that close to her desk today she keeps a Nigerian head sculptured in bronze by Ben Enwonwu, and a Georgian family portrait—effective symbols at a glance of ancestral tradition and the new groupings of her Commonwealth peoples.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE — Doris Pinney (cover), Ray Webber (1), Alex Dellow (3, 21), Kryn Taconis (3, 41-47), Herb Nott (4, 12), Harry A. Cochrane (4), Panda (10), Toronto Daily Star (10), Telegram (10), Miller Services (12, 13, 90), Cyril Lowe (13), John Sebert (29), Roloff Beny (30, 31, 75, 76), Royal Academy of Arts (34), Peter Croydon (38, 39, 78), Beverley Rockett (48, 49, 87), Gerald Engel (50), Saul Richfield (51), Brooks Edler Studios (51), CBS Television Network (51), Horst Ehrlich (52), Clive Webster (77), N. C. Hutchinson (77), Bob Lord (77). **ARTWORK** — Robert Turnbull (15, 88), John Thorne (29, 96), Phil Clark (32, 33), Tom McNeely (37).

Page 48: Model wearing Glenayr Kitten Sweater.



Maybelline devoted exclusively to beautiful eyes...

Remember, nothing does so much for a woman as beautiful eyes and nothing does so much to make eyes beautiful as Maybelline.

(A) Waterproof MAGIC MASCARA, with Spiral Brush. Refills available.
 (B) Self-Sharpener AUTOMATIC EYEBROW PENCIL. Refills available.
 (C) Iridescent JEWEL-TONE EYE SHADOW STICK.
 (D) Waterproof Iridescent Fluid EYE LINER.
 (E) Professional EYELASH CURLER.
 (F) Precision TWEEZERS, straight or slant end.



Old rocking chair got you?

We'll show you how to blend your heirlooms with today's furnishings for a fresh new look.

All you have to do is clip and mail the coupon below for a free questionnaire. When you receive your questionnaire, fill it in and return it with a \$2.50 fee (\$5 fee for a living room) for each room scheme. We will

then assemble your own decorating kit, based on your personal color preference, and will mail it to you. This kit will contain selected samples of paint colors, fabrics, wallpaper, furniture illustrations and a proposed furniture arrangement. All items recommended are identified and available in Canada.

CHATELAINE'S DECORATOR SERVICE
 CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2.

Please send me questionnaires

NAME

STREET

CITY PROVINCE

PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS



The last
word is
yours —

Call Canadian women backward, as Amita Malik did in June, and you face a fight. Some of you admit we may be politically backward, but in social reform we head the class, you say. Meanwhile, our lead-off letter charges it's a clear-cut case of *cherchez l'homme*.

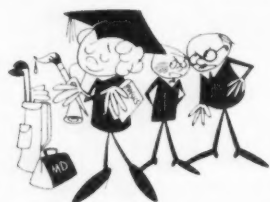
We're backward because men like it so

Bless you for publishing "Why Are Canadian Women So Backward?" by Amita Malik [June].

I can tell Amita why we are backward—because Canadian men resent women who want to use their talents. My husband (English) introduces me proudly to his colleagues: "This is my wife, who runs the Commonwealth Marriage Bureau . . . and here is Miss Blank whom you should help!" Miss Blank is usually a classical scholar who, like eighty percent of the women who apply to me, is tall, attractive, brilliant, educated and quite capable of coping with both career and family. She cannot find in Canada the man equal to her ability who can appreciate her.

Each morning as I lovingly wake my husband with a cup of coffee I think: "How lucky I am. I have babies, a home, and a career. Thank God I did not marry a Canadian."

Mrs. D. L. Brown, Vancouver.



Is there a comparative number of [Indian] women working behind the scenes, doing the difficult and discouraging jobs Canadian women are doing? How many women in church groups here give many many hours a year to the sorting and packing of clothing for overseas needs, to the caring for our own less privileged . . .

Vivien Fowler,
Hampton Station, N.B.

It is obvious she has no understanding of Canadian women at all. Canadian women are bent on charity. They are more missionary-spirited than any other people in the world . . .

Mrs. Thelma MacLean,
Valemount, B.C.

Having met Mrs. Malik, I believe she came to Canada with preconceived

ideas, and a bias she is unwilling to part with.

Women's clubs have prompted great strides in every aspect of our way of life. We have adequate medical facilities, schools, social legislation . . . all done quietly and without a great show of "women did this." What does it matter that women in Canada don't go around beating the drum and asking for praise and credit, so long as they get the job done?

Social injustice such as Mrs. Malik is familiar with just doesn't exist in Canada. We have no "untouchables," no unwashed millions starving or begging their daily bread. India has no woman prime minister, and it will probably be a long long time before they do. So why are we "backward" and "dragging our feet"?

Mrs. Leslie M. Jackson, Calgary.

New club for bachelor hunters

Regarding Where to Meet Canadian Bachelors [by Betty Milroy, July], I should like to point out that I have severed connections with the Toronto Cliff Dwellers Club. With a group of associates, I have formed a new association called 711's with similar goals, plus a more varied program. Interested persons can write to me.

Robert S. Tebbutt, President, 29 Bellevue Crescent, Scarborough, Ont.

"Second" only as citizens

My statement [Last Word, May], "I feel women in Canada are definitely second class," should have been followed by the word "citizens." Owing to the omission of my reference to the article Women's Clubs Should Be Abolished, the statement lost some of its relevance. I didn't mean that Canadian women are second class as individuals but that women in Canada numerically do not play a prominent role in government, business and the professions as do women elsewhere. Opportunities for women in Canada are limited, and most lack the ambition and encouragement to reach the upper levels. Thus, they are "second class" [citizens].

Mrs. Jean Cottam, Montreal.

Pea Purée à la washer



Surely Tom Leach should have suggested loosening the rollers of the ringer of a washing machine before trying to shell peas [Quick Trick, June]. With the rollers screwed down tightly, the peas just squash flat in the pod.

Incidentally, I loved the article by Ethel Gillingham [Who Says Anyone Can Lose Weight? June]. I am in the same boat, so she has all my sympathy. I have tried dieting seriously under a doctor's supervision, yet without cheating I only lost seven pounds in three months and put on five over the Christmas weekend.

Mrs. R. A. Briggs, Willowdale, Ont.

VOW — protest and back-pats

I would, as a loyal Canadian and a Christian mother, like to voice a protest against an article in the June issue by Carol Chapman, entitled, How Effective Is The Voice of Women? Its trend and purpose is pro-Communist. I deplore organizations that are being led to further the cause for Communism, knowingly or unknowingly.

If women would have an ambitious aim for world peace, true and lasting peace, it is up to them if they will establish Christian homes and bring their children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Man can never know true peace, except at the feet of Jesus Christ. Yes! women have a vital part to play. Will it be to promote Communism or Christ?

Mrs. L. Bosetti, Ladysmith, B.C.

I would like to give a verbal pat on the back to the brave women of VOW who are taking an initiative to "arrest the war cancer in human behavior."

Mrs. Marjorie Blanchard,
Fort William, Ont.

Your article was interesting, enlightening, and very challenging.

Would it be possible for you to print an address where interested parties could send their enquiries and offers of help?

Mrs. D. Kelly, St. Boniface, Man.
Yes. It's Voice of Women, 329 Bloor Street West, Toronto. — The Editors.

Carol Chapman gives the impression the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is almost defunct. . . . The WILPF was extremely active in aiding refugees, culminating last year in the building of the Jane Addams House in Spittal, Austria. . . . The WILPF is a co-operating organization with the Canadian Freedom From Hunger Campaign and on an international level attended the formation of the Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome.

Mrs. Berenice Andrews,
Don Mills, Ont.

June's
deep-
"she"
monster



I have enjoyed CHATELAINE for a good many years, but your covers sometimes "bug" me. For example, June's — if that red-haired creature rose out of the deep, I suggest she go back there for keeps. How hideous can they come?

Mrs. C. E. Moorhouse, Hamilton.

Who built the PM's house?

In Olive Diefenbaker At Home [by Christina McCall Newman, June] you state on page 85 that the Prime Minister's home was built at the turn of the century for the Edwardses, an Ottawa Valley lumbering family. This is incorrect. The house was built by my grandfather, Joseph Merrill Currier, about 1867. At my grandmother's death in 1901 my father inherited the property and very soon sold it to the late Senator W. C. Edwards.

Cyril Currier, Ottawa.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

Canada's working wives are here to stay

THE FABULOUS DUNSMUIRS:

starting the intimate three-part saga
of a great Canadian family

GORDON SINCLAIR:
THE LEGEND AND MAN

Why did they
ever marry?



There's
something
about a sandwich with



Wieners on traditional bun

Bologna on poppy seed roll

Start with two slices of bread (or buns), pile on Maple Leaf sliced cooked meats and wieners, and we think you'll agree *there really is something about a sandwich!* Something tasty. Something quick and easy you can enjoy all summer long.

CANADA  PACKERS
PRODUCTS OF FINEST QUALITY



Sliced, Cooked Ham on brown

Meat, Pickle and Pimento on white

ea Purée à la washer



urely Tom Leach should have sug-
gested loosening the rollers of the
manger of a washing machine before
trying to shell peas [Quick Trick,
June]. With the rollers screwed down
tightly, the peas just squash flat in the
pod.

Incidentally, I loved the article by
Beth Gillingham [Who Says Anyone
Can Lose Weight? June]. I am in the
same boat, so she has all my sym-
pathy. I have tried dieting seriously
under a doctor's supervision, yet with-
out cheating I only lost seven pounds
in three months and put on five over
the Christmas weekend.

Mrs. R. A. Briggs, Willowdale, Ont.

VOW — protest and back-pats

would, as a loyal Canadian and a
Christian mother, like to voice a pro-
test against an article in the June issue
by Carol Chapman, entitled, How
Effective Is The Voice of Women?
The trend and purpose is pro-Com-
munist. I deplore organizations that
are being led to further the cause for
communism, knowingly or unknow-
ingly.

If women would have an ambitious
aim for world peace, true and lasting
peace, it is up to them if they will
establish Christian homes and bring
their children up in the fear and ad-
monition of the Lord. Man can never
know true peace, except at the feet
of Jesus Christ. Yes! women have a
vital part to play. Will it be to pro-
mote Communism or Christ?

Mrs. L. Bosetti, Ladysmith, B.C.

would like to give a verbal pat on
the back to the brave women of VOW
who are taking an initiative to "arrest
the war cancer in human behavior."

Mrs. Marjorie Blanchard,
Fort William, Ont.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

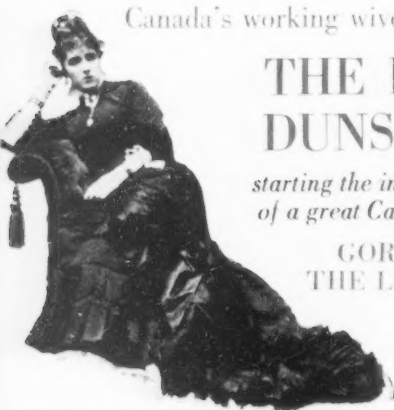
Canada's working wives are here to stay

THE FABULOUS DUNSMUIRS:

starting the intimate three-part saga
of a great Canadian family

GORDON SINCLAIR:
THE LEGEND AND MAN

Why did they
ever marry?



Your article was interesting, enlighten-
ing, and very challenging.

Would it be possible for you to
print an address where interested par-
ties could send their enquiries and
offers of help?

Mrs. D. Kelly, St. Boniface, Man.

Yes. *It's Voice of Women*, 329 Bloor
Street West, Toronto. — The Editors.

Carol Chapman gives the impression
the Women's International League for
Peace and Freedom is almost defunct.
... The WILPF was extremely active
in aiding refugees, culminating last
year in the building of the Jane
Addams House in Spittal, Austria. ...
The WILPF is a co-operating organi-
zation with the Canadian Freedom
From Hunger Campaign and on an
international level attended the for-
mation of the Food and Agriculture
Organization in Rome.

Mrs. Berenice Andrews,
Don Mills, Ont.

June's
deep-
"she"
monster



I have enjoyed CHATELAINE for a good
many years, but your covers some-
times "bug" me. For example, June's
— if that red-haired creature rose out
of the deep, I suggest she go back
there for keeps. How hideous can they
come?

Mrs. C. E. Moorhouse, Hamilton.

Who built the PM's house?

In Olive Diefenbaker At Home [by
Christina McCall Newman, June] you
state on page 85 that the Prime Minis-
ter's home was built at the turn of the
century for the Edwardses, an Ottawa
Valley lumbering family. This is in-
correct. The house was built by my
grandfather, Joseph Merrill Currier,
about 1867. At my grandmother's
death in 1901 my father inherited the
property and very soon sold it to the
late Senator W. C. Edwards.

Cyril Currier, Ottawa.

There's
something
about a s

Wieners on traditional bun

Meat, Macaroni and Cheese
on ruggenbrot

Meat, Olive and Pimento on white

t a sandwich with **MAPLE LEAF** sliced meats inside

Bologna on poppy seed roll

Minced Ham on baguette roll

Start with two slices of bread (or buns), pile on Maple Leaf sliced cooked meats and wieners, and we think you'll agree *there really is something about a sandwich!* Something tasty. Something quick and easy you can enjoy all summer long.

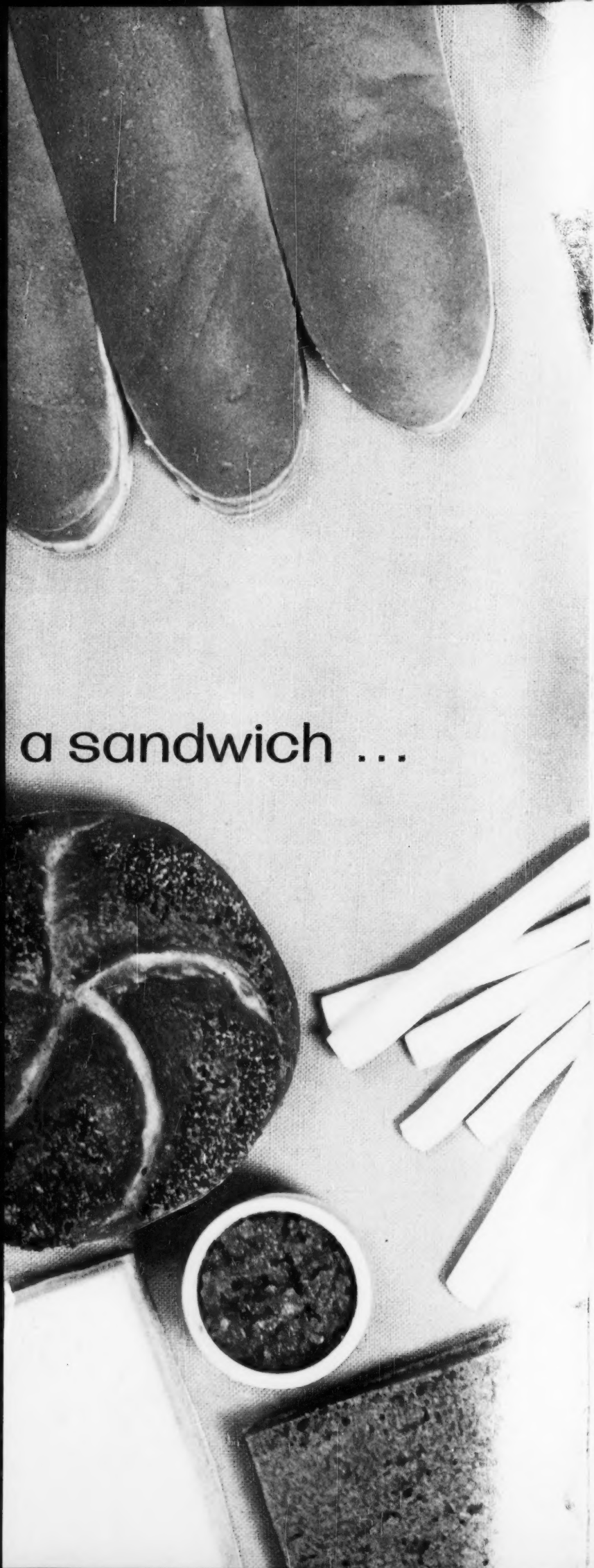
CANADA **MAPLE LEAF** PACKERS
MEATS OF FINEST QUALITY

good things
to eat
come in
MAPLE LEAF
packages

Sliced, Cooked Ham on brown

Salami on roll

Meat, Pickle and
Pimento on white



a sandwich ...

Me!



DON'T FORGET.
You get an added 'plus'
North America picture card
color cards in the series.
available to keep them in.
Picture Card Dept., Brook
Montreal 8, Quebec.

1C

Blended by Brook

le!...

...a lady
of leisure?



Norman
Rockwell




NOT FORGET...

an added 'plus' with Red Rose Tea... free Animals of America picture cards in every package! There are 48 full-color cards in the series... and an attractive Collector's Album is included to keep them in. Get it at your grocers, or mail 25¢ to: Card Dept., Brooke Bond Canada Limited, 6201 Park Ave., Montreal 8, Quebec.

Why do husbands think we just sit around all day?
Here it is only ten o'clock and I've done the dishes, laundry
and beds. Just now catching a moment for a cup of
Red Rose Tea. Wonderful drink... gives me a quick pick-up.
Good flavor, too... and so refreshing! Well,
up and at it... there's that cupboard I've been putting off.
And my husband thinks I'm a lady of leisure!

If your day is like mine, take a break with a cup of
Red Rose Tea... it makes all the difference!

RED ROSE TEA
is good tea...tea you can really taste!

by Brooke Bond Tea  Over 150 million cups of Brooke Bond Tea are enjoyed every day around the world

Chatelaine • August 1961